

MAY 1922

# CURRENT OPINION

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*Edited by Edward J. Wheeler & Dr. Frank Crane*



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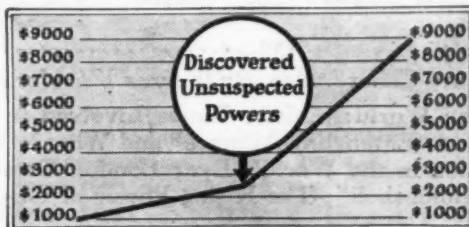
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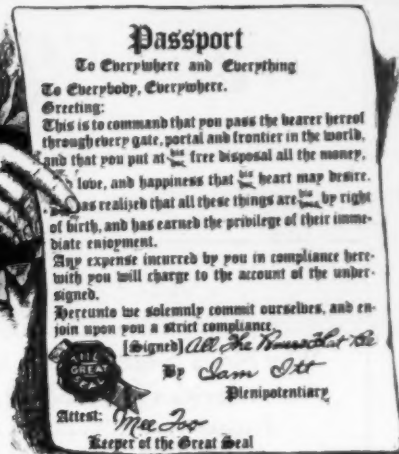
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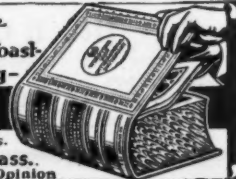
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# Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

*It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.*

## Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. As for ourselves, we think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, we think the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough

talk about the public's inferior taste. The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and the higher things. And the thing must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

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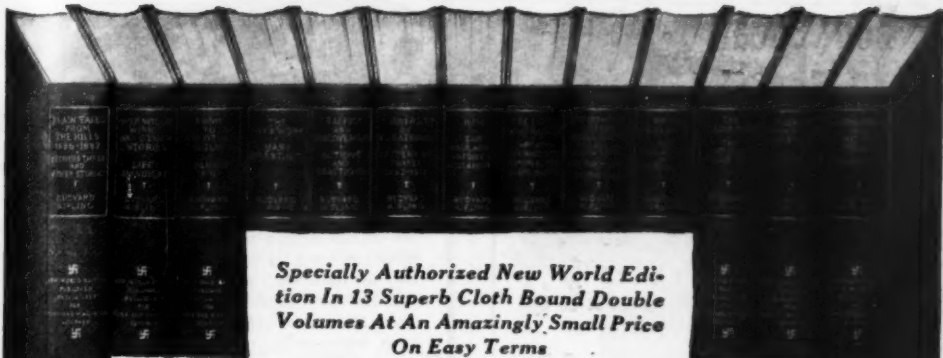
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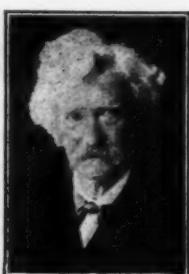
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In countless other ways too, your subconscious self expresses itself, and once you understand its language you stand face to face with your hidden secrets laid bare. You will gasp in amazement at the things you will find out about yourself.

And this is exactly what happens when you psycho-analyze yourself. You look behind the veil and see the undreamed-of causes that make you what you are. There you discover buried memories of childhood, repressed sex instincts, emotional conflicts, shackled desires and all the other mysteries of your subconscious self.

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Psycho-Analysis has accomplished seeming miracles in thousands of cases. Yet for years this amazing new wonder science has been withheld from the public, largely because of the fact that the subconscious self is so strongly influenced by that most fundamental of all human instincts—the sex instinct.

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From the war pictures at the National Museum, Washington

By H. C. Murphy

## Breaking the Hindenburg Line

All that four years of war had taught them—art, science, engineering, military resource—the Germans had put into that great defence system known as the Hindenburg Line. "Impregnable!" the Germans called it. "A line like to nothing that ever was in history."

Yet with all its strength, the Americans won through it—the 27th Division from New York and the 30th from Tennessee, North and South Carolina. No unit in Lee's Army of Northern Virginia ever fought with greater valor or more success than these sons of the new South and of the great city of the North. "A magnificent exploit," Gen. Rawlinson, Commander of the British Army of which they formed a part, called it. And magnificent it surely was, adding one more to the splendid traditions of the American Army in France.

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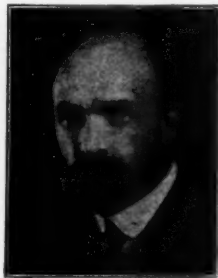
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SHERWIN CODY

fluently by constantly using the correct forms. But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, unique, sensible way.

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# A Man

THE late Ernest Shackleton, from all accounts, had every right and title to be called A Man.

That is to say, he was the sort of man we mean when we write the word with a capital "M," or when we pronounce the word with a certain emphasis and significance.

Out West they say, "He Man."

Just the day before he died, he wrote the following sentence in his diary:

"Thankful that I can be crossed and thwarted as a man."

The little ship upon which he was sailing on his last adventure had been having all sorts of hard times. It had just passed through a tremendous storm. On New Year's Day he had entered in his diary:

"Anxiety has been probing very deeply into me, for until the very end of the year things have gone awry. Engines were unreliable; water was short; there were heavy gales—all that physically can go wrong has done so, but the spirit of all on board is sound and good."

How many of us who read this have steel enough in our backbone when we are undergoing all sorts of troubles, to jot down in the day's log the sentiment that everything is going wrong except the inner spirit?

We are not explorers to the Antarctic, but all of us are adventurers faring forth into To-morrow. And to all men everywhere a radiogram of hope and cheer has come from that little boat in the South Seas, and from its dauntless master on the threshold of death.

Not the least of his honors is the privilege of having toned us all up a bit by his last words.

And, come to think of it, is there anything in the world that a man should be more thankful for than the compliment of having fate and the universe treat him like a Man?

That is a rare attitude of mind, and how fine it is! To consider the buffetings of time and the bludgeonings of chance as a recognition of our manhood.

How far removed it is from that whining spirit of self-pity that complains of the world's injustice like a petulant child!

"To the hero there is no tragedy," wrote Maeterlinck. And, indeed, the only real tragedy is the collapse of the soul.

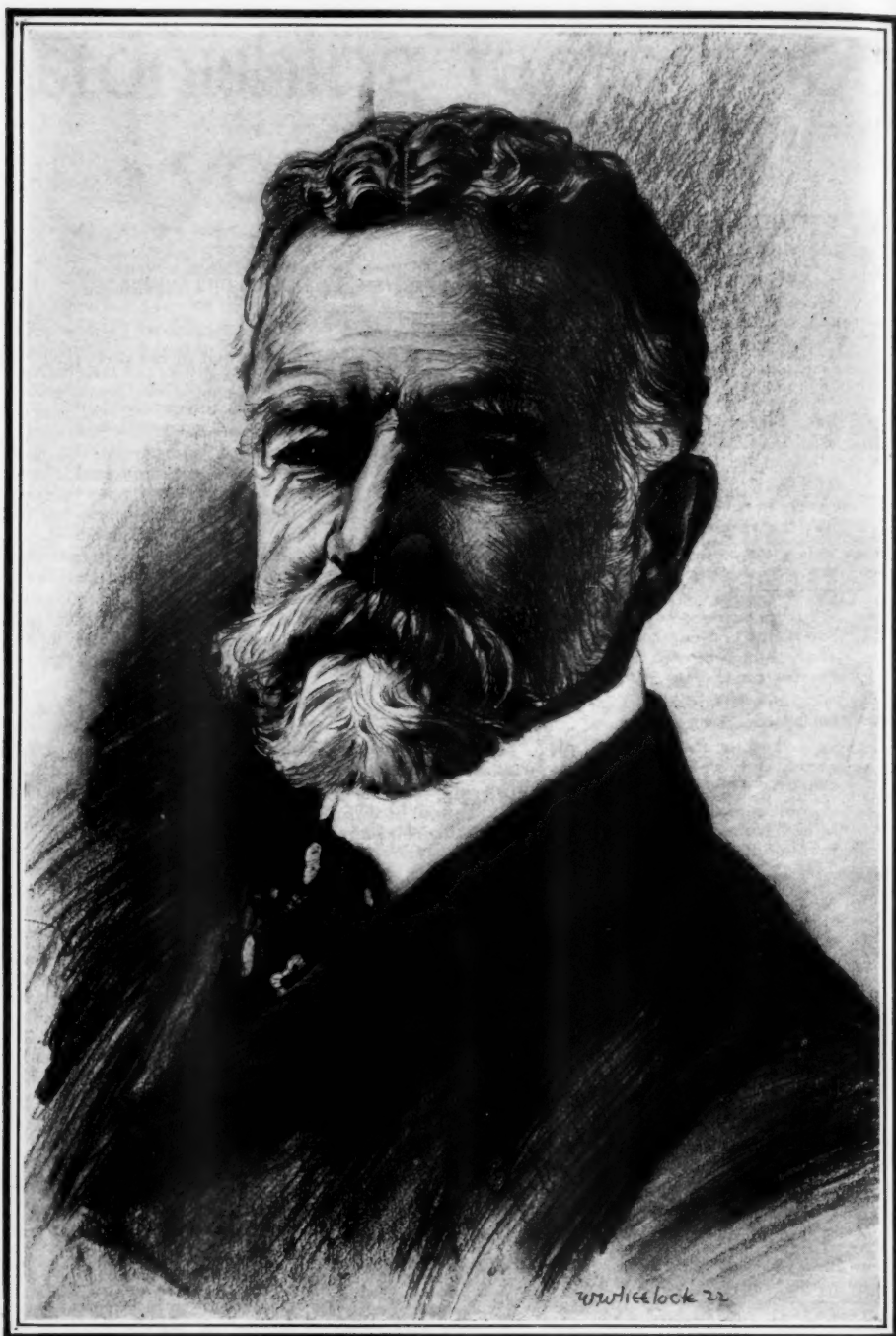
So long as we stand up and bravely front the hail and sleet of life's inclemency, ours is the joy of the high gods, the inner peace of the unconquered.

Read in the light of Shackleton's diary, the soliloquy of Hamlet, tho made magnificent by Shakespeare, is magnificent sniveling. For it is only imaginative cowardice; it is only the eloquence of childish weakness, that exclaims:

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of love despised, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin?"

Frank Crane





**HAS HE WON AN ABIDING PLACE IN HISTORY?**

Opinion as to the statesmanly qualities of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is divided. His ability and versatility are unquestioned, but the remarkable statement is made that the Republican floor leader of the Senate has no personal followers.



# CURRENT OPINION



*Editor:*  
Edward J. Wheeler  
*Editorials:*  
by Dr. Frank Crane

*Associate Editors*  
Alexander Harvey  
William Griffith

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No. 5

## SINISTER ISSUES INVOLVED IN THE COAL STRIKE

**I**N what is described as the biggest gamble for the biggest stakes ever staged by the coal barons of high and low degree and the overlords of labor who have been whipped into it by their rank and file, the Federal Government has struck an attitude of watchful waiting that daily has been becoming more enigmatical to the press and public at large. On one side is the confident and mighty effort of a key industry to shake off what it regards as a national and throttling unionism. On the labor side it represents the attempt of the United Mine Workers of America to conserve for the future the vast gains made under wartime conditions.

Six hundred thousand bituminous and anthracite coal mine workers are involved. The bituminous coal miners demand the maintenance of the present scale, made in 1920, for which the basic wage is \$7.50 a day for common labor. They demand a five-day week with a basic six-hour day and punitive overtime

pay. Bituminous coal operators seek to have wages reduced in order to decrease the cost of production and bring down the mine price of coal. They reject the five-day week and six-hour day and seek to retain the present eight-hour day. They desire the abolition of the check-off by which they are compelled to collect union dues and assessments. Anthracite miners demand an increase of 20 per cent. in the contract rate and \$1 a day in the rate for day labor and urge other changes in rates and working rules which would result in increasing the cost of production. Anthracite operators insist wages must come down in conformity with wages in other industries.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, states the case of the miners succinctly in saying that "they want steady employment under proper working conditions and at a decent rate of wages, so they may earn enough to maintain their families



IN NO MAN'S LAND

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

on a real American standard of living." On account of the irregularity of employment of what is charged to be mismanagement of the mines, of overcapitalization and of the unnecessary profits taken by middlemen, it is submitted that the miners are not responsible for the high price of coal to the consumer insofar as "they only receive \$1.972 as their pay for producing a ton of coal that retails for \$10.41."

Meanwhile the operators, on whom Attorney-General Daugherty and Secretary of Labor Davis place the blame for having precipitated the strike on April 1, have "turned their backs on a chance to lay bare, not only to the miners but to the public, their fundamental reasons for declining a new wage agreement." What the operators declined to do the *Coal Age* does for them, in saying:

"These operators are unwilling to surrender the natural advantages of their districts which are in the interest of the public, the miners and the operators, and are unwilling to fly in the face

of a Federal grand jury which has already declared such an agreement to be in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. . . . More than 200 operators and miners' union officials were indicted a year ago by the Federal grand jury at Indianapolis. It was charged that the joint four-state wage conferences in which these people engaged and the wage contract negotiated at these conferences constituted a conspiracy under the Sherman law. These indictments are still in effect, altho the cases have not yet been tried."

Public opinion has been curiously lethargic to the situation. At this writing no violence has marked the progress of the strike. Warmer weather has arrived and next winter is far away. Approximately 60,000,000 tons of coal are said to be in stock and the non-union mines have promised 6 million tons weekly. Delivery of 4 to 4½ million tons will meet half the present soft coal requirements of between 8,600,000 and 9,000,000 tons a week. Pending a resumption of operations some weeks will pass before the pinch comes. Advice to the National Coal Association from the bituminous fields at the end of the first fortnight of the strike indicate a weekly production of approximately 4 million tons. While this is below the capacity of the non-union fields, the chief reason for the restricted production is said to be the inability of the operators to find a market for their coal.

As to the prospect of a settlement, Louis Bloch, in an exhaustive statement issued by the Sage Foundation, declares no permanently satisfactory agreement on wage rates can be reached between miners and operators in the soft coal industry so long as the overdevelopment of many more mines than the needs of the country require provides an average of only 214 days of employment to the 600,000 men in the industry, thus nulli-

fyng the advantage of increased rates of pay. This has been the average working time over a period of 32 years from 1890 through 1921. If 304 days be regarded as a full working year the lost days of employment and of mine operation have averaged 90 in a year. Only twice, during the war, did the miner have as few as 61 idle days in a year, and in 11 of the 32 years the loss of working time—and wages—has averaged 100 days or more for the soft coal miner.

This, according to the United States Geological Survey, is due to the overdevelopment of the mines. Properties now in operation could produce from 700 to 900 million tons a year, we are assured, while the country can use approximately 500 million tons. Seasonal variations in demand, according to the Geological Survey, account for 47 per cent. of the lost days in bituminous mining, such fluctuations keeping more men and more capital in the industry to be equipped for the annual peak of demand than would be needed if work were more evenly distributed throughout the year.

In 1920 the United Mine Workers reported to the Bituminous Coal Commission that in the year of the greatest regularity of employment, 1918, the average annual earnings of their members in the Central Competitive Field varied from \$1,364 in Ohio to a maximum of \$1,583 in western Pennsylvania. Had they been able to work 304 days a year their earnings might have reached a maximum of \$1,850. Estimates of the cost of living prepared by Professor W. F. Ogburn, of Columbia University, to be presented by the United Mine Workers to the Bituminous Coal Commission, are that in 1920 \$1,603 was required to provide a "minimum of subsistence" for a family of five. To provide a "minimum of health and comfort" for families living in mining communities re-

quired, on the same authority, \$2,244. Prices have decreased since these estimates, but even in the prosperous year of 1918 the average annual earnings were below the estimated "minimum of subsistence," except for a comparatively small group of machine miners employed every day the mines were open and their earnings were nearly \$500 less than the "minimum of health and comfort" budget even in a year with as many as 249 days of employment.

The strike itself, which the N. Y. *Evening Mail* declares "a scandal" and which the Hearst papers characterize as "a lockout," provokes the N. Y. *Tribune* to inquire: "Is the union deliberately trying to force the employment of more men than are warranted in the industry? Are the operators' profits exorbitant? Is overproduction excessive and, if so, what is the remedy?" The newspaper press is unanimous in de-



ALL RIGHT. SINCE WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A STRIKE, LET'S ALL GET INTO IT  
—Ding in Springfield Republican.

claring that the coal trade is in a chaotic state that demands a thoro housecleaning. "It is a mad and senseless industry organized with about the same efficiency that actuates a mob escaping from a burning building," says the *N. Y. American*, while the *N. Y. Commercial*, which recently had President Harding as guest of honor at an anniversary dinner, warns us that "if the lid were taken off so that the public could have a good look at internal politics of the United Mine Workers of America it would realize that a real menace faces the country. The union leaders have but little concern for the 'downtrodden' miner who has been making good money these last few years. They are reaching out for more power or at least to maintain the power they already possess, which is tremendous. The handling of \$25,000,000 a year in union dues collected by the check-off system is too great a prize to be allowed to slip through their fingers." Propagandists on both sides, as the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* observes, have together succeeded in creating nationwide distrust of each other's claims, allegations and arguments, while "what the country wants is the

plain truth and the whole truth regarding the conditions of its coal industry." Not only are there 40 per cent. too many mines, observes the *N. Y. Times*, but they are overmanned in about the same proportion, each being prepared to work to capacity in the rush season. "The crying need of the industry, from the point of view of both labor and capital, is that there shall be fewer mines continuously worked." To which the weekly *Independent* adds, as one of the chief evils of the industry, "an excess of workers much inclined to erratic working habits. Like the longshore industry, too many men are trying to live upon it."

This strike will have been a service, however costly, says the *St. Louis Star*, in summing up the situation, if it really results in a code of law for the coal industry—one which will prevent strikes, give the miner a fair wage based on work six days a week, fifty weeks in the year, stop the poverty which comes from a surplus of mine labor facing a deficit of work, cut down the overhead at the mine and in the retail yard, equalize the carrying burden upon the railroads and reduce the price of coal to a figure based on scientific production and handling of the product. The *Chicago Tribune* sees no hope in the direction of a government subsidy such as the British miners sought, to keep the poorer mines open and the miners employed at the expense of the better mines, nor in the direction of one to keep them open at the expense of the consumers. The British failed because, the *Tribune* is convinced, such a basic industry cannot be permanently subsidized. "The solution lies in reorganization and improved management, which will close the uneconomic mines and allow the better mines to operate more days a year. It may require Federal authorization; by that we do not mean either government



UNLOCKING THE SHACKLES

—Cassel in *N. Y. Evening World*.



ownership or operation, but permission to organize on the most efficient basis. The objective is high production at low cost. Operators and miners should work it out together."

Old King Coal is a merry old soul, but his subjects don't see the joke.—*Wall Street Journal*.

□ □

## An "Entangling Alliance" and What It May Lead To

IF one idea can be said to inspire the comment of the American press on the ratification of the Washington Conference Treaties, it is that America is now definitely committed to internationalism. We may call this internationalism anything we choose. We may refuse to join the League of Nations or to participate in the Genoa Conference. But the fact of our internationalism remains, and nothing illustrates it better than the Four-Power Treaty.

This treaty not only creates a defensive and entangling alliance in which we join with Great Britain, France and Japan to safeguard the peace of the Pacific. It is the very sort of alliance against which George Washington warned. That the Senate passed it after fierce opposition and by a margin of four over the necessary two-thirds vote, is one indication of the great change in national sentiment that has taken place as a result of the War. That the bitter protests of the Hearst papers against the treaty have been submerged in the general acclaim, is another indication of the same thing.

The Four-Power Treaty applies only to the Pacific and nominally affects only four nations. But already it is taking on a wider significance. M. Briand has suggested the possibility of a similar agreement covering European disputes. There



LET'S SEE, "NO FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS" AND "AMERICA FIRST" — WHAT COMES AFTER THAT?

—Ding in *Chicago Post*.

is little doubt that sooner or later such an agreement will come.

In fact, the beginnings of such an agreement may already be found in the covenant of the League of Nations. Since the "Association of Nations," on which President Harding laid so much stress prior to his election, has failed to appear, we are bound to relate the new treaty to the League of Nations. It actually has to be registered at the office of the secretariat of the League before it can become valid. Only one thing prevents it operating as a part of the machinery of the League, and that is the failure of the United States to join the League.

The price we pay for our failure to join is made evident in the diplomatic discussion following the American demand for \$241,000,000 to pay for its Rhine army. We cannot collect the money due us because we are not represented on the Reparations Commission. There is no doubt that the President and Sec-

retary Hughes have realized for a long time that the United States ought to be represented on that commission, and the President has intimated, through the press, that it would be a gracious act if the Senate of its own motion gave him authority to appoint an American reparation commissioner. The trouble is that, by a reservation attached to our separate treaty with Germany, the President is enjoined from appointing such a commissioner.

This absurd situation shows, as nothing else could, the weakness of America's present attitude and the necessity of continued participation in European affairs. It is a matter both of self-interest and of moral responsibility. We helped to win the War and we cannot evade the situation created by that victory. Adverse economic conditions on both sides of the Atlantic were linked by Senator Hitchcock, in a speech in the Senate the other day, with the

crushing burden of militarism in Europe and with excessive reparation demands upon Germany. Much more important, he argued, than our alliance for the control of the regions of the Pacific, is the performance of our plain duty in helping to bring about the real peace of true justice in Europe, thus reestablishing our best customers on their feet and restoring our own lost prosperity.

In similar spirit, Bernard Baruch, one of the American members of the commission at Versailles which helped to draft the reparation and economic sections of the Peace Treaty, has declared, in an interview in the *New York World*, that "reparations have from the start been a political football. They have never been considered from the standpoint of economics and reason. It is up to America to put them on that basis." He continues: "America can bring about a productive, instead of destructive, settlement of the reparations question. Once that settlement is reached, and half the world knows where it stands, industry and finance will come back to normal."

Another American representative at Versailles, Charles Seymour, Professor of History in Yale University, is equally convinced of the necessity of American activity in Europe. "Without the United States," he says, in the *Yale Review*, "no adequate solution can be found." He adds:

"It may be because the Washington Conference has not led the nation to take a broader outlook on world affairs, that many Americans are not yet willing to discard their blue spectacles. Mr. Hughes showed great courage in his demand for a naval holiday. If he would only show equal courage in facing the problems of Europe! If he would only not say, 'We cannot come in because you have not disarmed or balanced your budget,' but instead would declare: 'We are ready to come in.



FARM LIFE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE. GRANDPA LISTENS IN ON THE WIRELESS TO "OLD DAN TUCKER" AND "TURKEY IN THE STRAW"

—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

You must disarm and balance your budgets, but we are prepared to help you.' There are many indications that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding appreciate the vital quality of our interest in European affairs, but they fear the same parochial spirit that destroyed the policy of Woodrow Wilson. They need the support of courageous public opinion which shall hold up their arms in a policy that is at once bold and sane."

The logic of the situation demands the entry of the United States into the League of Nations, and we find this demand vehemently voiced by John Sharp Williams in a recent debate in the Senate. "The man who takes to his soul," he said, "the unction that the League of Nations, so far as the United States are concerned, is dead is playing the part of the ostrich, with his head in the sand. It will never be dead. The United States will come into it, whether as a member or an outside auxiliary, and she is beginning the auxiliary work now through the Four-Power Treaty and denying it while she is doing it."

Even more impressive is an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Samuel W. McCall, three times Governor of Massachusetts, who sat steadily in the press gallery of the Washington Conference throughout its entire proceedings. He writes:

"Fifty nations have already banded together. Undoubtedly those provisions in their covenant which were obnoxious to us would be obliterated. The essential thing is to present a united front against war. This country is the only obstacle to world union. If we shall take our place by the side of Europe and Asia and Africa, then the prophecy of the Latin poet may be at last fulfilled; the rough ages will become gentle and the gates of war be closed.

"The conference habit is a good one to cultivate. It will promote understanding and relieve the strain upon a single world union. But America's

place is beside the other nations joining to outlaw war and to put a restraining hand upon that power which would resort to methods of violence and break the peace of the world."

There can't be any concert of nations while each one of them wants to be a soloist.—*Newark Advocate*.

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## Genoa in the World's Eye

**I**S Russia to be recognized? If so, how and to what extent? These, to sum up Italian press opinion, comprize the real problems of Genoa.

No international conference since the armistice, not even that of Washington, has aroused the press of Europe as does that which thus makes Genoa a theme of speculation to all mankind. Men of moderate views, of sound judgment, the foreign newspapers tell us, taught by past disillusion, dared not hope for too much to come out of Genoa. There have been now no less than ten of these "conferences"—San Remo, Hythe, Boulogne, Brussels, London, Spa, Paris, Cannes and so forth—and now at Genoa, to use the hackneyed phrase of the *London Mail*, the civilized world is "shaking hands with murder." The words are a standpoint in themselves, for the elements in England which, led by the *London Post*, deem the participation of their country in this gathering a crime lack neither vocabulary nor skill in the use of it.

In France this sentiment might be described as infuriated among an irreconcilable minority to which Premier Poincaré is rather partial. Indeed, from the first moment of Mr. Lloyd George's determination to go to Genoa the conservative section of the French press professed itself disedified. As the matter now stands, to quote the *Paris Temps*, it looks as if the Genoa conference "no

longer bears any pacific aspect," but is likely to degenerate into a political battle in which the nations participating will have much ado to protect their freedom and that of their allies. The *Temps* has been critical of the projected plan of central European reconstruction. This aims, it fears, at nothing short of the creation in Europe among the Allies of a series of financially-controlled states, which are to be refused all financial help unless they submit to financial control—a control which, adds the *Temps*, more than three years after the war the Allies have not been able to impose on Germany, "their debtor and the aggressor."

Genoa, then, has what the Europeans call a bad press. The only people who have been eager for it, apart from Mr. Lloyd George, says the hostile *London Mail*, are the Bolsheviks. "They saw in it a means of bolstering up their power in Russia and of securing recognition from civilized nations." So long as the autocracy of the Bolsheviks stands, adds this disgruntled com-

mentator, there can be no trade with Russia and no real recovery of eastern Europe. Lenin and Trotzky have nothing to export but propaganda, we are told further, and what bolshevik propaganda means is sufficiently revealed by the outbreak in South Africa. The *London Post*, organ of the conservative "die-hards" and champion of things traditional and conventional, regards the conference with alternate sensations of horror and merriment—horror at the spectacle of English officials "shaking hands with murder" and merriment at the grotesqueness of it all. It asks:

"Yet why should we not be gay? Mr. Lloyd George is always giving our weary old continent his conferences, and if Genoa may not enliven us with exhibitions of golf—the statesmen of Europe, since the fall of M. Briand, do not seem particularly anxious to play the royal and ancient game with our wizard—it will doubtless impress us with the spectacle of the horny-handed, simple-living sons of the Moscow proletariat, all clad in immaculate evening dress at a cost of 150,000,000 rubles per head. It will be noticed from the information which we publish elsewhere that the primitives of Moscow took this startling advice on a hint from abroad. From whom did it come? Not, we are sure, from Signor Schanzer, who is, so to speak, only lending his house for the occasion. Nor from M. Poincaré, nor Mr. Hughes, who are unavoidably prevented from being present! No, we are sure that the hint came from distant Brynamelon. This may be the last of Mr. Lloyd George's conferences, and, like Cleopatra on an historic occasion, he is determined that the poignancy of the occasion will not suffer by a display of unbecoming ordinary attire. Hence, no doubt, the magnificent decision of Moscow to substitute for the honorable but somewhat threadbare garments hitherto affected by the disciples of the immortal Marx, the classic evening raiment of the gilded sons of capital."



TOO BUSY: CRYING NEEDS AT HOME  
United States will not officially participate in the  
Genoa Conference.

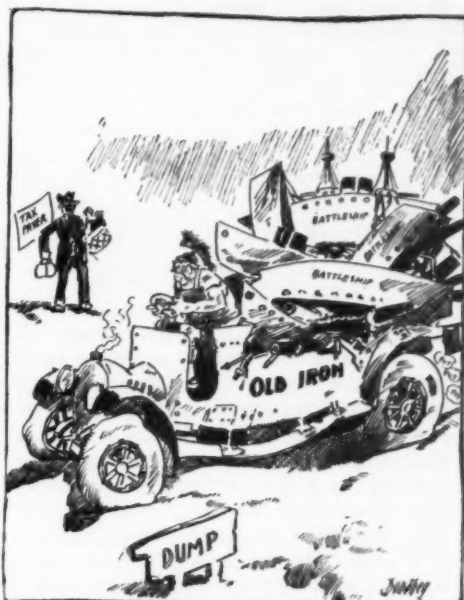
—Yardley in Stockton (Cal.) Record.



All this levity—and there is a disposition on the continent of Europe to imitate it—strikes the personal organ of Mr. Lloyd George, the *London Chronicle*, as in very bad taste. The Genoa conference, it explains, will mark the end of a period in which, whenever Allies and their enemies have met, they have sat in opposite ranks with the sword laid across the table. "For the first time since 1914 all the nations of Europe, Allied, ex-enemy and neutral, now assemble on equal terms for a common purpose." Nor, predicts the organ of the optimistic Lloyd George, will it be the last time. Genoa stands for the restoration of the European comity of the nations of Europe. "Its root idea is recognition of the solidarity of Europe."

Private talks between envoys from the Quai d'Orsay and envoys from the London foreign office had previously ruled out the question of reparations at Genoa, but that of land armaments will not down, to say nothing of revision of the peace treaties. It seems clear to the *London News*, a liberal organ, that the representatives of both France and England think they are officiating at a sort of super-supreme council:

"The Little Entente, however, may have something to say to this preconceived theory of superior rights, privileges and powers; and the Russian representatives may be relied upon to assert themselves in the same sense. It is quite certain that the Russian problems will occupy a very prominent place in the discussions, and that they will give rise to acute controversy. If the Conference does no more than admit Russia once more into the comity of nations and pave the way to her national recovery, by helping to renew her shattered transport system and to restore the economic life, it will have been well worth while. Much, if not most, will depend on the attitude of France, and particularly on M. Poincaré's readiness to compromise on the question of Russian debts, as to whether the Con-



HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!

—Donahay in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

ference will issue in a reality or a sham. We do not pretend at present to know what are M. Poincaré's intentions. But, in spite of the present confusions and uncertainties, it is good news that in all probability the meeting at Genoa will not, as was at one time feared, be adjourned sine die either through the resignation of Mr. Lloyd George or for any other reason."

The Soviet envoys show up at Genoa with a picture of the Russian prospect that does not correspond to the snapshots of western Europe. The idea they disseminate is that of a transformation of communism so complete that, as the *London Telegraph* says, it looks like bourgeois capitalism. They say there is liberty of work and of movement in Russia. Secrecy of correspondence is assured. Crimes and offenses are judged by the ordinary tribunals. Rights of foreigners are guaranteed. All this and much more are set forth on the authority of the Soviet foreign minister, Tchicherin, who, it

is observed, is silent on the subject of Russian debts and the famine.

What particularly annoys the Russian foreign minister is the harmony between the two "ententes," that of England and France under Lloyd George and Poincaré, and that of Czechoslovakia and its neighbors under Benes. The big entente and the little entente, Tchicherin says, think that they can impose conditions upon Russia at Genoa, "cut and dried decisions," he calls them, inconsistent with the self-respect of an independent people. If it be true that there is any combination of this sort, the conference at Genoa will end in failure. To this Lenin adds that for business reasons Russia agreed to take part in the Genoa conference in order to negotiate with capitalistic countries as to "the political conditions for the reestablishment of trade conditions with the West." Lenin assures Mr. Lloyd George that Russia has had enough of threats. If the conference at

Genoa thinks it has met to impose conditions upon a vanquished or even a prostrate country there will be an awakening among the dreamers. Here at any rate Lenin has Trotzky with him. Trotzky does not seem, from all accounts, to like the Genoa idea at all and, as usual, he says things about it that flatly contradict the utterances of Tchicherin. Before the conference is over, says Trotzky, for instance, there will be "ultimatums" to Moscow but the disappointment of those powers which indulge them will be great—"for," concludes this great Bolshevik, "we do not intend for the sake of our pockets to become white and abandon our communism."

Lenin may not be as red as he was, but he is still far from being the pink of perfection.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

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## London Gets a Washington "Bombshell"

**N**EITHER Downing street nor the Quai d'Orsay has recovered from the shock of our claim for the costs of keeping so many American soldiers on the Rhine. The presentation of Washington's claim was a shock for which, according to the *London Times*, nobody at the time was prepared, and notwithstanding the weeks that have elapsed, the anguish is still keen. The Allied finance ministers, observes the great London daily, had just been settling for the appropriation of the huge German payments when "this unexpected demand" took their breath away. Nor does the *London Times* like the manner in which this claim was put forward by Washington. The shock was great enough, but to have waited so long before administering it!

There had been some squabbling between London and Paris over the distribution of the recent German



ROCKING THE CRADLE

—Gale in *Los Angeles Times*.

payment, but it was all settled when the American bombshell exploded. Not that the right of this country to be paid these costs can be disputed. Whether it is a right against any cash that may have come into the hands of the Allies or which may come into their hands under the Treaty of Versailles is another matter. America, observes the important London daily, refused to ratify the treaty. She refused to take part officially in the several conferences and meetings held for the purpose of securing execution of its provisions. She was invited. She declined. Washington did not sign the Spa agreement or the Pact of London. She preferred to make a separate treaty with Germany. To quote next from a newspaper which is supposed to reflect very directly the views of Prime Minister David Lloyd George himself, the *London Chronicle*:

"Two things may be urged on the other side. First, that since the United States is no party to the Versailles Treaty, she has no claim on moneys collected by the Reparations Commission under that treaty. If she wants money from Germany her correcter course might be to claim it direct from Berlin under her separate treaty. As against this, however, her occupation of a Rhine sector is a task undertaken jointly with the Allies, and does give her some moral ground for a claim to joint reimbursement. Secondly, the more valid objection is that if she wanted the money she should have asked for it before, and not waited till the European Powers had elaborated their plans on the assumption that she did not. The course followed was not only somewhat brusque, but it tends to throw back into a tangle the financial problems which struggling Europe had just been at work to straighten out. The point is one to which the American Government may be asked to give friendly consideration in the discussions which will arise. What its motives have been, we do not know. It

may have been impelled here, as in the scheme for funding the Allies' American debts, by that current of popular American opinion which regards Europeans as defaulting debtors, and wants them to be dunned to the utmost, in order to bring down the level of American taxation. Or it may be that the aim was rather to stimulate a fundamental revision of the reparations terms by impeding their immediate working."

Washington has not dissembled the surprise, mingled with irritation, that fills its official mind, and Europe has been informed through diplomatic channels that no question should rise regarding our claim for all these dollars. Our government does not think it was inconsiderate in pressing its claim just when it did. Our Department of State believes its attitude in this whole business has been most considerate. We think we have deliberately waited a



AND THEY SAY THERE IS HEATED COMPETITION FOR HIS JOB

—Ding in New York Tribune.

long time in order not to embarrass the Allies. The time has now come when the claim of America must be recognized. We could not risk our claim being ignored. The Allies were receiving payments from Germany. They assumed that we would not. Our course enlightens them, it is hoped. The very well-informed diplomatic correspondent of the London *Telegraph* declares that our demand may be regarded as "complementary to Washington's refusal to attend the Genoa conference." That refusal was based, on the one hand, upon objections to any premature official relations with Bolshevik Russia, but even more so on the exclusion from the proposed agenda of the subjects of reparation and land disarmament, which in American opinion cannot be dissociated from reconstruction. The Manchester *Guardian* says, from another point of view altogether:

"The United States have gone out of their way to make it clear that they did not, by refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, intend to abate their financial claim against Germany. Under the separate treaty between the United States and Germany all American rights under the Treaty of Versailles are expressly retained. American claims for reparation, therefore, appear to be on an equality with those of the other Allies, except that they are enforceable under a different instrument—the German-American Treaty and not the Treaty of Versailles. It is not clear, therefore, that in strict law the Allies are compelled, when making claims under the Treaty of Versailles, to share the proceeds with the United States. Legally it would appear to be for the United States to enforce their own claims against Germany by whatever means they thought proper. But the other Allies could hardly in any case take advantage of what would at best be a legal subterfuge. And since they asked America, independently of the treaty, to share in the costs of military occupation, and since the re-

imbursement of those costs is all that America has yet asked for, the moral obligation upon them to admit the validity of the American claim is overwhelming. This claim amounts to a little over £50 million, which, as it happens, is just about the amount that Germany has paid the other Allies in reparations proper over and above their expenses of occupation. To recover this money from the Allies and hand it over to the United States would in the present state of public finance be a delicate and probably impossible operation. But it is equally impossible to ignore the American claim."

French opinion may be summed up as a state of amazement blended with chagrin. Paris papers return to them again and again, their impressions being but echoes of the *Intransigeant*, which says that America can make fine phrases on the subject of ideals, but when the time comes for action it collects cash. "America is leaving us in the lurch," it adds, "for the second time since the treaty of peace was signed—it is time for us to see things as they really are." The paper is filled with horror and dismay at the way we have acted since the peace treaty was signed. It now candidly confesses that among themselves the French have hitherto confined their emotion to mere expressions of what they feel at the strange things we do to them. It mentions as an instance the constitutional system that "enabled President Wilson to act as almighty sovereign here and to pledge his word and that of his country, whereas a few months later America could tell us: 'No, we promised nothing.'" Further:

"What is more disconcerting still is that the United States, which has been present at all negotiations in the person of an 'observer,' but has refused to sign a treaty or accord, which has refused to go to Genoa, and refused to help us make Germany pay, now demands payment of our debts and of a



milliard representing the cost of her Army of Occupation.

"France no longer understands her. We have been living on the dogma of unshakable American friendship, but we are now obliged to recognize that the latest decision of Washington has not been inspired by a particularly friendly spirit. . . . America aspires more and more every day to hold the greater part of the world's gold. She thinks that by holding it she will be able to direct Europe as she likes without giving it anything in exchange. The calculation is not correct. . . . There is the old story of the poor fellow who thought he was rich because he lived shut up with his bags of gold, but who was found one fine morning lying dead on his money bags."

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## The Rising Power of Islam

**F**OLLOWING the Great War has come something almost as great, tho few realize it. That thing is what Lothrop Stoddard calls "the new world of Islam." Mr. Stoddard has written a book on the subject which is attracting international attention. It appears at a time when the Near East Conference of Allied Foreign Ministers in Paris has virtually rewritten the Treaty of Sèvres to the advantage of Turkey, and when riots in India and Egypt, guerilla warfare in northern Africa and outbreaks in Syria are all being traced to Mohammedan influence. The recent appeal of the Government of India to London in behalf of Turkey was also, of course, inspired by Islam, and, taken together, these signs would seem to justify Mr. Stoddard's statement: "The entire world of Islam is to-day in profound ferment. From Morocco to China and from Turkestan to the Congo, the 250,000,000 followers of the Prophet Mohammed are stirring to new

ideas, new impulses, new aspirations. A gigantic transformation is taking place whose results must affect all mankind."

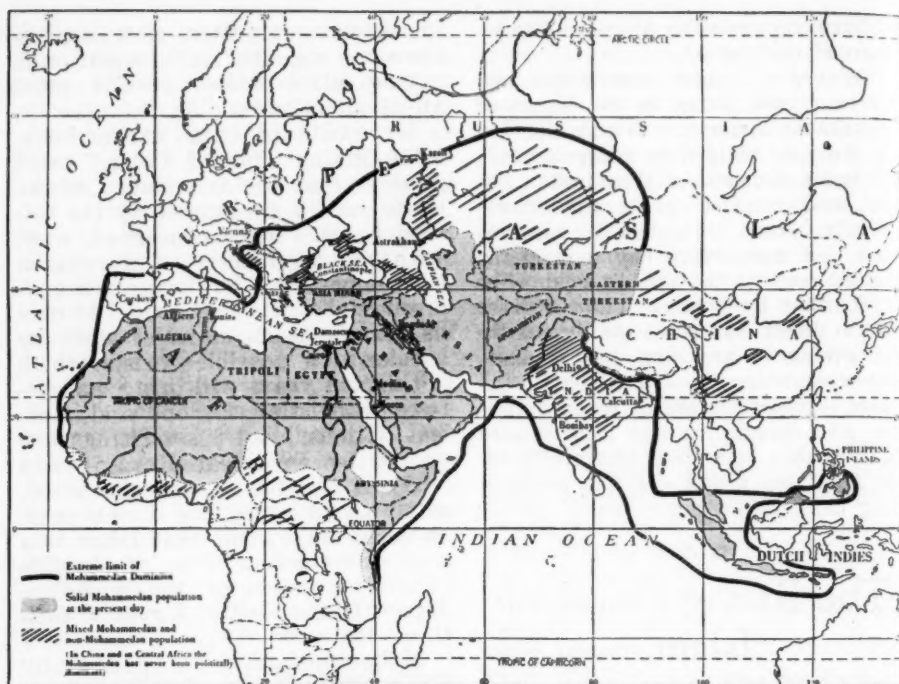
Mr. Stoddard, in an earlier book, "The Rising Tide of Color," tried to show that the ascendancy of the white race is threatened by the colored races. He is concerned, now, with the ascendancy of a religion that imposes on its devotees a governmental and social code. It may be that he is an alarmist when he speaks of a possible "crisis which within ten years will bring war between Christian Europe and Moslem nations," but his writings are quoted by President Harding and by Lord Northcliffe, and the latter, after a trip round the world, is at pains to make clear that Islam is a core of unrest in three of the five "trouble centers of the world"—Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine.

Mohammedanism is younger by 600 years than any of the great religions of the world. Its dawn was bright, and it flowered in a Saracenic civilization in which the ancient cultures of Greece, Rome and Persia were revitalized by Arab



"LET ME IN THERE AGAIN, OR—!"

—Peace in Newark News.



THE NEW WORLD OF ISLAM

This map, from Lothrop Stoddard's new book, gives some idea of the present strength of Mohammedanism. By the decision of the Near East Conference of Allied Foreign Ministers recently held in Paris, Constantinople again becomes the Turkish capital and the civil and religious power of the Sultan is restored. Clear across Asia, Moslem power, united with Turkey-in-Europe and stirred by Bolshevism, might easily become the greatest menace that the Western world has ever known.

vigor. This period gave way to one in which the Turk introduced a hard, narrow, ferocious spirit into the center of Islam, and was followed by a Reformation which Mr. Stoddard likens to the Protestant Reformation. Abd-el-Wahab was the Martin Luther of this Reformation. His movement was crushed, but his spirit lived on and helped to inspire the Bab movement in Persia and that veiled but very powerful Senussi fraternity in the North of Africa which has been called the spiritual heart of Islam to-day.

The new Islam—in India, Egypt, Persia, the former Ottoman Empire—is a strangely contradictory faith. It mingles autocracy with democracy, and oscillates between proposals to restore the ancient faith

and to incorporate the latest results of Occidental civilization. It is still, however, a missionary religion, and it fully appreciates the post-office, the railroad and other modern methods of rapidly interchanging ideas. It is also, to an extent which the average Christian hardly appreciates, unified. A Moslem can feel himself a "national" citizen of any Islamic country, and cherishes a fraternal feeling for all who share his faith.

The victors in the Great War who imagined that they were solving the Moslem problem by driving the Turk out of Europe were only aggravating that problem, as Mr. Stoddard sees it. They failed to take into account the unity of Mohammedans. As a result, the Moslem world was rewelded and

revitalized as it had not been in centuries, and the ears of every Mohammedan were opened to propaganda for the freeing of every Moslem country now in tutelage or bondage to a European power.

Bolshevism was quick to take advantage of the opportunity, and Lenin's emissaries were soon working among the Mohammedans. There were startling developments and many converts made in Turkey, Persia, India, Afghanistan and the farther Orient. It almost seemed, Mr. Stoddard says, as if the reckless shortsightedness of Entente policy was driving into Lenin's arms multitudes who, under other conditions, would have avoided him.

For most Mohammedans are nationalists, not internationalists; are religious, not irreligious; believe in private property, and look to the Sultan as to a Pope. When the noted Bolshevik leader Zinoviev spoke before the "Congress of Eastern Peoples" called by the Soviet Government at Baku in the autumn of 1920, he endeavored to eradicate the religious beliefs and national

loyalties of his hearers by preaching the class-war.

Bolshevism was a nine-days' wonder to the Mohammedan world, but as yet no real merging of the two has taken place. There is still time, Mr. Stoddard says, to forestall both a Bolshevik peril and the possibility of a war between Christian and Moslem nations. He goes on:

"I predict increasing ferment and unrest throughout all Islam; a continued awakening to self-consciousness; an increasing dislike for Western domination.

"The result must inevitably be the diminution of white control in Asia and Africa.

"The vital question is whether shaking off white control will come with or without a cataclysm. The cataclysm may come. It will come if England and France pursue a shortsighted policy and by repressive measures drive liberal Mohammedans into the ranks of the extremists.

"I hope to see the cataclysm avoided by the adoption of a policy of gradual diminution of white control."

## Significant Sayings

"The greatest failure of the American nation is that it needs eternally to be amused."—*Prof. Shotwell, Columbia University.*

"You must deal with the world as you find it, not as I found it."—*Bernard Shaw.*

"If there is one man who loves his child it is the Chinaman. A person with a child in his arms could go from one end of China to another in perfect safety."—*Sir James Cantlie.*

"I expect to be the first rebel in the Irish Free State."—*Mary McSwiney.*

"I am sick to death of politics."—*De Valera.*

"If any man came out of this war a better man than when he entered, it is in spite of not because of his battle experience."—*Major-General John F. O'Ryan.*

"I hope and believe that one hundred years hence there will be no British Empire."—*H. G. Wells.*

"In the experiences of a year in the Presidency there has come to me no other such unwelcome impression as the manifest religious intolerance which exists among many of our citizens."—*Warren G. Harding.*

"The real struggle of to-day is not between Bolshevism and capitalism, but between that view of the world termed liberalism or radicalism, for which the primary object of government and of foreign policy is peace, freedom of trade and intercourse and economic wealth, and that other view, militarist, or rather diplomatic, which thinks in terms of power, prestige, national or personal glory."—*John Maynard Keynes, apropos of the Genoa Conference.*

## Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

### What's Wrong With the World?

THE trouble of the world is merely a bad case of constipation. Or you might call it imperfect circulation. When the channels of the life-stream do not function freely, morbidity of one sort or another ensues.

Humanity is a unit. Whether we refuse to believe it or not, we are all members of one body. And that includes Hottentots, Hindoos and Hibernians.

Whenever you attempt to isolate any group of the human race, to wall it up or to "protect" it you are creating a condition that is bound sooner or later to make some sort of a carbuncle.

Almost all the public ills of men come from our artificial exclusions. These exclusions are often good enough in intent and are not particularly harmful up to a certain point, but carried to an extreme they invariably produce disease.

One of the most common examples of this grouping business, this attempt to wall off a portion of the human race and treat it as different from all the rest, is the nation myth.

When we become crazy about nationality and forget humanity then the body politic breaks out in that kind of smallpox which we call War.

War is merely patriotism unregulated by humanity.

You can see all this illustrated very concretely if you attempt to travel across Europe at the present time.

In America you can travel on through-trains for days without any passports, customs barriers, exchange of currency or police in-

quisition. That is why America is healthy. Our circulation is good.

In Europe when you attempt to go from one country to another you have infinite bother with passports and visas, you must get your money changed into a new kind of currency, at which transaction you always lose, your baggage is searched when you cross the border and you are in luck if they do not go through your pockets, and in addition to all this the agents of police want to know what is your business, where you are from, where you were born, and why.

All this is caused by the contentious little nationalities and by the pestiferous little peacock vanities of each nation.

Even in France, the home of revolution and liberal thought, nine-tenths of the newspapers are busy whooping it up for glory and nationalism and you hear very little about the "rights of man," for which the French nation is supposed to stand.

It is the same everywhere else in Europe, only worse.

Stephen Graham, in his recent volume, "Europe—Whither Bound?" says:

"One of the worst places is Vintimiglia, on the Franco-Italian line. The French frank you out of their country; the Italians frank you in. You step into a separate chamber and are searched and asked particular and impertinent questions. Before leaving Italy the Italian police demand your personal attendance and take a small due. In some countries you are required to obtain police permission to leave the country; in some not. No one tells you what you have to do. You can take a ticket and proceed gaily to the frontier and then be turned back. This



can happen even in the enlightened State of Czecho-Slovakia. Greece, however, is one of the worst international offenders in this matter. The traveler has to spend a morning with the police, and he may be held up for some days if Church Festivals intervene. If he goes to the frontier without the police stamp on his passport he gets sent back."

All this annoyance does no good whatever. In fact it is the cause of appreciable harm.

What every country needs is a free circulation of its population, plenty of visitors coming in and plenty of travelers going out. All this brings business and is good generally for the national health, just as stagnation is bad for business and national health.

Every country is doing its utmost to produce a condition of stagnation. It is doing this because they are all crazy as bedbugs on the subject of patriotism.

Instead of their love of country making them helpful to the human race it is making of each nation an enemy to the human race, a source of disquiet and of possible war.

Almost every city in Europe is overcrowded with people who do not want to stay there, whom the city does not want to stay but who cannot get away on account of the infernal nonsense and red tape of passports and customs.

"Constantinople is an overcrowded caravanserai," says Stephen Graham. "There is no lasting means of living for more than one-fifth of the population, and almost no chance at all for the Russians. In Serbia, in Bulgaria, in Bohemia, in France and England, and in the New World there are at least chances of life for the homeless."

But the authorities will not allow the poor wretches to go out of Constantinople and will not allow them to live while they are there.

A similar condition exists in Bel-

grade, in Budapest, in Sofia, in Berlin and in Paris. In each of these cities there are thousands that want to get out but are compelled to remain for no reason at all. And in each case there are thousands of others who would like to get in and who would do the city good by coming in, but are prevented by the idiotic laws concerning passports and customs.

Viewed from the standpoint of the philosophical historian, with any sort of appreciation of the tendencies of evolution and with any degree of detachment of mind from local and petty prejudices and passions, all such mottoes as *Sinn Fein*, *Deutschland über Alles*, *America First*, and the like, are merely reactionary attempts to thwart the course of destiny.

It is well enough to have a proper pride in one's birthplace, in one's family and in one's nation. But when these things lead to separation and stagnation instead of leading to co-operation and progress they are distinctly harmful.

Mr. Graham says that the Serbs and Czechs are the best people about passports in Central Europe. In western Europe Belgium is the most enlightened, having practically abolished the visa. France is striving to follow Belgium's lead. England in this matter, as in the matter of her charges for postage, telephones and railway fares, seems to have completely lost that practical common sense which distinguished her from other nations. She charges foreigners heavily, keeps them waiting, and treats them impolitely.

America is probably the worst of all. Few countries can equal the disgraceful proceedings connected with breaking into the United States and can furnish such an unenlightened example of red tape, incivility and downright cruelty.

And what is it all about? As the fool said in "The Tavern," "What's all this shootin' for?"

Why, pertinently inquires Mr. Graham, do free men and women spend golden forenoons in stuffy rooms, to fill in forms, to be brow-beaten by police and porters and clerks, treated like criminals or paupers, or beggars come for a pittance? Perhaps they are paid for it? No, they actually have to pay, and pay heavily, suffering as it were injury on the top of insult.

One thing that keeps the custom alive is that it furnishes boundless graft for a lot of petty officials. This is illustrated by an instance Mr. Graham gives as explained to him by the British Consul General at Munich.

At Munich there is a Polish Consul and Vice-Consul, but there has been nothing to do, Poland having remarkably little business in Bavaria. The post languished. The Vice-Consul was recalled; the clerk was dismissed. One surmised the Consul himself might go and hand over his minute business to some other consulate which, no doubt, would have done it cheaply. But no. One day a solution occurred to the Consul. All Polish subjects in Bavaria ought to have Polish passports from the Polish Consul. Police orders to that effect were therefore issued. All who claimed to be Polish, or to have been born in those parts of Germany or Austria now Polish territory, were to put in an appearance. They would receive passports and would be duly charged.

But, having registered the whole Polish population, what then?

"Oh, I only give them visas for three months," says the Consul. "Every quarter they must come again."

So he converted his consulate into a revenue-paying establishment. What does it matter about the public? It is only asked to give one day in ninety to these formalities and has the other eighty-nine to itself.

The Polish passport office in Berlin fully confirms this point of view.

Here are inordinate crowds whom politics have separated kith from kin, trying to get passes to go home, to live, to exist. The doorkeeper smokes a cigar; the first clerk makes eyes at the women applicants, the girl clerks suck sweets, the Consulate clock runs on, and you pay hundreds of German marks each for the up-keep of the business.

"Under such circumstances," asks our author, "is it surprising that there is stagnation of peoples in Europe? This stagnation is great, and it is noticeable in almost every great city of the continent. It is a rich time for the hotel-keepers. There is scarcely a capital in Europe where you can reckon on finding a room without trouble. The following experiences are symptomatic enough: At Rome I visited about twenty hotels; shut out for the night, got into a 'strange place' about three a. m.; Stuttgart, out all night; Sofia, visited all hotels, all full, slept in guard-room of town-patrol; Sofia, second time, shared a room with an officer; Vienna, toured city in a cab and found nothing; Warsaw, spent nine hours going from hotel to hotel, got a room for a thousand-mark tip. In Constantinople you can find cases of three families in one apartment. Wherever you go you are going to have adventures in finding a room, unless you are an officer or a member of an Allied Commission, or belong to the Red Cross or Starving Children's Fund, or some organization that has facilities for looking out for itself.

"Poor old Europe! She was more of a unity in the days when we were 'an armed camp.' We have broken the power of militarism. There has been a revolution in Russia. A British statesman in the House of Commons, in 1917, said it was bliss to be alive, but to be young was very heaven. Some millions of young men died before Armistice Day, 1918. Since then there has been

great work clearing away barbed-wire entanglements along the old front. But it seems to be a nightmare task; entanglements multiply upon us faster than we can clear the old ones away. You cannot get across Europe because of the obstructions; you cannot circulate."

Thus we see what is the matter with the world. It is a case of stagnation. It is a case of the vigorous growth of the life of humanity being hampered by the hold-over of nationalism. It is a case of conspiracy against life by the old forces of reaction.

Everywhere this reactionary tendency is accompanied by intense passion and often by entire conscientiousness. The Irishman who wants to separate his nation from Great Britain and everybody else, verily thinks he is doing God's service. The American who wants to keep America surrounded by a Chinese wall of tariffs and an impenetrable barrier of immigration laws imagines he is the only true American.

That large and vociferous company who are crying out against having anything to do with Europe, who are urging the isolation of the United States from the rest of the world, repeat over and over again the phrase of Washington about "entangling alliances," entirely forgetting in their narrow-minded zeal that what Washington warned us against was entangling alliance *with some one nation* against others, and the problem of allying ourselves *with all the nations of the world* never presented itself to the Father of his Country.

The doom of humanity is growth. We must grow, or we must become sick and die. We must get over our petty nationalisms. We must envisage a cooperating world. Humanity cannot stop. It cannot cease that continuous change which life implies.

And if we succeed in accomplishing a temporary stagnation the re-

sult is the pus of provincialism which sooner or later breaks out in the horrible boil of War.



## A Nation of Spectators

ONE of the differences between play and sport is that play is exercise you take for yourself, and sport is exercise you watch somebody else take.

Play is engaged in by children who are healthy and happy. Sport is engaged in by grown-ups who are puffy-eyed and bored.

Enthusiasm for sports is no sign that a nation is athletic.

In fact the kind of enthusiasm which loads down the sporting pages of the newspapers, draws a hundred thousand people to the bleachers at a baseball match and attracts well-dressed crowds to a race-course, argues a nation of spectators rather than a nation of athletes.

Instead of sport encouraging play it bids fair to kill play.

About the only kind of exercise nowadays which people of twenty-one or over take for themselves and do not hire somebody else to do is dancing. Of course there is golf. But it is too early yet to say whether golf is destined to be a permanent game or a social fad.

Watching games instead of playing them is a sign of an effete civilization.

This is illustrated in the well-known incident of the Chinese Mandarin who was visiting in Washington and was taken by his host to attend a grand ball. The Oriental visitor expressed himself as pleased with the gaiety of the occasion but permitted himself the inquiry, "It is all very well but I cannot understand why your upper classes do all this work themselves. In China we hire people to dance for us." China is very old.

The difference between fun as an exercise and fun as a spectacle is a

very radical one. It is the difference between the two kinds of pleasure that are the privilege of the human race. One is the pleasure of giving, the other that of receiving.

A better distinction perhaps would be that one is the pleasure of overcoming and the other is the pleasure of yielding.

In one case there is the forthputting of our energies, the pitting of wits against wits, of skill against skill, of bodily strength against bodily strength. This is:

"That stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

And the Scriptures tell us that this forthputting kind of pleasure is so much superior to the receptive kind that "He that overcometh shall receive the morning star."

If by morning star we understand a poetical allusion to the joy of living this text seems to be psychologically accurate. The surest way to degeneracy and disease is to stuff one's self with food, intoxicate one's self with drink, indulge all one's animal appetites, and spend one's days in limousines and one's nights in feather beds. Such a life is bound to be a short one, whether a merry one or not.

There is good in sports when sports are play. For play is the very best means toward the formation of character.

In play we learn how to endure, how to get along with our fellows and how to lose, which three things are now as important as any that can be named.

Even prize-fighting, properly conducted, is not a bad thing. That is to say, it is not a bad thing for the two prize-fighters, altho it is probably a very bad thing for the two thousand spectators, who are getting nothing out of the show but a sort of debauch in blood lust.

In fact, watching people play is rather an old man's business, and may be indulged in in a harmless way by those who have not the en-

ergy nor the disposition to do the playing themselves.

A company of professional sports, however, the kind you see at horse-races, prize-fights and pool-rooms, is not an inspiring sight. Most of them are inclined to be red-faced, puffy-eyed and pot-bellied. All of them are flabby.

And this law holds not only for the flesh but for the spirit.

A great many people place too much importance upon the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuit of learning. There is no special benefit in amassing information. In fact it may become very much like the habit of going to baseball games, and the mind that is forever reading and studying and never doing anything with the facts that it amasses is liable also to be flabby.

That form of exercise which does the mind good is creation and construction.

It is doing things with the mind that brings mental strength, and not merely receiving things by the mind.

One reason perhaps why there are so many Christians and so little Christianity is the habit of church-going and listening to sermons.

To attend a church service, to hear the music and look at the stained glass, to follow the prayers in the book and the preacher's homily may easily become a sort of a bad habit.

That is to say, we may get into the way of assuming that this sort of thing is religion. It is no more religion than the taking of plenty of food is health. Food is health only in proportion as we translate it into vigor by good digestion and exercise.

The real and usable morality we acquire is that which we acquire by overcoming, not by receiving; that which we acquire by utilizing our moral principles in the give and take of life and not that which we get morally by hearing moral precepts recited from the pulpit.



There is more education in one thing done than there is in a thousand things listened to.

The place to learn navigation is on a ship. The place to learn soldiering is in war. The place to learn business is in the market. The place to learn botany is in the field. So also the place to learn those underlying laws of life which we call morality and religion is in the midst of affairs, in the complex actualities of family life, and amidst the hard facts of the business world.

It is only thus we become spiritual athletes.

The word is of no particular use or vitality, until the word is made flesh and dwells among us.

□ □

## Uncle Joe

**J**OSEPH G. CANNON, known for years in American politics as "Uncle Joe," and for a long time Speaker of the House of Representatives, has made a formal announcement of his retirement after forty-six years of public life.

In an open letter to the Eighteenth Illinois Congressional District, which includes Danville, his home town, he said:

"The time has come for old heads to give way to young hearts, alert and active minds and vigorous bodies. I shall not be a drone, I hope, but a citizen in the ranks of plain, loyal Republicans, doing all in my power to support party politics which mean so much to the prosperity and happiness of Americans."

The last words quoted indicate the peculiar point of view for which Uncle Joe has always stood. He is a party man and believes in the Republican party as heathen folk look up to their gods of stone and clay.

He, and such others as the late Boies Penrose, Mark Hanna and Matt. Quay, are types of that peculiar perversion of loyalty from which the United States has suffered more than from anything else.

There are doubtless individuals in political parties who are upright and honest, but the institution of a party lends itself to all manner of corruption and will have to be substituted by something better if the nation is to progress.

Directly to the party spirit and the mistaken sense of party loyalty can be charged such crimes as the corruption of the electorate in Michigan whereby Senator Newberry was elected, the debasement of city government in almost all of our large cities, and, most colossal offence of all, the desertion by the United States of her Allies after the War, her refusal to participate in the League of Nations and the consequent economic disaster that has overspread the world.

All this does not mean that good party men such as Uncle Joe and Senator Lodge and others may not be good church members and good to their folks.

The reader will recall the passage in Macaulay wherein he complained that when attention was called to the tyrannies and torts of the King of England the reply was made that the King was a good husband and a loving father.

Doubtless there were gentle, affectionate and sincere priests among those who sat in the Inquisition chamber and tortured heretics.

Doubtless Lenine and Trotzky are earnest and sincere-minded. Doubtless the Kaiser thought that he was annointed of God to chasten the French nation and bring to it the advantages of German culture.

"We are all honorable men."

But the fact remains that the only intelligent basis for any kind of ethics that can last is humanity and the welfare of the human race, and not nationalism and particularly not partisanship.

It must be the effort of all clear thinkers to rid the councils of the world of the last shreds of Macchiavellism and to insist that the

principles of righteousness, justice and mercy are just as binding upon parties and nations as they are upon individuals.

This we cannot do unless we are willing to abandon our party and oppose it when it is clearly wrong.

In his personal life Uncle Joe is lovable. In his creed of party he is not to be followed.



## The Great Deception

**S**AMUEL COLCORD has gotten out a book which he calls "The Great Deception."

By this is meant the effort, which seems to be rather successful, to put over the idea that the last national election was a repudiation of the League of Nations idea and a distinct mandate by the American people that their government should have nothing to do with European or world politics.

That crazy notion has been very loudly bellowed by such as Senators Borah and Reed and a number of newspapers that make a specialty of propaganda.

The principle upon which this campaign of deception is carried on is a familiar one. It is that if you say anything loud enough and often enough, by and by people will believe it whether it is true or not. It is the same principle that sells patent medicine, propagates inane fads, and otherwise stampedes Demos.

The facts in the case, of course, are well known to those who are accustomed to think, of which there are, alas, too few. They are, as Mr. Colcord points out:

1. The majority of the Republican party leaders, as represented in the United States Senate, twice made a distinct and definite proposal that the United States enter the League of Nations with the Lodge reservations, and twice passed such a pro-

posal by substantial majorities in the Senate.

2. If we accept the fact that we are under a party government, then the known record of that party should define our attitude. There is no question that the United States would now be a member of the League of Nations if the majority of the Republican party leaders in the Senate had had their way.

3. It was the rejection of the compromise proposal and the insistence upon what was known to be impossible of realization, that is, the retention in the covenant of article ten, without reservation, by the Democrats, that defeated the above purpose.

4. The platform of the Republican party was half for the League and half for a new association. In any case it did not declare for isolation.

5. In the speeches of Mr. Harding, the successful candidate in the last election, whenever he referred to a possible new association of nations he invariably qualified this to mean that it should be a revision of the existing League, "for it has been so entwined and interwoven into the peace of Europe that its good must be preserved." To this not even his Des Moines speech is an exception. A sufficient proof is that Mr. Harding has publicly said so himself.

As Mr. Colcord says:

"To make it appear that the Republican vote was against that record and against the other influences named, all pointing the same way, thus a repudiation of the League of Nations in its entirety is the great deception under which many excellent people have innocently fallen."

The fact of the matter is that the American people have not repudiated the League of Nations and that they have not accepted it. They have not yet declared themselves upon the question.

## WHY FRANCE DISTRUSTS AMERICA

By William MacDonald<sup>1</sup>

THAT France is at the present moment profoundly distrustful of the United States is a fact well known, painfully known, to every American in France who comes into close contact with the French people, and who does not allow himself to be misled by the complimentary remarks of orators on state occasions or by the flattery of business men who want to sell him something or negotiate a loan. It is not the aggressive and ineradicable distrust which many, perhaps most, French people feel toward Germany, for the relations between France and America have never been such as to engender bitterness and mortal fear. It is not the deep-seated and convinced distrust which is felt toward Great Britain, because the United States has never tried to dominate the whole political situation in Europe and throughout the world or treated France with mingled haughtiness and contempt. It is rather a pervading suspicion of American political and business methods, a growing lack of confidence in the fairness and integrity of American policy, an irritated revulsion of feeling which comes from disillusionment and the shattering of ideals. Whether or not the attitude of France is reasonable and well grounded is not a question which at the moment I propose to discuss: the question is a complicated one, with many bearings and diverse ramifications. The more important thing for the United States is to realize that the distrust exists, that it is deep and widespread, that it is more and more openly expressed, and that it rests upon facts and events which to the French have only one meaning and enforce only one conclusion.

The beginning of the trouble goes back, of course, to the failure of the

United States to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. The goodness or badness of that treaty is a subject regarding which the people of France had, and still have, more than one opinion. It is a great mistake to suppose that French public opinion is unanimous in supporting either the Versailles agreement or the other treaties which followed it. What France could not understand at the time, however, and does not understand now, is how the United States, after supporting President Wilson enthusiastically during the war and apparently continuing to support him during the negotiation of peace, could have rejected the peace treaty bodily without at least an attempt to secure a modification of the provisions to which it objected, could have continued for two years a state of things which was neither peace nor war, and could then have concluded treaties with Germany and Austria which reserved to the United States most of the advantages and few of the liabilities which it would have had if it had ratified the Treaty of Versailles. What kind of a government, one hears it asked, is this American democracy in which the executive and the legislature can remain at loggerheads for a year and eight months without power in the people to call either to account, in which the President negotiates treaties without the least assurance that the Senate will approve them, and in which a succeeding administration calmly appropriates most of the benefits of a rejected treaty while avoiding its obligations? Such things could not be done in France or in any other European country without either a change of government or a revolution, and the majority of the French people fail to

understand how they can be done in America and apparently be acquiesced in by the country.

The widespread feeling in France, and for that matter in Europe generally, that the United States, notwithstanding the vast effort which it put forth on behalf of the Allies during the war, is at heart entirely indisposed to help in the solution of after-war problems and in the restoration of normal conditions, has been confirmed and intensified by the whole policy of the United States since the peace conference. For more than two years France, at least, was generous. It continued to hope, even against hope, that the Versailles Treaty would yet be ratified. When that hope faded, it continued to believe that a great and generous nation like America, presumably knowing its own mind and certainly free to act as it thought best, would nevertheless find some way outside of the treaty to help in the reestablishment of sound economic and political health. Scarcely a word of criticism of America was heard in any public assembly. The press, with hardly an exception, maintained a friendly tone. When, after months of waiting, the only response that came from America was silence, inaction and a refusal of anything save unofficial and entirely useless participation in conference after conference to which it was welcomed, France lost heart.

The reaction, serious as it was perceived to be by those who value the maintenance of sympathetic and cordial relations between nations, might nevertheless have been less serious in its effects had the attitude of the United States remained one merely of indifference. The past few months, however, have witnessed a series of events which have strengthened suspicion and fortified distrust. The echoes of the Washington conference are still reverberating in France. Without exception all parties in France now

realize that the French case at Washington was badly handled, that the Briand speech was a veritable calamity all the more regrettable because it was unnecessary, and that the position of France with regard to the use of submarines was stated in a way certain to give offence. But why, one hears it asked everywhere in France, was the United States so ready, so eager even, to conclude naval and other agreements with Great Britain and Japan regarding the Pacific, while coldly and persistently declining even to become a party to a conference in Europe? Why did it yield so easily to the charms and persuasions of Mr. Balfour and his accomplished British associates, and at the same time press France so hard? What plans is America concerting with England and Japan in the Pacific and in Asia whose repercussions will before long be felt in Europe? If "entangling alliances" are to be avoided by the United States on grounds of national policy when Europe is concerned, why are they sought and carefully cemented when Japan and Great Britain are parties to them?

When to the irritation and suspicion occasioned by the Washington conference was added direct and apparently systematic criticism of French military expenditures and the French budget, the storm broke. So long as the criticism was confined to newspaper editorials and the remarks of private individuals, the attack was looked upon in France as essentially a personal matter in which anyone who was informed was entitled to express his opinion, for in France the expression of opinion is free; but when members of the government joined, the criticisms took on an official character not easily to be distinguished from intermeddling. The McCormick resolution in the Senate, calling upon a government department for information regarding the military and



naval expenditures of European states—information which any clerk could easily have obtained by a few hours' work in the Library of Congress—was bitterly resented in France; and the weak reply which the author of the resolution took the trouble to cable to the courteous but stinging criticism of M. Stephane Lausanne, editor of the *Paris Matin*, did not help the American case. Hostile comments on military expenditures and the lack of equilibrium in the budget, attributed to Secretary Hoover, added fuel to the flame by apparently identifying the administration, indirectly at least, with a criticism which, as French courtesy views such matters, the American government had officially no right to make.

The general question of military policy and the particular question of current military and naval expenditures are matters in regard to which public opinion in France is itself much divided; but both those who oppose and those who uphold the present policy are a unit in insisting that, if the question may properly be discussed officially at all in other countries, it should be discussed with accuracy and in all its bearings. What, accordingly, is to be thought of such amazing "statistics" as the Federal Reserve Board, in its December bulletin, puts out as the veritable military and naval expenditures of France? According to this bulletin, copies of which are to be found in all the leading French banks and in the offices of many business houses and newspapers, and which is certainly to be regarded as official if any government publication may be so regarded, the total expenditures of France in 1920 for national defence amounted to approximately 26,432 million francs, or 50.7 per cent. of the total government expenditures for all purposes. Figures which have just been compiled from the official records by one of the leading

banking houses at Paris, on the other hand, show total expenditures in that year for all military and naval purposes of 7,402 million francs. As the bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board gives no details and cites no authorities, it is, of course, impossible to tell from what sources its figures are drawn; but when figures three and a half times greater than the French government records show are published by an American government bureau as the veritable record of French militarism, the effect upon French public opinion may easily be imagined.

As with the question of military outlay, so also with that of the French debt owed to the United States. France has never asked to be excused from the payment of its war loans, altho it has, in common with England and other debtor nations, discussed the policy and the practicability of a mutual renunciation of war debts. But it has deeply resented the recent action of the American government, in what seems very much like pressing for payment, in fixing the maximum period for payment at twenty-five years when the payment of the German reparations runs over from thirty to sixty, and in repeatedly intimating through press association dispatches from Washington that if the United States should eventually consent to take part in a European conference, the question of avoiding the war debts of the Allies must not be discussed. So also with the present high and virtually prohibitive tariff duties, closing important American markets to France and the rest of Europe at a time when industries which had been prostrated by the war were struggling to get upon their feet. So also with the withholding of private capital and credits, notwithstanding that American capital seems willing to take its chances in Russia, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Germany, and in the Far East.

These are some of the cardinal facts of a painful and ominous situation. The long-time regard of France for America and Americans is disappearing. Individually, Americans are liked if they are likeable, and there is no lack of respect and courtesy; but the atmosphere is cold. There is not an important newspaper in Paris whose comments upon American affairs are not more or less openly unfriendly. Conservative papers like the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*, the former a semi-official government organ and the latter close to government circles, are handling American affairs without gloves, and throughout the French press the old reserve has disappeared. American news, still regrettably scanty and scrappy, reflects the new temper: there are more news items of the discreditable sort more prominently displayed, and more extended comment on po-

litical happenings adverse to the prejudices or policy of France.

That much of the distrust which France now nourishes toward America is ill-founded, that differences of language, tradition, manner and circumstances are important factors to be taken into the account, and that individual regard may long persist after public or general esteem has vanished, is undoubtedly true. What the United States ought to realize, however, is that, justly or unjustly as one may reckon it, the tide of public opinion in France, in all classes and in all quarters, is now running strongly against America. It will continue to run strongly and more strongly so long as the United States adheres to its policy of isolation and indifference, and leaves Europe to flounder in difficulty while pursuing its own political and economic advantage in other parts of the world.

## THE INCREASING DRUG MENACE AND ITS SERPENTINE TRAIL

By Sara Graham Mulhall

President of the Narcotic Drugs Control League and Formerly First Deputy Commissioner of New York State Department of Narcotic Drug Control

**W**HILE the business of bootlegging narcotic drugs is not a new phase of the opium traffic, it is its latest and most profitable scheme to recruit and supply its addicts. It is particularly sinister because the trained bootlegger has applied to his trade methods of scientific salesmanship and gives out "samples." To do this he employs schoolboys, who pass along tiny portions of heroin or "coke" to youngsters at school. They soon become regular customers. The peddler secrets himself in an alley or cellar and uses his little "coke" Fagins to pick the senses of his school fellows, boys and girls, by starting them on the road to drug

addiction—and regular buyers of habit-forming drugs.

The great "opium ring," higher up, perhaps does not know of the methods of the bootlegger or the tricks of the peddler. They do not interest the drug syndicate, whose tentacles are reaching out over the civilized world.

The Opium Ring is a product of the underworld. Its members are found along the borders and traveling back and forth across the seas. Ten dollars' worth of opium in China is worth \$150 wholesale in the United States, for illicit purposes. It is smuggled in the mail, in letters, in newspapers and parcel post, in bottles, in false bottoms of

trunks and suitcases, inside of canes and umbrella handles, in hat bands, in belts (smugglers' life-belts), in floating receptacles thrown from ships and by the more dangerous method of sneaking it across the borders and ashore from ships, in devious ways by daring bootleggers who make the evasion of the customs a business.

A million slaves await the visit of the Opium Ring's minions—perhaps two million users; the victims are increasing so rapidly and so secretly that there is no way to get an authoritative, up-to-the-minute census.

Imported for legitimate medical use in the United States, in 1909, was 470,000 pounds; in 1919 the amount had increased to 730,000 pounds, enough to supply thirty-six doses to every man, woman and child in the nation. If the increase was proportional in 1920 and 1921, the opium imported into the country is appalling—enough, if its use were universal, to poison the brains and corrupt the morals of the nation, for ninety per cent. of the opium imported into this country is used by addicts, whether administered by doctors or secured surreptitiously.

In my fourteen years of study and experience with the drug problem I have found that much of the outrageous crime that is committed in this country may be laid at the door of the drug fiend. Crimes too revolting to enumerate could be recorded from the chamber of horrors of my experiences—families broken up, careers ruined, outrages committed, youth ruined, businesses destroyed, the birth-rate lowered and the curse of disease transmitted to an innocent generation. Ninety per cent. of the petty or general criminals, eliminating the scientific safecracker, either are drug addicts before their criminal careers begin or become such to stimulate their senses to the bravado of crime.

Since the end of the Civil War,

this greatest of sinister fraternities of secret crime has fastened itself upon the United States. Over seven thousand addicts receive free treatment at the Narcotic Clinic of New York City, and it was found that 5,190, about seventy per cent., became victims of the habit from associates who led them into the habit and taught them the use of narcotics.

These groups and their bootlegging agents are hard to apprehend. They are bound by a chain of secrecy. They gather in gangs, in back-rooms and in cellars to snuff cocaine. If their hiding-places or their sources of supply are discovered they move under the cover of darkness to new quarters and new sections.

In the great centers of population it is almost impossible to stamp out the curse. Segregation, so-called "cures," city hospitals, and farms and institutions are supporting, at a cost of a billion dollars a year, incurables. The New York State Prison report shows an increase in drug addict criminals of 510 per cent. for the year 1921. And yet the opium pours into the country without proper control, increasing in quantity as the habit spreads and the victims multiply.

America is the greatest opium importing and exporting nation of the world. As shown by the latest available figures, opium was consumed in one year in other countries as follows:

|                |        |        |
|----------------|--------|--------|
| Austria .....  | 4,000  | pounds |
| Italy .....    | 6,000  | "      |
| Germany .....  | 17,000 | "      |
| Portugal ..... | 2,000  | "      |
| France .....   | 17,000 | "      |
| Holland .....  | 3,000  | "      |

as against the consumption in the United States of 470,000 pounds.

Over \$20,000,000, wholesale price, was spent for opium in 1919. Only one case of morphine was reported in 1868. How much is used now,

and how much more than twenty million dollars is expended for the opium habit, it is difficult to calculate accurately.

There is not a state in the Union that is not paying the penalty of the opium habit, altho New York leads with its thirty-five thousand recorded narcotic addicts, and its doctors prescribing an average of 1,760,000 grains a month. Tennessee follows next, then Missouri, Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Georgia, Oklahoma, Massachusetts, and so on in order of drug addicts reported, irrespective of population. Police officials of 1,263 cities having a population of 5,000 or over reported 1,800 drug peddlers doing business, securing most of their supplies from Canada and Mexico.

The raw opium comes into our big syndicates, is manufactured into morphine, heroin, cocain, and sold at home and abroad for hundreds of millions of dollars. Under the Harrison law, according to the last available figures (1918), there were registered as distributors of narcotic drugs: 125,905 physicians, 831 wholesale dealers, 42,240 dentists, 888 manufacturers, 10,399 veterinarians, 76 importers, 3,799 hospitals, 133 educational institutions, 48,196 retail dealers, 258 miscellaneous dealers, totalling 233,491 dispensers of habit-forming drugs. It is fair to presume that the number has nearly doubled by 1922.

If this is to be regarded as the legitimate traffic in these drugs, what must be the illegitimate bootlegging traffic to the underworld addicts? In view of the estimate that ninety per cent. of the opium and its derivatives are illegitimate, the conclusion is staggering. Officially we are informed, by the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, that the traffic of the "dope peddlers" whose supply comes from Canada, Mexico and the Atlantic and Pacific ports, is at least equal, if not more than, that of the licensed sale.

From the same authoritative investigation of the Treasury Department it develops that there are nearly a million and a quarter addicts in the United States, perhaps two million, based upon a questionnaire sent to the health officers of the states, and this number confined largely to cities. Reliable authorities have estimated that there are as many as 4,000,000 drug addicts in the United States.

Before the war Germany fastened the heroin habit upon this country. In the guise of a non-habit-forming drug it could be obtained at any drugstore. Until its subtle nature was discovered, it counted its victims by the thousands. It became almost a fad to take heroin, and yet it was poisoning a nation. It was easy to get and simple to take and its effects were exhilarating—a snuff cocktail that stimulated the brain to momentary alertness and the spirits to an agreeable exhilaration; but, once begun, the habit was fixed, and the victim would barter soul and body to secure the drug. It was heroin that crept into the public schools and is still sold by peddlers to our children, used by them, and carried home to the mother and father. Even babies were given heroin by mothers to quiet their cries, and the habit was fastened upon the coming generation.

A survey of the nation shows that most of the addicts to heroin are girls and boys under the age of twenty. The cocain habit also is fastened upon youth to a greater degree than upon adults. Most of the youthful addicts started the habit when in their early teens, and the greater part are American born. It has been shown by statistics gained from careful government investigation that the greater part of the drug victims are girls and women, tho in some sections the percentages are about equal for the sexes.



Economically the country loses some two hundred million dollars a year in service from the men and women incapacitated by drug habits; while the addicts themselves pay approximately one hundred million dollars yearly for their "dope," to say nothing of the billion dollars spent for the cure and up-keep of these deplorable citizens who become a public charge on the taxpayer.

I could fill a book with "exhibits" of the terrible results of this scourge, that is growing at such an alarming rate in the United States, but the daily press bears eloquent testimony to the crimes and debauchery inspired by drug addicts. Hardly a day but some terrible crime is laid at the door of opium and its derivatives. What is needed is not so much legal punishment for the crazed, unnatural creatures, who are abnormal under the influence of a drug stronger than their wits and more powerful than their brains, but as well control at the source and at the distributing points of all forms of opium.

The manufacture and distribution of opium derivatives should be placed under Federal supervision and control exclusively, and prohibited for sale, use, manufacture, dispensing and selling, in any form, otherwise. If such an act is possible of enactment, I recommend that the government immediately seize or

buy or commandeer, under proper respect for property rights, all habit-forming drugs in the nation, and compel their dispensation by and through Federal agents or Federal channels alone, with due reports of every ounce dispensed, under severe restrictions to legitimate use through licensed medical men and institutions and that a strict balance sheet be kept and enforced under severe penalties.

We are dealing with perhaps the greatest menace to human health and happiness—an evil habit-forming drug, a human-wrecking narcotic, and not with an "occasional user" or a self-controlled indulger. There is no such being in the category of drug addiction.

Opium metamorphoses the human soul; it debauches the human will; it entangles the human mind; it wrecks the human system.

Its addict ceases to be a voluntary agent; he becomes a slave, a tool, a victim of his own weakness, and a menace to society.

The drug addict is a national menace. The nation should control the source of supply, put its heel on the illicit trafficker, whether a trafficking doctor or a bootlegging peddler, and check this undermining curse whose sinister power is threatening our children, our womanhood and our man-power, and whose cost is an increasing charge on our tax-burdened people.

## OUR DIMINISHING TIDE OF COLOR

By Aaron Hardy Ulm

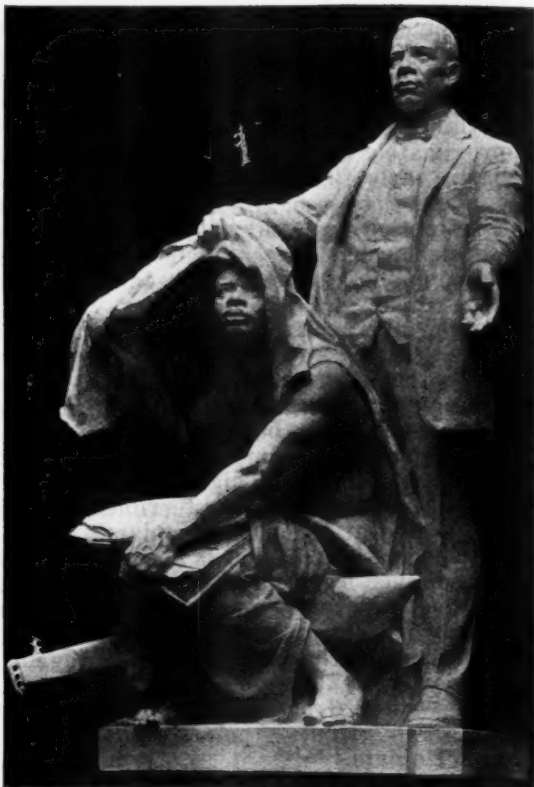
**T**HE American negro faces the road to extinction. Figures disclosed by the 1920 census indicate that he, as a continuing factor in the population of the United States, now verges on numerical decline, even if true race recession is not already under way.

The low rate of negro population increase—only 6.1 per cent.—from

1910 to 1920 may be a passing phenomenon that is attributable to several influences peculiar to the decade. But in interpreting the census figures one cannot overlook the fact that they only carry to a surprising extreme the record of a trend clearly in evidence for more than a hundred years. That trend has been expressed in a diminishing rate of in-

crease in the negro population without adequate or so much as hopeful compensation (as is somewhat true with the white population) in extended average life periods. It has not been expressed in every census; but as W. F. Wilcox pointed out several years ago in Stone's "Studies of the American Race Problem," it is expressed in the combined figures for every period of twenty years since 1800-1820. In the first twenty-year period of the last century our negro population increased 76 per cent., in the last twenty-year period of the last century the increase was only 34 per cent. The decline was owing in only small part to the continued importation of slaves during the early years of the century. For the first twenty years of this century, as compared with the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, the rate of increase declined nearly one-half, or to 17.7. And the rate of increase for the second decade of the present century was only a little more than half of that for the first. While passing influences no doubt have affected the natural increase in the number of American negroes, the long trend clearly evidenced by the census figures can be credited directly to the failure of the negro's fecundity to surmount obstacles in the way of the race's expansion in America—a marvelous fecundity which frequently has enabled the negro to survive all misfortunes.

"Such data as are available," says the United States Census Bureau, "in regard to birth and death rates among the negroes indicate that the birth rate has decreased consider-



COMMEMORATING A NEGRO LEADER IN BRONZE  
This statue of Booker T. Washington, by the sculptor Charles Keck, was recently unveiled at Tuskegee, Alabama. It represents the founder of Tuskegee Institute lifting the veil of darkness and ignorance from his less fortunate brother and is the gift of some 100,000 American negroes.

ably since 1900, while the death rate has not changed greatly."

It is notorious that the birth rate of the native-born whites also is declining, but that decline is offset to some extent by a decreasing mortality rate. Because of that and foreign immigration of whites an accelerating "tide of whiteness" threatens, or promises, to overwhelm the "tide of color." If our population continues to "whiten" at the rate which not only has held its own but grown steadily during the last hundred years the race problem some day will be solved by the stern process of obliteration of color.

Census figures afford no evidence that the black man in America, as he generally has done elsewhere, is proving E. G. Murphey's finely-phrased declaration of a dozen years ago, that "Whenever the negro has looked down the lane of annihilation he has always had the good sense to go around the other way."

Undoubtedly the race is feeling for another way around and ultimately one may be found, but there is much which indicates that the negro is running, or being driven, into "blind alleys" instead and that as the country's total population increases and the struggle for existence intensifies the negro will be shunted more and more into "the lane of annihilation."

It is futile, of course, to predict; for events seem to take a Puck-like delight in confounding all prophecies as to population. All that one can do is to set down the facts and confine interpretation to what the past seems to portend.

Rapidly is the negro becoming a national racial factor instead of remaining only a predominately Southern one. In the South he is being crowded from those areas which for long it was believed Nature gave him a competitive advantage over the white man. The "Black Belt" is "whitening." Even many of its blackest and most malodorous spots knew white advance and black recession during the last ten years. For example, the populations of only 161 counties in the five "blackest" States were more than 50 per cent. negro in 1920. In 1910 there were 183 and in 1900—when negro ascendancy in the "Black Belt" appears to have reached high tide—198 counties in those five States wherein more negroes than whites lived. The figures do not fully reveal the facts, for during each of the decades there were numerous divisions of counties, which means that the actual territory wherein negro population

ascendancy ceased is larger than the figures for counties indicate. And for all but a small number of those counties, where negroes still are in the majority, the 1920 census shows the whites to be increasing at rates higher than those for the negroes of the same communities. That is to say, in all but a few the proportions of whites in the total populations were higher in 1920 than in 1910. In a majority of them the negro populations declined in fact as well as in proportion.

In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, through which States the "Black Belt" runs, there were in 1910 forty-two counties wherein negroes constituted more than 75 per cent. of the populations. The number dwindled to 32 by 1920, and two of those are "new" counties created by the division of old ones. In nearly all of them there were both absolute as well as proportional decreases in the negro populations.

Thus it is clear that those Southern districts which once seemed to be enduring reservoirs for the negro in America offer to the black man no safe or assured refuge. To what extent economic factors, like the depredations of the boll weevil, have dissipated those centripetal forces which, during the time of slavery and for a half century thereafter, tended to hold if not to draw a large proportion of the negro population into territory numerically dominated by them, is an open question. But the facts show that the distribution of the negro population is now controlled almost entirely by centrifugal forces alone. Excepting community segregation, which has become as pronounced in the North as in the South, general diffusion both in the South and in the country as a whole seems to be the sentence which hangs over the head of the negro as a race, and which he cannot escape via territory that he once appeared to hold either by sheer

weight of numbers or better environmental suitability.

Nearly all population advance made by the negro in the South during the last ten years was confined to districts where his numbers comprise from 20 to 50 per cent. of the inhabitants. The chief reason for that, no doubt, is that within such designations lie most of the town and city communities of the South. In those only lightly "colored" districts of the South there is a tendency, but perhaps only a passing one, towards absolute "whiteness." Two Georgia counties, for example, reported not a single negro inhabitant in 1920.

The negro's trend cityward is the most untoward sign of all. While in the South as a whole the negroes increased during the last decade only 1.9 per cent., there was a big increase in the urban negro population throughout that section. In Georgia, for example, more negroes were added to the populations of four cities than to the colored population of the State as a whole. In more than one half of the Southern States there were net decreases in negro populations, but in none was there a decrease in the number of urban negro residents. In the five "blackest" States noted above there was a net decrease of 183,060 in the number of negroes residing in country districts. Yet in one of them, South Carolina, the rural negro population increased 75,000, and all of the States registered healthy gains in both rural and urban white populations. It may be that "hard times" have driven many negroes back to the farms; yet the boll weevil has rendered many rural districts of the South almost unlivable for the negro, whose success as an agriculturist in America has been closely entwined with cotton. The negro's drift towards the cities has been pronounced for more than thirty years. When he goes North he lands

and remains almost wholly in the cities. In 1910 fewer than 20 per cent. of all the negroes in the North and West lived in rural districts.

Frederick L. Hoffman, the statistician, contended twenty-five years ago that the negro cannot survive as an urbanite. No statistics evolved since that time—a period of great philanthropy and expansion of civic consciousness—have disturbed the premises on which he based his conclusion. The negro birth rate undoubtedly is lower in the cities than in rural districts and lower in Northern than in Southern cities. The infant, if not the general, mortality rate is highest for negroes in cities. Incidentally, the negro death rate doesn't average much, if any, higher in Northern than in Southern cities. But, owing to a steady influx of adults from the South, negro populations in the former contain higher proportions of the young adult and middle-aged.

The writer has made a careful study of the census figures for the so-called Northern negro population for the forty years from 1870 to 1910. It is impossible to draw absolute conclusions from them, as between census-taking periods there is much shifting to and fro. But after making the most liberal allowances it seems clear that no net increase in the total population comprised by the race has come from the negroes in the North during that period. In considering that phase of the subject one must not forget that a large proportion of the negroes who migrate northward are of the child-bearing ages, which for the period covered ran from 10 to 20 per cent. higher for negroes of northern residence than for Southern negroes or for the average of whites in either section.

In studying the "tides of color" in America, it must not be forgotten that, despite the apparently phenomenal increase in the negro populations of other sections, 85 per cent.



of the blacks still live in the South and that the bulk of them are still on the farms. While the South steadily is growing "whiter" the process is not so rapid as to be fully assured of complete ultimate success. In 1790 negroes constituted 35.2 per cent. of the population of the Southern States, as defined by the Census Bureau; in 1920 they constituted approximately 27 per cent. This shows, despite the evidences of recession, that the negro is making a game fight for continued existence in the land of his father's forced adoption.

The ratios for the country as a whole have changed more rapidly than for the South alone. In 1790, negroes made up nearly 20 per cent. of the country's total population; in 1920, they constituted only 9.9 per cent. If the change in ratio continues, the negroes, at the end of the present century, will constitute not more than 5 per cent. of the total population of the country.

If the white man continues to shove the negro out of the rural districts of the South, virtual annihilation of the race seems to be certain unless conditions that beset the negro in most cities, both South and North, are changed or the law of natural selection adapts him to environments which he has not yet given evidence of ability to survive.

In judging the "tide of color" in our own population, the fact that the American negroes are tending to "whiten" without any corresponding "blackening" of the whites should not be overlooked. The census of 1910 rated more than 20 per cent. of all American negroes as of mixed blood, there being an increase of nearly six points during the twenty years following 1890. Unofficial figures of the 1920 census credit slightly more than 15 per cent. of them as mulattos. The Census Bureau has never claimed its figures on mulattos to be accurate, for it can frame no definition that would

be uniformly applied by enumerators. Its statistics on mulattos cannot well fail to be below the actual facts.

If the Mendelian theory of heredity is correct it is not unlikely that one-half of the negroes in the United States are of mixed blood—many were of mixed blood when they were brought to this land. Studies like those made by Dr. Davenport indicate that skin pigment is not the sole indicator of a blending of white and black strain; that is to say a "coal-black negro" still may be part Caucasian.

Thus every statistical increase in the negro population must be shared by the white strain in those of the race who are of mixed blood. Even omitting new injections of white blood, when a deduction is made for increase in white strain it is found that the "tide" of actual color rose negligibly, if at all, during the period covered by the last census.

The negro, therefore, is threatened with two processes of elimination—internal "whitening" and external pressure, the latter operating to shunt the negroes into environments for which they are least adapted.

The first process may be in a measure self-effacing and as an eliminant more effective than superficial appearances would indicate. Census figures—tho those of 1920 bearing on that point are not now available—indicate that the mulatto is more migrant than the pure black. In 1910, for example, nearly one-half the negroes credited to the West were rated as mulattos. The mulatto is more inclined to seek those environments that would seem to be harder on the race and yet his white blood may render him better qualified than the pure black for them. The nearly 2,000,000 population rated as negro offer a big field for study and one that has been woefully neglected.

## THE MANY-SIDED REPUBLICAN FLOOR LEADER OF THE SENATE

**B**Y its ratification of the Four-Power Pact, of the so-called Limitation of Armament Treaty, of the Chinese Nine-Power Treaty and of the other compacts framed by the Washington Conference, the United States Senate has placed no feather more conspicuously than the one that flutters in the hat of the senior Senator from Massachusetts. Not only did Senator Lodge have a hand in framing the compacts, as a delegate to the Conference, but as Republican floor leader of the Senate the responsibility of securing their ratification by the upper house of Congress has rested on his narrow but wiry shoulders. His part of the performance was made all the more difficult by the part he played in the long-drawn-out, venomous campaign against the League of Nations in which he is credited with emerging as victor. Abused during the campaign as probably no other Senator was, it seemed to many that he had won for himself an abiding place in American history. Yet one cry persisted, even after the shouting had died away—the bitter, insistent taunt of his adversaries that he had been animated throughout, not by patriotism but by a blind devotion to partizan ends.

In view of his Senatorial performances over a period of nearly thirty years, it is of paradoxical interest to see Senator Lodge reflected in "The Mirrors of Washington" as a curious study in psychology. We are assured that he has no great talent but is not without some ability; that he has read much but absorbed little; that he is well educated in the narrow sense of the schoolmaster but has no philosophic background, and that "his is the parasitic mind that sucks sustenance from the brains of others and gives nothing in return." He is further said to be without the slightest imagination and to be devoid of all

sense of humor—without which gifts no man can see life whole.

In former times Senator Lodge was the terror of moderate-minded citizens because of his radicalism. He was regarded as a jingo of the firebrand order; and when William McKinley died and Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency the atmosphere of Washington was fairly a tremble with appeals sent from various parts of the country to persons of supposed influence to prevent, if possible, the disaster of Lodge's appointment as Secretary of State, on the theory that he would have us at war before he was warm in his chair. To those who know how impossible it would have been to lure him out of the Senate and put him into an administrative office, where he would play second to some other man, this idea has a comic aspect. Since then the change that has come over the whole popular outlook and attitude has been so marked that, as the *Nation* observes, Senator Lodge seems almost like a reactionary among a mass of radicals.

A man of the Lodge type is bound to have a legion of enemies and he has rather more than his share of implacables among the very men from whom, on general grounds, he would expect support—those of his own social caste. They have been inclined to hold him a demagog, while the class to whom demagogues must appeal regard him as an aristocrat. It was customary only a few years ago to hear him denounced in the midst of his own former circle as a spoilsman. That he had had his share of the still unprotected Federal patronage he would, the *Nation* assures us, be the last person to deny; but on the other hand he is credited with having done more than any one man except his old friend Roosevelt to defend the merit system in the clerical service of the Government against the assaults of

a vicious horde of foes in Congress during a most critical period of its history. It required a thoro knowledge of the inner machinery of legislation, a quick wit and tireless energy to handle some of the situations, with which the reformers were faced at that time; and when the very idealists for whose cause he was striking valiant blows would respond by throwing fresh obstacles into his way he was reminded often of Roosevelt's remark concerning his own career—that the men who gave him most trouble when he was trying to do something for the whole people were the "good citizens" whom, as a youth, he used to see seated about his father's dinner-table.

Henry Adams, in his autobiography, has limned this apposite portrait of the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs: "Roosevelts are born and never can be taught; but Lodge was a creature of teaching—Boston incarnate—the child of local parentage; and while his ambition led him to be more, the intent, tho virtuous, was restless. An excellent talker, a voracious reader, a ready wit, an accomplished orator, with a clear mind and a powerful memory, he could never feel at ease whatever leg he stood on, but shifted, sometimes with painful strain of temper, from one sensitive muscle to another, uncertain whether to pose as an uncompromizing Yankee, or a pure American, or a patriot in the still purer atmosphere of Irish, Germans or Jews, or a scholar and historian of Harvard College. Standing first on the social then on the political foot, now worshipping, now banning, shocked by the wanton display of immorality but practicing the license of political usage, sometimes bitter, often genial, always intelligent, Lodge has the singular merit of interesting. . . . He betrayed the consciousness that he and his people had a past if they dared but avow it, and might have a future if they could but divine it."

Strangers in the Senate galleries always ask to have Henry Cabot Lodge pointed out. Edward G. Lowry, in

"Washington Close-Ups" (Houghton-Mifflin), discovers an atmosphere about him of tradition, of legend, myth. When the eager questioners in the galleries ask each in his own way upon what meat this Caesar feeds, nobody seems to have an immediate or definite answer. Yet Lodge always plays a conspicuous part in the Senate transactions or in such of them as interest him. His seat is always near the top of the table. He is the nominal and titular leader of the Senate, yet, biographers insist, he has no personal followers. He is not a natural leader but one by virtue of his position in the Senate scheme of organization. He is bluntly characterized as being too finicky.

Senator Lodge has been both fortunate and unfortunate in his career. He was born in Boston, May 12, 1850, and when absent from Washington he makes his home in a picturesque mansion on the cliffs of Nahant, which jut out into Massachusetts Bay. He received an A. B. and Ph.D. at Harvard, and was graduated from the Harvard Law School. His legal education he regarded as simply a part of his general education. He never practiced. Born in wealth, which he has shrewdly conserved, and to social position, from early youth he has consorted with what the March Hare has enduringly called the very best butter. Public life was opened to him on the easiest, pleasantest terms. There has been an immense pride in him and store of good-will for him in his own State. The voters there have never checked or interrupted his career. Given the tools, he has never been denied a proper workshop for their employment, and always there has been thrown about him the friendly legend of "the scholar in politics."

In appearance, the shape and size of his face, the incipient curl of his hair and the rounded trim of his moustach and beard give him an aspect of youthfulness at a little distance which disappears on close approach. For then the lines which mark his features and which have deepened with advancing years become somewhat emphasized and

suggest a cynical bent of mind. The most noticeable detail in his facial appearance are the close-set eyes, conveying at first glance an impression of narrowness and shrewdness. He walks with short, brisk steps. His coat is buttoned precisely and fits perfectly; he has the habit of thrusting both hands into his coat pockets and keeping them there during a speech, except as he may turn his notes or emphasize a point with a swift, short gesture. He rarely hesitates for a word and, altho his voice is not loud or penetrating, his enunciation gives his words a carrying quality that makes his speech distinct not only to his confrères but, to those in the Senate galleries. Perhaps the concise quick style of its delivery is partly due to his long habit of writing history. The Congressional Directory records that he has written "The Land Law of the Anglo-Saxons," "Life and Letters of George Cabot," "Short History of the English Colonies in America," "Life of Alexander Hamilton," "Life of Daniel Webster"; edited the works of Alexander Hamilton in nine volumes,

"Studies In History," "Life of Washington," "History of Boston," "Historical and Political Essays," "Hero Tales from American History," "Certain Accepted Heroes," "Story of the Revolution," "Story of the Spanish War," "A Fighting Frigate," "Early Memories," "One Hundred Years of Peace," "The Democracy of the Constitution," a book of verses, and two collections of speeches and addresses. A confirmed habit of presenting facts accurately has made Senator Lodge distinguished as one of the clearest and most readily understood speakers in the Senate, with a gift for presenting a subject stripped of confusing verbiage that is unique in that forum of eloquence and argument. When he has finished speaking he puts his notes aside, thrusts his hands into his coat pockets, turns and walks briskly out of the Senate chamber.

His term of office expires next March, and the battle-lines are already forming for the contest. No very important opponent has as yet emerged either in his own party (for the nomination) or in the opposition party.

## SIR GEORGE YOUNGER: LEADER OF THE TORY FORCES IN ENGLAND

HAVING, as he says himself, the great advantage over David Lloyd George of being a much older man, Sir George Younger, the Tory leader in England, ventures to say that the Prime Minister lacks experience. He has not yet reached the age of seventy and Sir George has got beyond it. The quarrel between these two men echoes from one of the British Isles to the other because the Prime Minister, weary of the opposition in his own ministry, and holding Sir George Younger responsible for the discord, thinks the Tories ought to get rid of the troublesome baronet. "He thinks I ought to get out and I think he ought to get out." Thus, with characteristic pithiness of expression, Sir George Younger summed up the crisis to the

reporters, laughing genially. "The trouble with David Lloyd George," he said to a political committee, according to the *London Mail*, "is that he's getting on in years."

Sir George Younger has been the active old man in Tory politics for so long a time that, as the *London Post* observes, people have grown quite accustomed to his energy, his sleepless alertness, even his dapper style in dress and his jaunty swing as, cane in hand, he runs along the Strand. Were it not for the snowy whiteness of his mustach and the gray hair worn closely cropped on each side of his head, he might pass for forty-five. He is not large physically, he talks in low tones, his footfall is noiseless and his geniality is contagious. His gray sack suit,



his turn-down collar, his curved stick and his gray slouch hat are familiar from one end of England to the other. No one ever dreams of calling him anything but "George," altho he is a baronet and one of the very rich men of the land, with an immense income and ever so many acres.

Notwithstanding his Oxford training, Sir George Younger is a typical Scot, shrewd in negotiation, imaginative, adventurous by nature and disposed to defend the convivial life. He sees no harm in such things as prize fights, beer and whiskey, ballet dancing and bets on the races. His idea is that England should be merry and he is not impressed by the temperance lecturer, the prohibitionist, the reformer of morals or manners. He has a firm faith in the patriarchial mode of life, a profound respect for vested interests, an honest contempt for book learning and a rooted distrust of "the isms—damn them!" as he phrased it.

People, he said once, should do more and think less. The pressing social problem, according to him, is recreation. "To make the people happy," he urges, "give them a good time."

The one point of contact between himself and his enemy, David Lloyd George, is that capacity for driving a bargain which seems to set them perpetually at odds. They resemble each other, says the *London Express*, in their instant perception of the right moment for intervening when a dispute grows warm, in a catlike facility when it comes to feeling one's way through the tortuosities of negotiation. There is an im-



THE MOST WONDERFUL OLD MAN IN THE WORLD  
Sir George Younger ascribes his splendid health to the fact that he never worries about the British Empire.

pression among the well-informed that Sir George Younger is the shrewdest in making terms. They have often stood face to face, smiling, with eyes that flashed, while Sir George thumped the table between them. Loud laughter rings above any group surrounding them at such moments. "I don't believe a word of what you are saying!" The Prime Minister shouted that at the Tory leader, pointing a forefinger at him. "Neither did I," retorted Sir George, "when I was your age." This propensity in the older man to treat his inevitable antagonist as a schoolmaster might deal with an unruly boy is

notoriously exasperating to the Prime Minister. "I don't like your manner," Lloyd George said to him on a certain memorable occasion. "Put up with it, then," retorted his senior, "that's what I must do with your manner." It is thus, as the *London Mail* says, hammer and tongs between them, a conflict of personalities as well as of principles, reaching its climax now and then when Sir George Younger, after defying Lloyd George to his face with vehemence, will exclaim at last: "I'm afraid of you!" a confession drowned in the merriment of those who in committee are permitted to overhear these fierce quarrels.

To his genius for finance and his close connection with gigantic corporations, Sir George Younger is indebted for his fame as the best man in England to go to for advice when the weight of pecuniary cares is too great for ordinary shoulders. His check book affords evidence of his readiness to lend timely aid to his friends, but even more precious is his counsel. He is said to know "by instinct" just when the share market is to be good or precisely how an industrial enterprise will work out. He has the unusual quality of being able to interest himself genuinely in the troubles of his friends, as the *Yorkshire Post* says, and he believes firmly in Franklin's maxim that he who will not be counselled can not be helped. He has the Napoleonic faculty of keeping what he wants to know in this or that compartment of his brain. He puts short, sharp questions as he looks straight through a visitor out of keen eyes not hidden behind spectacles. Then he devises his expedient for the extrication of an embarrassed business man from a sea of troubles. He can lift a moribund corporation out of insolvency or drive a strongly entrenched money king into surrender with an eleventh-hour plan no less brilliant, thinks our contemporary, than are the improvisations of a Claude Bernard at the bedside of a patient who to mortal sense has passed away. "I have acquired," he confessed of himself in this

aspect, "an unmerited reputation for guile."

His philosophy of life, the fruit of an experience no less varied than protracted, is set forth by interviewers in different British publications which represent him as saying that the problem before the individual is essentially simple, however difficult of solution it may seem. A youth should find his place. The trouble with most of us, Sir George suspects, is that we do not know our places. Perhaps a man's proper place is a high one, perhaps it is at the bottom of the table. Unless he has found it—and no man can ask another to find his place for him—there is the inevitability of failure. The secret of success is, therefore, the finding of one's place and the compensation for delay is that one never can find it too late. Sir George thinks his own place is that of manager for the Tory party, and the proof is supplied by the fact that he does it so easily at seventy. "The man who has found his place," he concludes, "is always efficient in it, whatever his age."

He has sat for a Scottish constituency for years and in the capacity of "whip" he has seen to it that Tories were in their places. This duty is not at all agreeable, for men in the Commons like to dine at their ease, they resent dictation, they are bored by speeches, and the English in particular think the Scot prone to assume an authority not rightfully his. For many a weary year Sir George devoted himself to the business of studying the types that get into Parliament. He took care to keep in the background. He soon discovered, says the *London Chronicle*, that the Commons can be shepherded, trained, made to work in harness. They are, he said in a burst of confidence, like a lot of boys at school. Promise them a holiday and they will do anything. Let them make a speech and they will feel famous. Make them the custodian of some unimportant fact and they will consider themselves in the citadel of power. Sir George Younger can create an atmosphere in the House by select-

ing the men who are to stay away and giving hints to the group that wants to seize an hour of glory. He can disconcert the strongest member of the cabinet by organizing a dead silence or getting up ironical cheers or leading a clique ostentatiously towards the door or seeing that an adequate number of absentees shall rob a debate of impressiveness. He has become to many keen observers a sort of stage manager behind the scenes of the House of Commons, contriving spectacular divisions and improvizing unreal crises until Lloyd George now never knows when the ministry may come crashing down in a critical vote. Thanks to the Scot, the Welshman lives politically from

hour to hour. Tired of being thwarted in this style, the Prime Minister began his battle for control of the coalition and, in the opinion of many London observers, has proven less skilled as a tactician than his Tory opponent.

He has all the liveliness of his grandson, a youth of sixteen, all the energy of his son, a major in the army. He was asked on his seventieth birthday if he never felt his years and he declared that now and then he did—especially when last summer he was hurled out of his motor car into a field and landed in a hedge after a collision with a cart. "I felt my years that day," he confided to a London reporter, "and they felt fine."

## DON STURZO: THE MYSTERY MAN OF ITALIAN POLITICS

**T**HICK, dark hair, closely framing a broad brow, gives the flattest contradiction, by its growth and glossiness, to the fifty-one years of Don Luigi Sturzo d'Altobrando. His gigantic nose, beaked down over a wide and thin mouth, is rendered less conspicuous by the length and firmness of the chin as well as by the flash of the dark and widely opened eyes. The liveliness of the facial expression is in contrast with the habitual muteness of Don Sturzo. He is said to be the one political leader in Italy who is always afraid to speak. Even his movements are noiseless, almost stealthy, but he atones for this somewhat by moving his hands perpetually. The nervous temperament reveals itself as he glides swiftly here and there in a long, black coat that makes his lean figure seem leaner. He is graciousness itself in manner, a perfect sweetness of disposition manifesting itself in his bow, his unwearied smile. Without being rich in dress, he is invariably neat, cool, well-brushed.

So much for the aspect of that Don Sturzo who makes and unmakes cabinets in Italy, a priest and an aristocrat whose rise to power has been so swift

and so silent that the European press barely had time to discover him before he was dominating the Quirinal. An idea of his ascendancy may be derived from the fact reported in the *London Mail* that when Bonomi, eager to form a new cabinet, found that Don Sturzo could not support him, he abandoned his enterprize. Giolitti, determined to come back, still remains in seclusion because Don Sturzo would not have him.

Don Sturzo, whom his opponents in the press denounce as a "little Lenin" and "the father of black bolshevism," is neither revolutionary in his purposes nor radical in his program, according to the *London Times*. "On the contrary," it declares, "he is a builder—a patient, capable, shrewd builder—a practical mind and a methodical, indefatigable worker. "He was born of a noble family in Caltagirone, and his people have for generations owned great estates or led Italians to the wars or put forth on voyages of discovery. His ancestors were renowned in Florence when Dante lived there and a member of the family spoke a word in season to Isabella when Columbus appeared to urge the practicability of his first voyage. In

that part of Italy from which Don Sturzo comes the people are usually impulsive, free in speech, romantic and uncalculating. Don Sturzo is none of these things, and here, according to the *Rome Tribuna*, he reveals himself as a genuine scion of the noble house from which he springs. His impassivity, his reserve, his love of seclusion and his tendency to find in the sciences a relaxation from the cares of politics make him seem Anglo-Saxon rather than Latin even to his own people.

He was educated for the priesthood and gained his ordination at Catania, going later to Rome to perfect himself in theology. When he was thirty he returned to his native village, performing with devotion the ordinary work of a parish priest. His leisure was given over to geology, to astronomy and the physical sciences, of which his mastery is unusual. The discipline of a parish priest formed his personal habits and to this very day he is abstemious in his eating, rarely touching meat. He rises at five every day and says mass in a small chapel hidden away among his native hills. Here he was discovered by the voters of his native town, who chose him for an unimportant post, in which he proved practical as a sociologist. "Be practical—that is the thing in life," to quote one of the few sayings in which he permits himself to indulge. "The only real knowledge is that which we can use from day to day." His career in Sicily was that of a born sociologist. He would not permit himself to be voted into the municipal council at Caltagirone, but he was soon an irresistible power behind the scenes, the real leader of the Roman Catholics.

His genius for organization made him the father of the Italian "popular party," as the Roman Catholics are now called when they vote together. This group, according to the *London Times*, is the offspring of the impulse which brought into being the "Christian democracy" inspired by a famous encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question. Not that Don Sturzo threw himself into the forefront. His timidity, his attitude

of self-effacement, his reluctance to come into intimate contact with men as a "mixer" and his firm faith in quiet work prevent him from shining conspicuously before the masses. Even in these days of his well-nigh irresistible political power he is known intimately to very few. When last he came to Rome, the leading journalists of that city had never even seen him, altho he was deciding the composition of the new ministry in which Facta holds only nominally the supreme position. It is Don Sturzo who will decide whether it is to endure.

If the Don has one limitation it may be summed up as an incapacity to work with others. The *Tribuna* thinks he is temperamentally despotic, despite the amenity of his tactics, the deference he shows to the humblest subordinate. His instrument is praise, recognition, the discovery of a neglected talent. He asks for none of these things himself. "His passion," laments the uncomplimentary daily affording us these impressions, "is for the reality of power—others may revel in the appearance of it." He works through his trusted followers—a few faithful men who have obeyed his orders without question for some twenty years. There are hints that these men find him "difficult" now and then, prone to the administration of delicate reproofs that sting despite the suavity of the Don's manner. He is in all other respects the "easiest" of political bosses, not asking even for recognition. Half the men who have risen to importance in Italy during the past ten years owe their place to him, suspects the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, and the fact speaks volumes for the inerrancy of his insight into character.

In his earlier experiments on the political plane, Don Sturzo followed that Romulo Murri whose eloquence and impetuosity made political history not many years ago. They were a contrast in types—Don Sturzo very pious and traditional in his theology, Murri a determined "modernist," with little deference for the Vatican. They parted company with regret. Don Sturzo is said



to have wept over the separation of his friend from the church, for his faith is dynamic, unshakable. He rejects, despite his scientific proclivities, all suggestions of an apelike ancestor for man and he believes in our descent from Adam and Eve exactly as told in the scriptural narrative. Many a warm debate he had with Murri over this problem of evolution, the latter being particularly amazed when Don Sturzo declared that not only had he never doubted the accuracy of the story of Adam and Eve but that it had never occurred to him to do so.

Any inference from this that the "man of mystery" is reactionary would be natural, but, as the *Tribuna* admits, misleading. The sociology of Don Sturzo is a blend of Christianity with democracy—the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in political practice. The materialization of modern society, he holds, is its peril, yet it needs defence and reconstruction. He professes to have begun this through his combination of all the Roman Catholic organizations "in a new spirit and with a new vision." He has little patience with disputes over the temporal power of the Pope—and this detail causes him, it is hinted, to be looked at askance by some of the cardinals of the curia, altho Italian prelates outside the walls of the Vatican are most cordial to him and to his "Italian popular party," which he calls "Christian in its spirit" and not at all sectarian. More than a hundred members of the present parliament of Italy were elected by the group that follows Don Sturzo.

Naturally an achievement so spectacular, following a period of disintegration for the Roman Catholic movement in Italian politics, leads to a suspicion that Don Sturzo must be a subtle and profound weaver of webs of intrigue. His refusal to be interviewed, his flight from Rome when he is sought, the secrecy of his methods and the iron discipline he imposes upon his followers inspire some fantastic theories of his personality. A suspicion that he disposes of an immense fund, contributed by the

conservative forces in finance, is ridiculed by the well-informed. Equally preposterous is an idea that Don Sturzo is only a demagog, eager for his own aggrandizement. "One must know him personally," writes Signor Filippo Meda, a former member of the cabinet, in the *London News*, "to realize the altruistic feelings of Don Sturzo." He has his Utopia, from which he would banish all poverty and all social injustice.

The preparation of many pamphlets and tracts on the subject of his ideal commonwealth explains in part his life of seclusion. He may talk little but he writes much in a fine, clear hand, as legible as copper plate. He tolerates no secretaries and he dictates no letters, but he has learned to tap the typewriter. Not so long ago he found his memory so defective that he invented a system of recollecting not only persons and places but whole paragraphs out of books and even the page number on which they may be found. Then, as he explains, his life of seclusion is imposed upon him in part by his vocation to the priesthood, which he takes very seriously. He has said himself that if he saw all who sought him or accepted every invitation, his career as a great personality would eclipse his importance as a leader. He permitted his impatience with some contemporary political methods to find expression recently—a rare thing with him. "You statesmen," he is quoted as having said to Facta, "dine too much, wine too much, meet too much, trifle too much."

Here we have the note of asceticism in the character of Don Sturzo which, as even his champions admit, tends to make his political ideal and his party practice somewhat puritanical. He lives on a pittance a day and he would have the wealthiest as well as the poorest conform to his own Spartan habits. Thus he complains that the man of today is overdressed and that everybody eats too much. He is known to look with suspicion upon the automobile as the cause of a general relaxation of morals and manners and he will hold

no communication with anybody who has been divorced. If he has any relaxation apart from his one or two hobbies in science it is the study of Nature in his beloved Sicily. He takes long walks and comes back with nose-gays and bouquets of flowers he has plucked at some risk to his limbs. In the course of these walks, says the *London News*, he meditates, plans, re-

hearses the speeches which every now and then he delivers in the presence of crowds when he gets back to the haunts of men. They are terse speeches, it seems, stripped of every ornament of a purely rhetorical kind and delivered without gesture, yet they hold the multitude. They seem spontaneous, inspired by the occasion, but they are in reality carefully shaped.

## STATION AGENT AT THIRTY-SIX AND VICE-PRESIDENT AT FORTY

**M**OST men who get almost to the forty-year milestone without achieving anything but a minor position do not begin to climb suddenly and swiftly to the top as did Charles H. Markham, of the Illinois Central. His career has been one of the most extraordinary recorded in American industry. When he was thirty-six years old he was a railway station agent in a comparatively small town. Four years later he was vice-president of a railroad. Three years after that he was vice-president and general manager of a great railway system, and seven years later he became president of another great system.

It was at the age of fourteen that this future president of the Illinois Central bade good-by to the little red school-house in his home town of Addison, New York, and went west on a hazard of new fortunes. At Kansas City he ran out of money and, having to find work immediately, became a laborer in the packing-houses. Shortly afterward he got into what was to be his life work, railroading—making his unostentatious début as a section-hand at Dodge City, Kansas. At twenty-one he was shoveling coal into locomotive tenders at Deming, New Mexico, where he presently became baggage smasher and janitor of the station. By the time he was twenty-six he had obtained what seemed a very considerable promotion, namely, the station agency in the little town of Lordsburg, Arizona, at a salary

of \$100 a month. For the next ten years he was merely a station agent at small towns, the last of which was Fresno, California, where he held the same obscure position until he was thirty-six years of age.

What kept him so long in the slow-moving phase of salaried employment, and what finally got him out of it? Answering these questions, in the *American Magazine*, the president of the Illinois Central declares that the one thing that helped him most—not only at thirty-six, but all the way up to that time and since—was a kind of zest in small tasks. He had the habit of handling little jobs as tho they were big ones, and this seems to have attracted the attention of his superiors and resulted in his rapid, tho postponed, advancement.

At twenty-nine, he recounts, his supreme ambition was to get a little station in one of the California valleys, where he could have grass and raise chickens. He was then a station agent at Benson, Arizona, in the dry country, and, with his wife, lived over the station waiting-room. "We talked," he says, "about the coveted California place as another couple might have talked about the presidency of the road and a limousine car. If we had been sure then that we *would* have it sometimes, we should have been perfectly satisfied. At any rate, we thought so." In much the same manner, he confesses, his goal had been at a previous time, when he was hus-

thing baggage at Deming, a clerical position in the station office. It hadn't entered his head that any more important or more lucrative employment was possible for him. As he goes on to say, appositely:

"This shortsighted ambition had its disadvantages, but it accounts for the incident that started me out of the manual-labor class. I was puzzled, for nearly twenty-five years, as to how I had got this start. Finally, the day I was made general manager of the Southern Pacific, I went to the old Pacific Union Club in San Francisco for luncheon. There I happened to meet E. F. Gerald, a former chief traveling auditor for the road, and he told me—or rather told a mutual friend of ours, while I stood listening—the secret of what had puzzled me so long.

"Did I ever tell you about the first time I ever saw Markham?" he asked our friend, putting his arm around my shoulders. "I'm not sure that he ever heard it himself. It was down at Deming. I was sitting in a private car in front of the station one morning when he came out in his blue shirt and overalls and swept off the station platform. Something in the way he went about it caught my eye. For he didn't miss any dirt or waste any licks. He handled it like a brisk piece of engineering.

"Pratt, the assistant general superintendent, was with me, and I called his attention to the way the sweeping was being done, and said I believed that fellow would bear watching. You know how all of us from headquarters were more or less scouts for good material. Well, we did watch him. We had him tried out after a while on some work in the station office, and by and by, as a result of it all, he was given his first station agency, the one down at Lordsburg."

"I don't know how I did the sweeping, but I do remember how I felt about it. It was so much better than the job I had just had—shoveling coal all day—and so manifestly an approach to the brakeman's work, for which I was aiming, that I was



#### HIS CAREER HAS BEEN ECCENTRIC

Charles H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, has been day laborer, section hand, coal shoveler, baggage smasher, janitor and station agent.

proud to be doing it. And that was the essential thing. I handled the job as if it were a big one; because, to me, that was the sort it was."

Another Markham habit that was of boosting value as time went slowly by was the habit of close observation. As an instance, he had not long been located at Fresno when one of the general officers of the Southern Pacific arrived with a party of New York bankers. Markham was asked to join the party as "a sort of rubberneck spieler" to point out the dormant advantages of the grape country. Something went wrong with the engine of the special train while passing a place called Barton's Vineyard, and during the delay thus necessitated one of the bankers inquired the age of the vineyard.

"Twelve years," Markham informed him.

Whereupon the general officer in

charge of the party inquired curiously how he had obtained this cursory knowledge.

"There it is," replied Markham, pointing to a sign over the gate. The sign read: "Barton's Vineyard, 1882." It was then 1894.

Later on the Fresno station agent, with the aid of some carpenters who were repairing the station platform, solved a problem in mathematics which enabled the road to carry the same quantity of freight, in the form of wine casks, in six cars as had formerly taken eight.

Julius Kruttschnitt, who was then general manager of the road, came into Fresno unannounced that afternoon and learned about the wine-cask incident which interested him especially for the

reason that the car shortage that had been bothering me had been bothering him, too, in a larger way.

"This is a sort of work that needs very much to be done all over the system," he told me. "I wish you'd look into some other phases of it. Take wheat, for example. See where we are wasting car space on that."

Thus one thing led to another until Markham developed a method of packing wheat and other important commodities at a great saving in car service, and he was promoted to the general freight and passenger agency of the Southern Pacific. In its service he rose within four years to be vice-president and general manager and in 1911 he was called to the presidency of the Illinois Central.

## NATALKA'S PORTION

By Rose Cohen

**S**ABINKA lay buried in snow. The hills, the forest, the lake, all lay hard, white, glittering, and the air also glittered and stung and cut.

Looking toward the village, the two rows of huts looked small, insignificant, mere specks of time-grayed timber, weighted down with snow. Over each speck a thread of smoke rose, going straight up into the still, glittering air. Within, doors and windows sealed, the peasants huddled for warmth, here and there, together with their animals, to keep them alive, or for the life that they could give. In the chimneyless huts even the smoke was kept in for the warmth it gave. It poured from the oven into the room and hung there from the ceiling. Beneath it the peasants went about, their bodies bent to the ground. When at last the smoke settled on ceiling and walls they still went about bent, from habit now, and peering with weakened eyes.

THE author of this story and of a recent book, "Out of the Shadows," came to this country a Russian peasant girl who was unable to read or write English. This is her first ambitious short story and it is given high rank by the O. Henry Memorial Committee. It originally appeared in the "Pictorial Review."

Then Winter ended! Suddenly, as if it spent itself in its own cruelty, it ended. The sun came out warm. From the ragged straw roofs of the huts the snow slipped, and melted and fell in a thick shower. Birds ap-

peared. The peasants came out to look at their fields. Their faces were sallow and pinched, and the smoke soaked into the skin showed plainer in the strong light.

The snow blackened with every moment, and suddenly the earth lay bare. The men began to scatter over the fields. The women tended nearer home.

One afternoon, when the air was sweet with the warmth and the moisture of the earth, and in the pastures about the village Sabinka a tint of green showed faintly, Katherina came to her husband, Gavrelo, where he was mending the fence around the field to be planted with wheat.

"Gavrelo," she said, "I have come to plead with you again about the marriage portion of our daughter Natalka." She





His face was purple, he talked incoherently and he sat gazing about him helplessly, as if he could not make out what had happened to him.

stood meekly, a clumsy little body in a red plaid shawl. Her face was steaming with heat and perspiration, and her worn birch-bark sandals were clogged with earth from the soggy fields.

Gavrelo had not looked up when she had been coming to him through the fields. And now it was as if she were not there. Near him lay a pile of poles, a heap of freshly cut twigs, and a hatchet. He selected a long, pliant twig and began twisting it in and out between two poles as a barrest. His face was sullen. He was short and wide and brown; his thick hair and beard, and worn homespun clothes, and his weather-beaten skin all were brown. He was like the powerful trees about him, and, like these deep-rooted trees, he looked as capable of being moved.

Katherina turned her eyes away from him. It crushed her to see him so. It had always crushed her—even so long ago when he used to court her at her father's house—the way he would sit there of a Sunday, sullen, silent, never a kind word, never a smile, contrary, scowling at the whole world.

"Gavrelo," she repeated her sentences in a way peculiar to the people of Sabinka, "I have come to plead with you about Nataka's marriage portion." Her voice was full of restrained passion.

"Look, Gavrelo, at your home." She pointed to a hut across the great field.

In one of the two dingy windows a young girl could be seen, tho vaguely, at a spinning-board.

"There is your home. Moldy and rotten, it is sinking to the ground. You were supposed to have built twenty years ago, soon after we were married. All you have built are barns. There they stand, shamming your house. And there is your daughter, as pretty as the prettiest in Sabinka, in that rotting home. Yet, Gavrelo, have I ever pestered you about it? But now it is about Nataka that I beg you." Her clumsy little body leaned toward him. But her voice became more patient, more restrained.

"Gavrelko!" She used the diminutive, and then stood dumbly looking down a moment. Yes, she could have cared for him if he had let her. "Gavrelko, you are not going to send Nataka away without a portion to her husband's home, a strange home in a strange village! You are not going to do it!"

Dumb and silent, Gavrelo's scowl never relaxed. It was always so, always—except—except when he stood looking at his fields—at his wheat. Then his furrowed face smoothed and the light in his eyes reflected the light in the fields.

Gavrelo now selected a long pole, sharpened it, and began driving it into the ground. "Hagh!" his breath echoed, and the pole sank deep into the earth.

"And you have so much, Gavrelo." She glanced about. Their hut stood a good distance away from the village, and all surrounding it was Gavrelo's.

"All that, all about us is yours, and your barns are stacked with wheat. You will not send Nataka away with empty hands." Her own clasped in agony. "You won't do it. I know, Gavrelo, how bitter it is to come with empty hands." Her head drooped, her voice sank low.

"I know how it is. I came to your home, Gavrelo, without a portion. My people were very poor. You have never thrown it up to me, Gavrelo, but your mother cast it in my face every day as long as she lived. And I was never able to lift my head."

Gavrelo's face was turned from her, and he worked on steadily.

"And Nataka, too, is marrying into a large family. It is perhaps a disadvantage to marry into a large family. There are so many to find fault with your ways, a mother-in-law and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law. All watching and criticizing you. And when you have come without a portion—Ach! Gavrelo! They will throw it up to her, the mother-in-law and the sisters-in-law—and even Simyonka—Simyonka is a fine fellow. And yet—in a quarrel—would he not remember?" She began to weep passionately. "You won't do it, Gavrelo. And Nataka has really earned it. You know how she can spin and weave. Her cloth is straight and fine. And during the harvest she has been among the quickest hands. You won't bring this shame upon her, Gavrelo!"

**G**AVRELO turned to her. At last she had touched him. His face was distorted with anger and he stopped his work for a moment. "Why does she want to marry, the fool!" The words burst from him through his teeth. And he bent down to pick up his tools. He had finished the fence. Katherina stared at him.

"What—what else do you expect? Oh! It is a harvest hand you are thinking of!" Then realizing that he was going, she ran to him.

"Gavrelo!" she cried, "what do you say? What will you say when at the wedding Simyonka's father will ask, 'And what do you give Nataka as her portion?' What will you say, Gavrelo?"

Gavrelo lifted a few poles to his shoulder and slipped the hatchet into his girdle. "I told you," he said doggedly. "Simyonka

has enough!" And he walked away with his long, even stride, his sandals making deep prints in the soft earth.

Katherina staggered to the newly mended fence and buried her face in her arms. "Ach, *Boshi Moi!*" she cried. With the habit of the lonely she talked to herself. Gavrelo did not tolerate neighbors. Indeed he was hated because of his hardness and meanness.

"Life is bitter," she wept. Her own had been a cruel fate.

"You have come like a beggar." Her mother-in-law had cast it in her face. And now her own fate was to be Nataka's fate! And why? Because Gavrelo was an unnatural father, because he was stingy and cared for nothing—but—his fields, his wheat, more and more wheat. His barns were stacked with wheat. He kept them under lock and key, and he sowed still more wheat. She raised her head and looked about. This field was to be all wheat, acres and acres. And Nataka was to go to her husband like a beggar. "They will throw it up to her, the mother-in-law and the sisters-in-law. And Nataka is young; she will never be able to lift her head!" Her own head sank into her arms again.

**I**T was late when she started for the hut. The red sun hung on the very edge of the forest. She picked her way to a back road not far off which would be less soggy than the fields, the roundabout and longer. Trudging along, her eyes on the path, her sandals heavy with the mud, she at once upbraided and defended Gavrelo, and analyzed, and schemed.

It would take so little to give Nataka a fine portion. There, for instance, was the little pig, only a year old, but so aggressive that he had to be fed with the old hogs. Parshuchuck would be an excellent gift. He could take care of himself anywhere. Even in a litter of strange pigs he could hold his own. Also there was Chulka, a heifer for whom no fence was too high. She used her knobby little horns with such skill that often won a long stare of surprise from the old cows. Chulka, too, could take care of herself in a strange herd. These two would be an excellent gift. It would be pleasant for little Nataka to have something of her own that was alive, in a strange home, in a strange village. Parshuchuck and Chulka might even be an example to her, not to bend her head too low.

But what was the use in thinking about

it? "Ach! The mean peasant! The unnatural father!" She stumbled, unable to see the path through her tears.

"Bah! They are fools, those wise men," she shook her head disgustedly. "They are fools who say that it is better to have a relative rich, tho a miser, than one who is poor and generous. Both are like death. Can you take from the miser? Nor can you take from the one who has nothing to give."

Presently, on reaching a sudden turn in the road, she heard a merry voice babbling incoherent fits of song. That was Addom on his way home from the *kabock*. Addom was a drunkard. He drank like a fish. Addom, too, was often idle, she mused. Gavrelo never drank, tho he liked a glass of vodka. But what would Gavrelo do in a *kabock* where men talked as they drank? Gavrelo never talked to any one. He only worked. That was why her parents had made her marry him instead of Addom, who drank and who never kept his word, just as Gavrelo never broke his word. But Addom's daughter Anulia, who was also to marry this Spring, was to receive one of her father's two cows as her wedding-gift. Anulia Addom also wore machine-made stockings which she bought from the Jewess Deborah—stockings and boots every Sunday! Nataka bound her ankles in cloths and wore birch-bark sandals to church. Katherina shook her head. A man who drank was perhaps better-natured, more generous.

Reaching the yard, she saw Nataka still in the window spinning.

Nataka was eighteen. She was small like her mother. But she was rosy and healthy. Her hair lay in two thick, brown braids on her back. Her faded red kerchief was tied with a coquettish knot, and her little round nose had a mischievous tilt. But just now she was neither coquettish nor mischievous. She was very earnest. Her wedding was to be the first in the village this Spring, and she was hurrying to finish all her mother's spinning before it came. Her hands twirled the spindle rapidly; her head scarcely moved except to moisten the thread with her lips, or to extricate a knot in the flax with her small white teeth.

Katherina watched her a moment. Should she tell her—that her father would send her away with empty hands? No! There was time enough. But as she stood watching she saw Nataka stop her work suddenly; her hands become still, her head

drooped for a moment. In agony Katherina wondered. Could she know, then? Perhaps she guessed! Katherina turned away from the window.

About the yard all the buildings stood facing in a semi-circle, the hut, the barns, the pig-pen, the chicken-coop. Katherina went toward the coop. In the barn she heard Gavrelo. He rarely forgot the keys. "He rarely forgets them," she muttered to herself. The corners of her mouth lifted firmly. "Well, Nataka shall have a fine trousseau anyway. Her *kubial*, at any rate, shall not go off empty!"

Late that night the full moon rose, and Sabinka, with its two rows of huts, its hills and dales and lakes, lay transformed in silver light.

In the shadow of the fences a woman went stealing along. Climbing, here forcing a way through the bars, running a step where the shadow broke, and again lingering where it resumed, she reached a small hut standing in the full light. She rapped on the door and shook the latch impatiently.

"Open, Deborah!" she whispered. "It is I, Katherina." A tall, thin woman with a white kerchief about her head came out on the threshold.

"So late, Katherina!"

"Yes, and I must hurry back. Here." Katherina took a large ball of thread from her *swita* pocket. "You are to knit a pair of stockings for my daughter Nataka's wedding," she whispered. "But mind, Jewess," her voice rose suspiciously, "you are to return to me what is left of the thread."

"We are not thieves!" came from Deborah in a tone hurt, yet patient.

"Well, perhaps not," Katherina said, softening slightly. "Perhaps not. But all Jews are swindlers!"

"We are what we are forced to be." Restraint and infinite patience were in Deborah's voice. Hesitating an instant, she turned suddenly. "Look, Katherina, would you not much rather come along the road, in the light of day, to order stockings for Nataka, instead—"

"Do you mean to insinuate, Jewess?" Katherina flamed.

"No, no," Deborah hastened to assure her. "I am not insulting you. I am not blaming you. I just want you to see, Katherina, how one may be forced to become what one does not want to be."

"Well," said Katherina, somewhat mollified, "I suppose so. I suppose Jews, like people, have their troubles."



"I came to your home, Gavrelo, without a portion. My people were very poor. Your mother cast it in my face every day as long as she lived."

Carefully she put her hand into her bosom and counted slowly six eggs into the apron Deborah held out. "There," she said, brushing her hands with an air as if the transaction was quite satisfactorily completed.

"My dear Katherina!" Deborah exclaimed, "you expect me to knit a pair of stockings for six eggs?"

"How much then?" Katherina's voice was suspicious again and cross.

"Twelve, Katherina; at least twelve. This is not Winter, you know."

"In the next village—"

"I know," Deborah broke in. "In the next village lives a Jewess who knits a pair of stockings for six eggs. Don't believe it, Katherina. It's a fairy-tale. Anyway, I can not do it. We have to live, too. And little Miriam is growing up. There is no chance for a penniless girl here, a girl without a dowry." Deborah's voice became brooding.

Katherina put her hand into her *swita* again. The trouble of a dowry she could easily understand.

"Here, Deborah," she said sympathetically, "here are twelve eggs. But remember, every inch of the thread you are to return. And don't let your blind mother-in-law knit the stockings. She might drop a stitch!"

A whispered good night followed, and

Katherina stole forth into the shadows again.

THE village peeped through a mist of tender green buds. Warm sunshine, dazzling blue skies were continuous. Scattered over the fields far and near the peasants were. Mere specks between earth and sky, their bodies moved slowly, heavily all day long. Nearer the homes the women labored, digging in the gardens, bleaching at the lake. At dawn and after dark they took the time to prepare for the wedding in the village.

When the mud in the road had dried a peddler came driving through the village with Summer finery and pots to sell.

"Pots to sell! Earthen pots to sell!" the peddler cried in a ringing voice. And the dogs barked, and the children stared, and the women left their work and hurried to the wagon with their bundles of rags.

Katherina was digging a draining-canal between two long beds in the garden. When the pedler stopped at her gate she left her spade and looked around. Nataalka was at the lake bleaching. And Gavrelo—she could see him in a far field, his arm swinging rhythmically back and forth. Hastening to the outhouse, she came out with two bundles, one of rags, and one small sackful of wheat. She carried it with



difficulty and threw it over the fence into the road, where it lay hidden among some weeds.

"Did you see, little Jew?" she called to the pedler. "It is wheat!"

"I saw," the pedler answered significantly. He was as accustomed to this kind of transaction among the peasants as they themselves were.

Katherina hurried out to the wagon and climbed onto the axle.

"Quick, little Jew, let me see what you have. And don't think you can rob me. Wheat is dear now! Have you ribbons? And I want two red bandannas, but of different patterns. And show me beads. Have you got rings? Yes, show me that one with the red stone."

And the pedler measured, using the length of his arm, and watched Katherina. And she picked and fussed and worried in indecision, her eyes never quite leaving the distant field where Gavrelo was working.

Her selections made finally, she gathered them into her apron jealously, and a haggling ensued between the two, not unlike the transaction some weeks earlier at Deborah's hut.

"Now, pedler, how much? That sack of wheat is almost a bushel."

"Almost!" he cried. "That should have been a full bushel for all you have taken."

"Don't shriek!" she paled. "There are those rags. What do you give for the rags?"

"The rags go to make up the full bushel of wheat." His dark eyes snapped.

"Oh, very well," she said. "Take it! Take it! You are a robber." She climbed down and hurried away. The pedler threw his bundles into the wagon and touched his pony with the end of his whip, his dark eyes measuring the distance to the next hut.

Katherina breathed a sigh of relief as his wagon creaked away, and she slowly entered the deep interior of the outhouse which adjoined the living-room. It was late afternoon, and the road was hot and dusty. But here it was cool and dark; the only light came from the door opening on the garden path.

**I**N the dimmest corner Nataalka's *kubial* stood, filled with her trousseau. Katherina reached it by a small step-ladder and dipped down into its tanklike body. She touched and patted the cool, smooth linens, heavily embroidered and plain pieces. She added the newly purchased

treasures. Yes, Nataalka's *kubial* was filling—but of the portion there was no prospect. She sighed hopelessly. There was no prospect, and the day of the wedding was drawing nearer. Gavrelo had ordered vodka from the *kabock*, and told her she might have all the pork she wanted for the wedding-feast. But that was all. Nataalka must enter into a strange family owning nothing, come with nothing belonging to her, nothing familiar. Everything she will look at will be strange, his! Nothing that she had brought, that she could feel pride in. "*Ach, Boshi Moi!*"

She finally climbed down the ladder. It had grown late. Outside the mellow sunset lay full on the path and the bit of road she could see before the gate. But in the outhouse the dimness was quite deep. And the living-room, through its door, looked out at her, a dark hole with its sooty walls; the two tiny windows in it admitted but little light. Only one bright spot—the icon in vivid red and blue of the "Gracious Mother" looked out at her from the dimness.

"*Boshi Moi!*" Katherina's eyes went out to it in a dumb appeal, "*Boshi Moi!*" Wearily she sat down after a moment on the lower step of the ladder. Voices came from the road. Presently she saw, from her seclusion, Nataalka and Simyonka enter through the gate. Their young forms stood out clean, clear, in the soft light. This was Simyonka's market day, she remembered. He had evidently met Nataalka at the lake on his way from market. They were talking heatedly. The little chit Nataalka was arguing, smiling, coquetting. The youth seemed to be entreating her, begging earnestly. Simyonka was not much older than Nataalka. He was tall and lean and brown, clean-featured, clean-looking in his coarse, homespun linen. Katherina watched, and her soul filled with gratitude that he was so beautiful, for Nataalka.

They came a few steps nearer on the garden path and she caught their words.

"Just one! Just one, Nataalka!" His face was lifted. His eyes were beseeching her. And Nataalka, laughing, radiant, mischievous, turned and was backing away from him toward the house, her hand raised between them.

"*Lublee ya tibya.*" (I love thee.)

With the palm of her hand against his mouth, she pressed him away. He was murmuring, "You are like a little flower, Nataalka. You are like a little birch-tree,

a little white birch growing in the field."

Katherina's own face was radiant. "*Ya tibya lublue.*" He loves her! Yes, he loves her. She herself had never known such love. "Simyonka loves Nataalka!" The words filled her with dizzy joy.

Then her face twisted with agony. But soon, very soon, he would look upon her with shame! At once! At her wedding! His father will ask Gavrelo, "What is your daughter's portion?" And Gavrelo will say, "Nothing!" And the whole village will laugh and jeer. And little Nataalka will bend her head with shame. And later, again, when he brings her home and the villagers and relatives gather about him, and he has nothing of hers that he could tell them she brought, that he could show—

**S**HE rose. Carried away by this thought, she no longer saw nor heard them outside, and she went staggering into the living-room of the hut and fell upon her knees before the icon.

"Gracious Mother Maria!" Her clumsy little body crumpled to the hard-trodden earth.

"Blessed Mother Maria, can you hear me?" she pleaded in the crude way of Sabinka people. "Can you hear me? I have come to beg of you for Nataalka. You know, Mother, I have never come to you for myself. But now I come for her. Mother," her voice rose brokenly, "you know how hard my life has been. At home when I was young we were so poor. Often I was hungry for just bread. In marriage—Gavrelo is a strange person." She fell silent a moment, her tears choking her.

"The children were all I had. And when little Zacharka died I felt as if my heart would break, Mother. He was so sweet to look at with his golden hair and blue eyes. He would have been fifteen years old now. Oh, Mother! It is hard; it has been hard to see other little lads in the village and not see Zacharka. In the Spring, when the sky is blue, and the fields are covered with grass, I miss little Zacharka. I miss him when from each home in the village a little lad goes forth with his father's herd. The mothers wait for them all day, and in the evening they meet them at the gate. I too wait all day, but it is a strange little lad that brings our cattle home." She lay still, sobbing brokenly.

"It has been hard, Mother Maria. Yet, have I complained? But now I beg pity for Nataalka." Her hands clasped, her

forehead pressed to the earth. "Pity, Mother, pity for Nataalka!"

The trees were in full leaf. The meadows were dotted with the first flowers. The wheat in the great field stood a foot high. It was Saturday at dusk. The cattle had long passed, and the dust they had stirred was laid. Swarms of tiny insects danced in the open spaces of the road. Far out frogs croaked at regular intervals. The air was warm and sweet with the breath of the flowers and the dew. The village seemed quietly at rest. Yet there was a silent stir—preparation for the morrow, the first wedding in Sabinka this Spring.

The fence enclosing Gavrelo's hut was strung with branches of green foliage. High over the gate a wreath of orange-colored flowers hung to mark the bride's dwelling. Inside the yard was swept clean and sprinkled with yellow sand, and long benches stood along the walls. On the door-step of the outhouse Nataalka sat with her two bridesmaids trimming her veil. Nataalka herself was making the little rosettes of red or green ribbon, and the maids stitched them on all over the long strip of white muslin. The maids were talking and giggling, their heads bent over their work. Nataalka was quiet and solemn.

In the deep interior of the outhouse Katherina was giving the last touches to the *kubial*. She lifted and replaced and folded and finally fitted the cover and slipped in the bar. It was done! Her hands fell at her sides. Katherina had grown thinner, paler, more pinched. Since she prayed before the icon she had spent the time from day to day, from hour to hour, waiting. But nothing—nothing had happened to save Nataalka. Since that hour at dusk, she, Katherina, had spent morning and night kneeling before the icon. She had been to the cemetery many times, where her dead were laid, and hung their moldy wooden crosses with new little aprons of many colors. She had watched Gavrelo from day to day, hoping for a sign of relenting or softening. But none had come. Sullen, stolid, he went about as usual, working early and late in the fields and at the barns, only coming in to eat his three meals of black bread and cabbage soup, and to sleep the few hours between the extreme dark and early dawn. Standing there, she could hear him now at the barns, still working—still working—while others were long at rest.

"Ach, Gavrelo!" she cried to him silently, "what is it all for? What are you doing it for, Gavrelo?" She lifted her coarse apron and wiped away stinging tears.

The shadow before the door had just fallen on the threshold. By clock time it would have been perhaps ten in the morning. A wagon lined with green leaves and buttercups, harnessed to four pair, stood at the gate in the road. The horses were snorting and beating the ground impatiently, and a sturdy youth sat holding the reins. Within, the yard flashed with color—red, short, wide skirts, blue and green streamers, red bandannas, white shirts, patent-leather boots, sparkling black or green beads, shining brass buttons.

THE guests sat primly on the benches along the walls, chanting solemnly. Katherina and Gavrelo sat among the elders of the village. Gavrelo looked browner in a well-bleached shirt, and he was the only man who wore birch sandals instead of boots. Katherina sat beside him, her head swathed in a white linen scarf decorated with little red crosses. Her head was bowed, her hands were folded in her lap, her face as white as her scarf. Simyonka, in patent-leather boots and white shirt, looked solemn. Nataka was tearful. Nataka looked like some strange wild-flower, a poppy perhaps, with all the red and green, and her loose brown hair. Her scarf flashed with every possible color. Her skirt was red; her breast was covered with many strings of beads.

Suddenly the chanting stopped. A hush fell. Solemnly, between her two maids, the bride rose to ask a blessing of her parents before starting for church. She walked with studied and becoming dignity, her head bowed, her hands clasped in front of her. She reached her parents. And here she forgot her rôle. Overcome by emotion she fell upon her knees rather clumsily, humanly, and a low cry, half song, half wail of the braid song, pierced the air.

"Boshi Moi—"

"My braids—my beautiful brown braids."

Blindly and convulsed, Katherina rose and made the sign of the cross over her. Gavrelo did the same. Katherina watched, still watched and hoped for a sign of relenting. But his face looked more stubborn than ever. And Katherina now suddenly knew that she must not expect him to relent. When had Gavrelo ever relented

that she could have expected it? Fool that she was! It had always been just the contrary even when it was to his own disadvantage. His word given became law. Fool that she was to have expected Gavrelo to change his word!

Meanwhile Nataka, kneeling before each guest for a blessing, reached the gate. There was a burst of song. All pressed forward. The horses pranced, a whip cracked and a loud cloud of dust rose before the gate, and the bride was gone. Katherina and Gavrelo followed in a vehicle. Dazed and crushed, she was sped along. What could now happen? The beginning of Nataka's shame a mere few hours off.

NOISE and confusion filled the yard. There was a babble of voices, thick voices, incoherent, affectionate, querulous, crying of children, snatches of song, the strains of a fiddle rising a moment over the clamor, a rhythmic thomp, thomp of dancing feet.

It was late in the afternoon. The bridal pair had long returned from church. The yard was now divided into two parts. One-half was occupied by the dancers, and in the other half two long tables stood spread with food—roast pork, dishes heaped with sour pickles glistening in juice, salt herring, thick slices of black bread, tall green bottles of vodka, white and stinging.

The guests sat about the tables, while the children clamored at their elders' elbows. The feast was at its height. Among the men several of the guests already lay under the table. Of the women most were intoxicated. Some sat wagging their heads. Others were awakened now and then to shrill merriment. Still others drank little and sat chanting solemnly, keeping up dutifully the burden of the rites.

In the dancers' corner several couples whirled in a quadrille. In one of these Nataka flashed in and out. Nataka's face was still solemn and dignified. But a twinkle of mischief and coquettishness was in her eyes. Her husband was dancing in the same quadrille. Whenever they had to dance opposite each other her eyes teased him; her little red hand extended and withdrew half-way, and Simyonka was tantalized and radiant.

Further a circle of young folks surrounded the great-grandfather of the village, dancing a jig.

His hands on his hips, his white beard

flowing, his head high, a smile on his lips, his aged limbs performed with wonderful agility. He toed to the right, he toed to the left, here he crossed, there he kneeled. And the fiddlers fiddled with all their might, and the women clapped, and the men cheered and stamped.

"Trala-lala-lala."

At one table Katherina sat among her guests. Leaning to this one and that one, she urged,

"Another piece of pork? Some more *kvass*?" She herself neither ate nor drank. Her face was ashen white. Her eyes were fastened on Gavrelo, who sat at the side of Simyonka's father. At the other table Gavrelo, urged by Simyonka's father, had drunk deeply. This was the second time in his life he had drunk. His face was purple, he talked incoherently, and he sat gazing about him helplessly, as if he could not make out what had happened to him. Simyonka's father was leaning on the table to keep his balance; but being accustomed to vodka he had not quite lost his wits.

"You—you half a fine stock of cattle," he told Gavrelo, dealing him a complimentary blow on the back. "You half fine cowsh!"

Gavrelo threw his head back to drain a glassful, and drew it back with difficulty, then sat swaying.

"Fine cowsh," mumbled Simyonka's father. Gavrelo turned his head and eyed his new relative with a vacant stare. Then came the dreaded question. Katherina, watching from her table, sat as still as if cut from stone.

"What—what ish Nataalka's portion, Gavrelo?" Many bleared eyes were turned on Gavrelo. This would be the first time Gavrelo had given anything in his life. Some of the villagers actually sobered for a moment and stared.

"Nataalka's portion?" Simyonka's father insisted with drunken stubbornness.

**S**UDDENLY Katherina's face turned from its ashen pallor to a live red. Oh, yes! Yes! She would! Why not? She would do it, yes, she would! Or why would it have come into her head? Could it be that the Sacred Mother had not forgotten her? She sat a moment staring stupidly, then rose quickly, elbowed her way to her husband and stood at his side.

"Nataalka's portion?" Simyonka's father clamored with piggish persistence. His voice rose to a squeal. Katherina bent over Gavrelo and whispered,

"Say Parshuchuck."

"Parshuchuck," Gavrelo repeated, and looked up at her as tho he were trying to recognize her.

"Nataalka's portion is a pig," the father-in-law called out to the guests.

"And Chulka," Katherina again whispered to her husband. Gavrelo stared at her doubtfully, but repeated "Chulka."

"And the large field of wheat," Katherina urged hoarsely.

"Wheat!" repeated Gavrelo. His head fell forward and his mouth dripped water.

"Three pishes!" Simyonka's father bawled out.

"Three pieces!" It was repeated around the yard.

"Simyonka! You lucky hound!" a young man shrieked. All were now staring, eyes bleared, at the three. Nataalka came over to her mother. Her face looked white and scared.

"*Matushka!*" she exclaimed, "what have you done?" And Katherina suddenly realized that Nataalka had known all along that her father would give her nothing.

"It is all right," Katherina said. "Go dance. Go. But tell Simyonka to come and fetch his father-in-law to a cool place. And Nataalka—you better tell Simyonka to take the pig and the heifer to-night. The wheat you will get in the Fall."

"But, *Matushka*—"

"It is all right, Nataalka. You know your father is a man of his word. Go dance."

A few minutes later Gavrelo lay stretched on a bench in the cool, dim outhouse. Nataalka and Simyonka were congratulated on their generous portion. New quadrilles were formed, a new jig was being danced. Katherina went back and sat among her guests. And as she clapped her hands for the dancers she wondered, "And what about the morrow? Will he think he did it of his own accord, or will he remember?" But what mattered the morrow? Just now Anulia Addom was screaming into her grandmother's deaf ear.

"Nataalka received three things, *Babushka*; you hear me, three things!" And Katherina clapped,

"Trala-lala-lala-lala."

"Ach, they were wise after all, those men," she thought; "they were wise who said that it is better to have a relative rich tho a miser than one who is poor and generous. The miser sooner or later, in one way or another, you may overcome. It is poverty that is like unto death."



# THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS

Upper Case Comedy and Capital Satire

By A. A. MILNE

COMEDY with a capital C and Satire with a capital S distinguish a capital play in "The Truth About Blayds." It is the latest dramatic importation from the pen of Alan Alexander Milne, on whose Scotch-English shoulders the mantle of James M. Barrie is declared to have fallen or to be falling. As produced at the Booth Theater in New York by Winthrop Ames it is variously acclaimed by the critics as "a literary gem beautifully acted," as "an unusually interesting ironic comedy, witty, dexterous and providing an opportunity for almost perfect acting," as "a wise, finely wrought English comedy that is as well-played as any one could ask" and as "a play whose story is gracefully and whimsically told with a proper distribution of smiles and pleasing sorrows." The New York *Globe* critic, Kenneth MacGowan, observes that "for an act and a half A. A. Milne in his new play might almost be Max Beerbohm turned playwright," and Alan Dale, in the *American*, pronounces it "a delicious little play with none of the earmarks of popularity, no love story of consequence and merely a triumph of imagination." Together with "The Dover Road," it is published in book form by Putnam.

The play has but one scene—and that scene is a room the space, style, furnishing and general eloquence of which mean more than the usual three sets of the average production. The story is that of a poet who is seen on his ninetyeth birthday receiving congratulations, surrounded by an obsequious family, garrulously recounting his acquaintanceship with Carlyle, with Whistler, with Swinburne, Meredith, Browning, Tennyson and other famous Victorians. For twenty minutes in the first act the old fellow, Oliver Blayds (O. P. Heggie), sits in a wheel-chair

in the center of the stage and doles out a wealth of reminiscences. Then he makes an astounding confession to his favorite daughter, Isobel (Alexandra Carlisle), and in the second act goes the way of all flesh.

It develops that seventy years of his life had been a lie; that he had stolen the genius of a dead friend; that he was an interloper, an imposter, a cheat. Consequently his daughter Isobel, aware of his secret duplicity, refuses to permit his burial in Westminster Abbey, tho, as his son-in-law, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), remarks philosophically, Shakespeare was not interred in the Abbey. The portrayal of the venerable imposter by O. P. Heggie is little less than masterly.

It transpires that the poet whose genius was stolen was named—Jenkins. Jenkins and Blayds had shared a London garret in their early twenties. Both were ambitious to be great poets, but Jenkins alone had genius. During their association he had written a number of masterpieces, none of which seems to have been offered for publication. Then Jenkins fell ill and died, leaving a mass of priceless manuscript in possession of Oliver Blayds. The temptation proved to be too strong for the latter, according to his subsequent extraordinary confession, and from time to time over a period of seventy years "the poems of Oliver Blayds" captivated the reading world. Only once did Blayds publish a book of his own authorship—and it was a "flivver." We are asked to believe, however, that the royalties from the purloined volumes made something like a millionaire of Blayds.

The curtain rises on a room in Oliver Blayds' house. It is afternoon. In conversation are young Oliver and Septima Blayds-Conway (Leslie Howard and

Frieda Inescort), respectively grandson and granddaughter of the "great poet," and one A. L. Royce (Gilbert Emery), a London literary man who has called to felicitate Blayds on his ninetyeth anniversary. The general esteem in which the imposter is held is promptly and fulsomely emphasized.

ROYCE. I have come here to acquaint that very great man, Oliver Blayds, with the admiration which we younger writers entertain for him. It appears now that not only is Blayds a great poet and a great philosopher but also a—

OLIVER. Great grandfather.

ROYCE. But also a grandfather. Do you think you can persuade your brother that Blayds' public reputation as a poet is in no way affected by his private reputation as a grandfather, and beg him to spare me any further revelations?

SEPTIMA. Certainly; I could do all that for ninenpence. (*Sternly to Oliver, with*

*arms folded.*) Blayds-Conway, young fellow, have you been making r-revelations about your gr-randfather?

OLIVER. My dear girl, I've made no revelations whatever. What's upset him probably is that I refused to recite to him "A Child's Thoughts on Waking."

SEPTIMA. Did he pat your head, and ask you to?

ROYCE. No, he didn't.

SEPTIMA. Well, you needn't be huffy about it, Mr. Royce. You would have been in very good company. George Meredith and Hardy have, and lots of others.

OLIVER. Well, anyway, I've never been kissed by Maeterlinck.

ROYCE. Maeterlinck?

SEPTIMA. (*Looking down coyly.*) Mr. Royce, you have surprized my secret, which I have kept hidden these seventeen years. Maeterlinck—Maurice and I—

ROYCE. Revelations was not quite the word. What I should have said was that I have been plunged suddenly and a little unexpectedly into an atmosphere which



SHE IS TELLING THEM "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"

But Isobel (Alexandra Carlisle), youngest daughter of Oliver Blayds, finds her sister, Marion (Vane Featherston), her brother-in-law, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), and her niece, Septima (Frieda Inescort), and nephew, Oliver Blayds-Conway (Leslie Howard), incredulous.

hardly suits the occasion of my visit. On any other day—you see what I mean, Miss Septima.

SEPTIMA. You're quite right, Mr. Royce. (*Bangs Oliver's head.*) This is not the place for persiflage. Besides, we're very proud of him, really.

ROYCE. I'm sure you are.

SEPTIMA. You know, Noll, there are times when I think that possibly we have misjudged Blayds.

OLIVER. Blayds the poet or Blayds the man?

SEPTIMA. Blayds the man. After all, Uncle Thomas was devoted to him and he was rather particular. Wasn't he, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE. I don't think I know your Uncle Thomas, do I?

SEPTIMA. He wasn't mine; he was mother's.

OLIVER. The Sage of Chelsea.

ROYCE. Oh, Carlyle. Surely—

SEPTIMA. Mother called them all "uncle" in her day.

ROYCE. Well, now, there you are. That's one of the most charming things about Oliver Blayds. He has always had a genius for friendship. Read the lives and letters of all the great Victorians, and you find it all the way. They loved him. They—

OLIVER. (*Swings round to desk and bangs it to the tune.*) God save our gracious Queen.

ROYCE. (*With a good-humored shrug.*) Oh, well.

SEPTIMA. Keep it for father and mother, Mr. Royce. We're hopeless. Shall I tell you why?

ROYCE. Yes.

SEPTIMA. When you were a child did you ever get the giggles in church?

ROYCE. Almost always—when the vicar wasn't looking.

SEPTIMA. There's something about it, isn't there, the solemnity of it all, which starts you giggling when the vicar isn't looking?

Marion Blayds-Conway, eldest daughter of the great Blayds and mother of Septima and Oliver, enters and Royce is presented. The grandson is deputed to show him through the house. The two go out, and William Blayds-Conway, Marion's husband and devoted secretary to his father-in-law, enters:

WILLIAM. I think that it was very un-

wise of us to attempt to see anybody to-day. Naturally, I made it clear to Mr. Royce what a very unexpected departure this is from our usual practice. I fancy that he realizes the honor which we have paid to the younger school of writers. Those who are knocking at the door, so to speak.

MARION. Oh, I'm sure he does.

SEPTIMA. Does anybody want me?

WILLIAM. Wait a moment, please. (*He takes a key out of his pocket and considers.*) Yes—yes— (*He gives the key to Septima.*) You may show Mr. Royce the autograph letter from Queen Victoria, written on the occasion of your grandmother's death. Be very careful, please. (*Turning to Marion.*) I think he might be allowed to take it in his hands—don't you think so, Marion? (*Marion smiles assent.*) But lock it up immediately afterwards, and bring me back the key.

SEPTIMA. Yes, father. What fun he's going to have.

WILLIAM. Eh! (*Exit Septima.*) Are those the letters?

MARION. Yes, dear. I've nearly finished them.

WILLIAM. They will do afterwards. (*Goes to her, handing her a bunch of telegrams.*) I want you to sort these telegrams. Isabel is seeing about the flowers?

MARION. Yes, dear. (*She looks at the telegrams, puzzled.*) How do you mean, sort them?

WILLIAM. In three groups will be best. Those from societies or public bodies, those from distinguished people, including Royalty—you will find one from the Duchess there; and those from unknown or anonymous admirers.

MARION. Oh, yes, I see, dear. (*She gets to work.*)

WILLIAM. He will like to know who have remembered him. I fancy that we have done even better than we did on the eightieth birthday; and, of course, the day is not over yet. (*Frowning anxiously.*) What did we do last year about drinking the health? Was it in here, or did we go to his room?

MARION. He was down to lunch last year. Don't you remember, dear?

WILLIAM. As, yes, of course. Yes, this last year has made a great difference. He is breaking up, I fear. We cannot keep him with us for many more birthdays.

MARION. Don't say that, dear.

WILLIAM. Well, we can but do our best.



**ISOBEL SUBSCRIBES TO THE THEORY OF HALLUCINATION—WITH RESERVATIONS**

Altho her father, Oliver Blayds, had confessed to her that he had been an imposter, she finds herself in the minority and promises her brother-in-law, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), not to bring public disgrace upon the family.

MARION. What would you like to do, dear, about the health?

WILLIAM. Let me think.

MARION. (*Busy with the telegrams.*) Some of these are a little difficult.

WILLIAM. Eh.

MARION. Do you think that Sir John and Lady Wilkins would look better among the distinguished people, including Royalty, or with the unknown and anonymous ones?

WILLIAM. Anybody doubtful is unknown. I only want a rough grouping. We shall have a general acknowledgment in the *Times*, and— Oh, that remands me. I want an announcement for the evening

papers. Perhaps you had better just take this down. You can finish those afterwards.

MARION. Yes, dear. (*She gets paper in front of her.*)

WILLIAM. Oliver Blayds, ninety to-day—

MARION. (*Writing, repeats aloud.*) Oliver Blayds, ninety to-day.

WILLIAM. The veteran poet spent his ninetieth birthday—

MARION. (*To herself.*) The veteran poet—

WILLIAM. Passed his ninetieth birthday—that's better—passed his ninetieth birthday quietly amid his family.

MARION. Amid his family—



WILLIAM. At his residence in Portman Square. (*Moves to top of desk to look at her work. In his conversational voice.*) We will drink the health in here. See that there is an extra glass for Mr. Royce. "In Portman Square"—have you got that?

MARION. Yes, dear.

WILLIAM. It's a pity you never learnt shorthand, Marion.

MARION. I did try, dear.

WILLIAM. Yes, I know— Mr. William Blayds-Conway, who courteously gave— granted our representative an interview, informs us that the poet was, considering his advanced age, in good health and keenly appreciative of the many tributes of affection which he had received.

MARION. Which he had received.

WILLIAM. (*Crossing to desk, he holds out his hand for the paper.*) How does that go?

MARION. (*Giving it to him.*) I wasn't quite sure how many "p's" there were in appreciative.

WILLIAM. Two.

MARION. Yes, I thought two was safer.

This statement for the press completed, William ceremoniously goes out to get a sacred bottle of port wine. Isobel enters with an armful of flowers which she distributes about the room. Royce returns and it develops that they had shared a romance some eighteen years previously when, instead of marrying, Isobel had decided to devote her life to her distinguished father. Royce renews his suit but she is too full of her duty to the poet to listen to him. William and the rest of the family return and there are painfully ceremonious preparations for the entrance of Oliver Blayds. Presently he is wheeled in, in an invalid chair. Septima steps forward murmuring congratulations. Whereupon:

BLAYDS. Thank you, my dear. I don't know what I've done, but thank you.

WILLIAM. Oliver. (*Motions his son forward.*)

OLIVER. Congratulations, Grandfather. (*He bends down and Blayds puts a hand on his head.*)

BLAYDS. Thank you, my boy, thank you. I was your age once.

WILLIAM. Are we all ready? Blayds!

ALL. Blayds!

BLAYDS. (*With emotion.*) Thank you,

thank you. (*Recovering himself.*) Is that the Jubilee port, William?

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

BLAYDS. (*Looking wistfully at Isobel.*) May I?

ISOBEL. Yes, dear, if you like. William—

WILLIAM. (*Anxiously.*) Do you think—? (*She nods and he pours out a glass with a gesture of reluctance.*) Here you are, sir. (*Isobel takes the glass to him.*)

BLAYDS. (*Taking it in rather a shaky hand.*) Mr. Royce, I will drink to you, and through you, to all that eager youth which is seeking, each in his own way, for beauty. (*He raises his glass.*) May they find it at the last! (*He drinks.*)

Royce presents to the old man a message of congratulations signed by the famous contemporary younger writers and makes a neat speech as their ambassador.

BLAYDS. You must read it to me, Isobel. (*He gives her the book.*) A very real admiration for all my work, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE. Yes, sir.

BLAYDS. Except the 1863 volume?

ROYCE. I have never regretted that, sir.

BLAYDS. (*Pleased.*) Ah! You hear, Isobel?

ROYCE. I don't say that it is my own favorite, but I could quite understand if it were the author's. There are things about it—things outside your usual range, if I may say so.

BLAYDS. (*Nodding and chuckling.*) You hear, Isobel?

ISOBEL. (*Smiling.*) Yes, father.

BLAYDS. Didn't I always tell you? Well, well, we musn't talk any more about that—William!

WILLIAM. (*Jumping from a chair at a desk, where he had been making notes of the conversation.*) Sir? (*Comes to Blayds.*)

BLAYDS. What are you doing?

WILLIAM. Just finishing off a few letters, sir.

BLAYDS. Would you be good enough to bring me my "Sordello."

WILLIAM. The one which Browning gave you, sir?

BLAYDS. Of course. I wish to show Mr. Royce the inscription, (*To Royce*) an absurd one, all rhymes to "Blayds." It will be in the library, somewhere, it may have got moved.

WILLIAM. Certainly, sir.

ISOBEL. Father—

BLAYDS. Thank you, William. You were saying, Isobel?

ISOBEL. I thought it was in your bedroom. I was reading it to you last night.

BLAYDS. Of course it's in my bedroom. But can't I get my own son-in-law out of the room if I want to?

ISOBEL. (*Soothingly.*) Of course, dear. It was silly of me. (*She puts a magnifying glass on the desk.*)

BLAYDS. My son-in-law, Mr. Royce, meditates after my death a little book called "Blaydsiana." He hasn't said so but I can see it written all over him. In addition, you understand, to the official life in two volumes. There may be another one called "On the Track of Blayds in the Cotswolds," but I am not certain of this yet. (*He chuckles to himself.*)

ISOBEL. Father!

BLAYDS. (*Apologetically.*) All right, Isobel. Mr. Royce won't mind.

ISOBEL. (*Smiling reluctantly.*) It's very unkind.

BLAYDS. (*After chuckling to himself again.*) You never knew Whistler, Mr. Royce.

ROYCE. No sir, he was a bit before my time.

BLAYDS. Ah, he was the one to say unkind things. But you forgave him because he had a way with him. And there was always the hope that when he had finished with you he would say something still worse about one of your friends. (*Chuckles to himself again.*) I sent him a book of mine once—which one was it, Isobel?

ISOBEL. "Helen."

BLAYDS. "Helen," yes. I got a postcard from him a few days later, "Dear Oliver, rub it out and do it again." Well, I happened to meet him the next day and I said that I was sorry I couldn't take his advice as it was too late now to do anything about it. "Yes," said Jimmie, "as God said when he'd made Swinburne."

ISOBEL. You've heard that, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE. No. Ought I to have?

ISOBEL. It has been published.

BLAYDS. (*Wickedly.*) I told my son-in-law. Anything which I tell my son-in-law is published. You didn't know Jimmie, my dear. There was nothing he couldn't have said. But a most stimulating companion.

ROYCE. Yes, he must have been.

BLAYDS. So was Tennyson. He had a

great sense of humor. All of us who knew him well knew that.

ROYCE. It is curious how many people nowadays regard Tennyson as something of a prig, with no sense of humor. I always feel that his association with Queen Victoria had something to do with it.

BLAYDS. I think you're right. It was a pity. (*Nodding.*) I went to Osborne to see the Queen. Tennyson's doing, I always suspected, but he wouldn't own to it. (*He chuckles.*)

ISOBEL. Tell him about it, dear.

BLAYDS. I had on a new pair of boots. They squeaked. They squeaked all the way from London to the Isle of Wight. The Queen was waiting for me at the end of a long room. I squeaked in. I bowed. I squeaked my way up to her. We talked. I was not allowed to sit down, of course; I just stood shifting from one foot to the other—and squeaking. She said, "Don't you think Lord Tennyson's poetry is very beautiful?" and I squeaked and said, "Damn these boots." A gentleman-in-waiting told me afterwards that it was contrary to etiquette to start a new topic of conversation with Royalty.

Continuing reminiscently the old man offers to wager Isobel a shilling that he can tell her a story she has never heard. Royce holds the stakes and he recounts an allegory that, he explains, George Meredith had told him about a young boy playing cricket for his school. "The important match of the year; he gets his colors only if he plays, you understand? Just before the game began he was sitting in one of those—what do you call them—deck chairs, when it collapsed, his hand between the hinges. Three crushed fingers; no chance of playing; no colors. At that age a tragedy; it seems that one's whole life is over. You understand? So he decided to say nothing about the fingers. . . . When his turn came he put on a glove and went to the wickets. He made nothing—that doesn't matter—he was the wicket-keeper and had gone in last. But he knew that he could never take his place in the field and he knew, too, what an unfair thing he had done to his school to let them start their game with a cripple. It was too late to confess. So

in between innings he arranged another accident with his chair and fell back on it with his already crushed fingers in the hinges. So nobody ever knew. Not until he was a man and it all seemed very little and far away." It is declared a "horrible story." Isobel loses the wager. Royce retires. Blayds, left alone with Isobel, is making his astounding confession to her when the curtain falls.

The time of the second act is a few days later. Blayds has died. The family has returned home from the funeral and his grandchildren are in the living room.

OLIVER. Wonderful crowd of people. I don't think I ever realized before what a great man he was.

SEPTIMA. No, one doesn't.

OLIVER. (*After a pause.*) You know there's a lot of rot talked about death.

SEPTIMA. A lot of rot talked about everything.

OLIVER. Here was Oliver Blayds, the greatest man of his day, seen everything, known everybody, ninety years old, honored by all, and then he goes out. Well—why cry?

SEPTIMA. In fact, "nothing is here for tears."

OLIVER. Not only nothing for tears, but everything for rejoicings. I don't understand these religious people. They're quite certain that there's an after-life, and certain that this life is only a preparation for it, like a cold bath in the morning. And yet they are always the people who make the most fuss, and cover themselves with black, and say "poor grandfather" ever after. Why *poor*? He is richer than ever, according to them.

SEPTIMA. Can't you see Oliver Blayds in heaven enjoying it all? What poetry he would make of it!

OLIVER. "A Child's Thoughts on Waking"—eh? I've laughed at it, and loathed it, but it was the real stuff, you know. *His* thoughts—on waking in heaven! They'd be some thoughts!

SEPTIMA. (*Thoughtfully.*) Septima Blayds-Conway. It's rather a thing to be, you know.

OLIVER. I used to think once that when the old boy died, I'd chuck the Blayds and just be plain Oliver Conway. I'm beginning to think I was wrong. . . . Oliver

Blayds-Conway, M.P. There's something in it, you know.

There is further dialog in this vein, interrupted by the entrance of their parents in conversation:

WILLIAM. I say again, Oliver Blayds ought to have been buried in the Abbey. The nation had the right to it.

MARION. Yes, dear, but we couldn't go against his own wish. His last wish.

WILLIAM. If it was his wish, why did he not express it to me?

MARION. He told Isobel, dear.

WILLIAM. On his death-bed, his faculties rapidly going, he may have indicated preference for a simple ceremony. But certainly he always gave me the impression that he anticipated an interment in the Abbey.

MARION. Yes, dear, I daresay I shall feel it more later, but just now I like to think of him where he wanted to be himself.

SEPTIMA. After all, Shakespeare isn't buried in the Abbey.

WILLIAM. I don't think that that has anything to do with it, Septima. Speaking as an Englishman, I say that the Abbey had a right to him.

MARION. Well, it's too late now, dear.

WILLIAM. (*Moving to desk.*) I shall speak to Isobel again; I still feel sure she was mistaken.

MARION. Very well, dear. But don't worry her more than you need. I feel rather uneasy about her. She has been so strange since he died.

WILLIAM. She will be worried enough as it is. Of all the extraordinary wills.

Isobel Blayds comes in and is addressed by her brother-in-law:

WILLIAM. I was just telling Marion that I am more than ever convinced that Oliver Blayds' rightful resting-place was the Abbey.

ISOBEL. (*Shaking her head wearily.*) No.

WILLIAM. I was saying to Marion even if he expressed the wish in his last moments for quiet interment.

ISOBEL. He never expressed the wish one way or the other.

WILLIAM. My dear Isobel! You distinctly told us—

MARION. You did say, dear.

ISOBEL. Yes, I owe you an apology about that.

WILLIAM. (*Indignantly.*) An apology!

ISOBEL. There is something I have to tell you all. Will you please listen, all of you— I didn't want to say anything until he had been buried.

SEPTIMA. I say, what's up?

ISOBEL. I told you that father didn't want to be buried in the Abbey, not because he had said so, but because it was quite impossible that he should be buried in the Abbey.

WILLIAM. Impossible!

MARION. I'm sure the Dean would have been only—

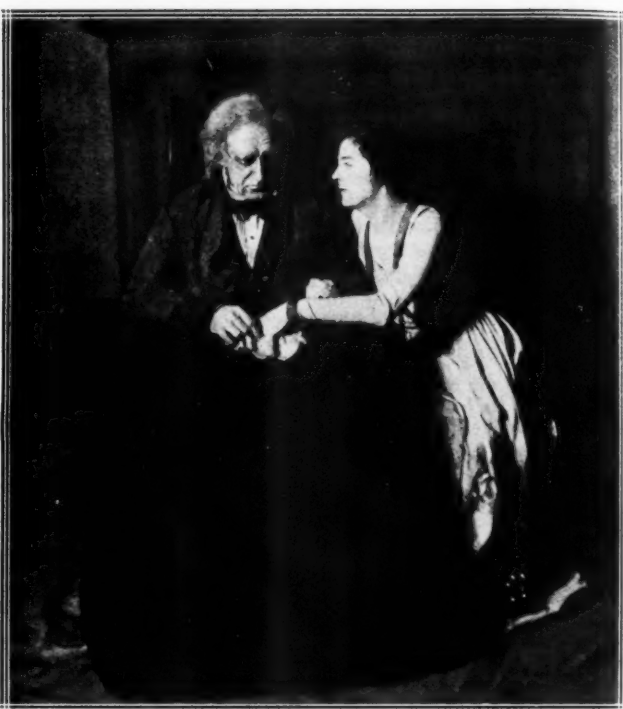
ISOBEL. Impossible because he had done nothing to make him worthy of that honor.

OLIVER. Oh, no, Aunt Isobel, you're wrong there. I mean when you think of some of the people.

ISOBEL. (*To Oliver.*) Will you listen to it, please? (*To William.*) And ask me any questions afterwards. You may think I'm mad; I'm not— I wish I were.

WILLIAM. Well, what is it?

ISOBEL. There were two young men, living together in rooms in Islington, nearly seventy years ago. Both poor, ambitious, certain of themselves, very certain of their destiny. But only one of them was a genius. He was a poet, this one; perhaps the greater poet because he knew that he had not long to live. The poetry came bubbling out of him and he wrote it down feverishly, intent only on recording the melodies of this divine spirit within him; before the hand became cold and the fingers could no longer write. That was all his ambition. He had no thoughts of fame. He was content to live unknown, so that when dead he might live for ever. His friend was ambitious in a different way. He wanted the present delights of fame. He had talent, but it was outstripped by his ambition. So they lived together there, one writing and writing,



#### MAKING HIS ASTOUNDING CONFESSION

Oliver Blayds (O. P. Heggle), at the age of ninety, tells his daughter Isobel (Alexandra Carlisle), that he did not write the poetry that has made him famous.

always writing; the other writing and then stopping to think how famous he was going to be, and envying those who were already famous, and then regretfully writing again. A time came when the poet grew very ill. Then one day there was no more writing. (*Pause.*) The poet was dead. (*She is silent.*)

WILLIAM. (*As her meaning slowly comes to him, rising.*) Isobel, what are you saying?

MARION. I don't understand. Who was it?

OLIVER. Good Lord!

ISOBEL. The friend was left with the body of the poet. The poet had no relatives of whom he had ever spoken or who claimed him now. He was dead, and it was left to his friend to see that he won now that immortality for which he had given his life. His friend betrayed him.

SEPTIMA. I say!

WILLIAM. I won't believe it! It's monstrous!



MARION. I don't understand.

ISOBEL. One can see the temptation. There he was, this young man of talent, of great ambition, and there were these works of genius lying at his feet, waiting to be picked up. I suppose that like every other temptation, it came suddenly. He writes out some of the verses, scribbled down by the poet in his mad hurry, and sends them to a publisher. One can imagine the publisher's natural acceptance of the friend as the true author, the friend's awkwardness in undeceiving him and then his sudden determination to make the most of this opportunity. Oh, one can imagine many things—but what remains? Always and always this. That Oliver Blayds was not a poet; that he did not write the works attributed to him; and that he betrayed his friend. (*She stops and then goes on in an ordinary matter-of-fact voice.*) That was why I thought that he ought not be buried in the Abbey.

She is subjected to a running fire of interrogation in the course of which:

OLIVER. Gad! Fancy the old chap keeping it up like that. Shows how little one really knows people. I had no idea he was such a sportsman.

SEPTIMA. Such a liar.

WILLIAM. Please, please! We sha'n't arrive at the truth like that. (*To Isobel.*) You want me to understand that Oliver Blayds has never written a line of his own poetry in his life?

MARION. Why, grandfather was always writing poetry. Even as a child I remember—

SEPTIMA. (*Impatiently.*) Mother, can't you understand that the Oliver Blayds we thought we knew never existed?

MARION. But I was telling you, dear, that even as a child—

SEPTIMA. It's no good! He's hopelessly muddled.

WILLIAM. Do you wish me to understand—

ISOBEL. I wish you to know the truth. We've been living in a lie, all of us, all our lives, and now at last we have found the truth. You talk as if, for some reason, I wanted to spread slanders about Oliver Blayds, now that he is dead; as if all this great lie were my doing; as if it were no pain but a sort of a pleasure to me to find out what sort of man my father really was. Ask me questions—I want you to know everything; but don't cross-

examine me as if I were keeping back the truth.

Isobel announces that the only book her father had written was the "flivver" of 1863, which he was always so anxious to hear praised, and that the author of the other volumes was named Jenkins. Suddenly:

OLIVER. Good Lord! I've just thought of something. The money.

WILLIAM. The money?

OLIVER. All this. (*Indicates the room.*) Who does it belong to?

WILLIAM. (*Stunned.*) According to the provisions of your grandfather's will—

OLIVER. Yes, but it wasn't his to leave.

WILLIAM. Not his to—

OLIVER. No, Jenkins. All his money come from the books; and the books aren't his, so the money isn't either.

WILLIAM. (*Turning in a bewildered way to Isobel.*) Is that so?

ISOBEL. (*With a shrug.*) I suppose so.

WILLIAM. You say he had no family, this other man?

ISOBEL. None who bothered about him. But there must be relations somewhere.

WILLIAM. We shall have to find that out.

ISOBEL. Anyhow, as Oliver says, the money isn't ours. (*Bitterly.*)

WILLIAM. Some of the money would be rightfully Blayds. There was that one volume, anyhow. (*Exclamation from Oliver and look from all.*) It may not have been praised, but it was bought. It may prove that some of his most profitable investments were made about that time—with that very money.

ISOBEL. (*Indignantly.*) Oh, how can you talk like that! As if it mattered. It's tainted money, all of it.

WILLIAM. I think that's going too far. Very much too far. I recognize, of course, that we have certain obligations towards the relatives of this man—er—Jenkins. Obviously we must fulfil those obligations. But when that is done—

MARION. (*To Isobel.*) We shall be generous, of course, dear, that's only fair.

OLIVER. Yes. But what are you going to do if no relations turn up?

MARION. In that case we couldn't do anything, could we, dear?

ISOBEL. We could throw the money into the sea. We could bury it deep in the ground. We could even give it away, Marion.

WILLIAM. That's going too far.

OLIVER. It's rather a problem, you know.

SEPTIMA. It isn't a problem at all. May I speak for a moment. I really think I have a right to say something. Oliver and I have been brought up in a certain way to expect certain things. Oliver wanted to be an engineer; he wasn't allowed to, as his grandfather wanted him to go into politics. I wanted to try and get on with my painting. I wasn't allowed to, as my grandfather wanted me at home. Perhaps if I had had my way, I might have been earning my living by now. As it is, we have been brought up as the grandchildren of rich people; I can't earn my own living, and Oliver is in a profession in which money means success. Aunt Isobel has been telling us how a young man of Oliver's age, seventy years ago, was cheated out of his rights. Apparently she thinks that the best way now of making up for that is to cheat Oliver and me out of our rights. I don't agree with her.

OLIVER. Yes, there's a good deal in that.

ISOBEL. It's hard on you, I know; but you are young, you have your lives in front of you.

SEPTIMA. That's what old people always say, and they seem to think that it excuses any injustice.

MARION. Poor grandfather.

SEPTIMA. Yes, but I don't see that it should be "Poor Oliver" and "Poor Septima," too. Suppose any relations do turn up—well, what will they be? Grand-nephews, or fifth cousins twice removed or something, who have never even heard of Jenkins, and on whose

lives Jenkins has had no effect whatever. Is there any sort of justice which says that they ought to have the money? But Noll and I have given up a good deal for Oliver Blayds, and he owes us something.

ISOBEL. Oh, yes, you have given up a good deal for Oliver Blayds. It ought to be paid back to you.

WILLIAM. There's another thing we must remember. Even if this other man—

SEPTIMA. Jenkins.

WILLIAM. Yes, even if he wrote all the books—always excepting the 1863 volume—even so, it was Oliver Blayds who ar-

anged for their publication. He could fairly claim an agent's commission on all moneys received.

ISOBEL. (*Scornfully.*) Oliver Blayds, the well-known commission agent!

All sorts of excuses for the imposter are offered but none of them is very convincing, and the second act closes with Isobel fiercely lamenting having spent eighteen of the best years of her life as a nurse and drudge for Oliver Blayds when she might have been married and had children of her own. In the last act, Royce is discovered with young Oliver Blayds-Conway reviewing the situation. Oliver conceives the idea that his grandfather was the victim of hallucination. Royce is dubious.

OLIVER. Well, why not? Which is more probable, that Oliver



THE MANTLE OF JAMES M. BARRIE HAS  
FALLEN UPON HIS SHOULDERS

Such, at least, is the compliment paid by the dramatic critics to A. A. Milne, whose comedy, "The Truth About Blayds," is a current Broadway success.

Blayds carried out this colossal fraud for more than sixty years, or that when he was an old man of ninety his brain wobbled a bit, and he started imagining things?

ROYCE. No.

OLIVER. It's all very well to say "No." Anybody can say "No." Look at all the will cases you see in the papers. Whenever an old gentleman over seventy leaves his money to anybody but his loving nephews and nieces they always bring an action to prove that he can't have been quite right in the head when he died, and nine times out of ten they win. Well, Blayds was ninety.

ROYCE. But I thought he left you a thousand pounds.

OLIVER. Well, I suppose that was a lucid interval. Look here, you think it over seriously. I read a book once about a fellow who stole another man's novel. Perhaps Blayds read it, too. Perhaps he was thinking of using the idea himself. And turning over in his mind, living with it, so to speak, day and night, he might have easily begun to think that it was something that had happened to himself. Why not at his age? And then on his deathbed, feeling that he must confess something, thoroly muddled, poor old fellow, well, you see how easily it might happen. Hallucination.

ROYCE. (*Regarding him admiringly.*) You know, Oliver, I think you underrate your intrinsic qualities as a politician. You musn't waste yourself on engineering.

The rest of the family foregather

and William Blayds-Conway in particular welcomes the hallucination theory. It becomes more and more plausible to all but Isobel. They have persuaded themselves that no such person as Jenkins ever existed, when Royce laughingly announces:

ROYCE. That's rather funny. For what do you think I've got here! (*He holds up a faded piece of paper.*) Stuck in his old pass-book, Jenkins' will.

ISOBEL. What is it? What does it say? (*Isobel goes over to Royce, looking at the document he holds, takes document from Royce and reads.*)

MARION. (*Bewildered.*) It must be another Jenkins. Because we've just decided that our one never lived.

ISOBEL. (*Reading to William.*) "To Oliver Blayds, who has given me everything, I leave everything." And then, underneath, "God bless you, dear Oliver."

Excepting Isobel, the family comes to the conclusion that the troublesome 1863 volume was written by Willoughby Jenkins and the other books by Oliver Blayds. Even Isobel is persuaded that the author of the great poems, after all, had had the great happiness and pain of writing them and that the rest was "just pure sentiment." Royce presses his suit for her 38-year-old heart and hand, is accepted—and the curtain falls.

## WHY NOT A NEGRO DRAMA FOR NEGROES BY NEGROES?

IT is a question whether the African intellect has ever proved or ever will prove itself to be of creative dramatic-writing genius, in the Shakespearean or even a Belascan or Cohanian sense of the term. The negroid genius would seem, oddly like the German, to confine itself, in the last of fine-art analysis, to music. Yet, as Benjamin Palmer Ladson observes, in *The Drama*, the problem of our American negro citizens is one of those significant questions of the day, and the stage could be a great medium to bring before the public

some of the truths about it. It is beside the question to observe that Octavius Roy Cohen, whom we take to be a Jew; Harris Dickson, whom we regard as the finest sort of "white trash" south of Mason-Dixon Line; and E. K. Means, a Yankee-born, and several others, have written much about one class of American negroes, and have pictured them amusingly in their various doings. In the main, however, they are the happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth class. We cannot agree with *The Drama* observer that "the average white person believes

there are no other kinds of negroes in existence," but we do agree that "to show the American people the other class of negroes there should be a drama of the serious-thinking element." Among the "new negroes" are undoubtedly to be found men and women who are refined, cultured and educated. From among this class it is hoped that there may come writers and dramatists to express knowingly their dreams, aspirations, ambitions and justifications in the life struggle of the negro for existence.

As Heywood Brown justly comments, apropos of the play on negro life, "Come Seven," "Almost nothing about the negro has been written for our stage. Granted that the negro often uses long words which he does not understand, plays craps, and, perhaps, even lives up to the joke-book tradition in his inordinate fondness for watermelon, there still remain depths which are not touched by the exploitation of any of these qualities."

The negroes are coming to believe that good plays dealing with the struggles of their race ought to be dramatized successfully. They are calling upon some negro to write them. There are plenty of negro players to interpret them, led, for instance, by Charles Gilpin, whose interpretation of "The Emperor Jones" has been a revelation.

But, we are reminded, there is a question whether the theatrical producers care to present serious plays dealing with the problem of the American negroes. That question has to be left unanswered; we do not know their views and attitudes on this subject. Perhaps the colored people themselves could produce these plays. They have a good New York theater in the Lafayette, which is attended largely by them and where every negro musical play coming to New York goes first. Very seldom, however, is a serious drama produced, that is, a serious drama about their people; whenever one does appear it is well patronized, proving there are many who are eager for this class of drama.

Last spring, the Colored Players Guild of New York under the direction of Mrs. Dora Cole Duncan presented, for the lack of a more suitable play, Ridgeley Torrence's "Simon, the Cyrenian." This play had formerly been produced at the Garden Theater together with two other noted playlets of negro life by the same author. The evening those plays were presented was a raw, chilly evening, yet they drew a large and appreciative audience.

In extenuation of the negro drama, Bert Williams is aptly quoted as saying that "each of us who has negroid blood in his veins, no matter in how small a quantity, feels the ancient tragedy of our race. The negro blood is the one blood that never fails to stamp on the heart or the spirit its racial traits. I have studied my types just where I have found them. The negro is always a negro, no matter whether he is living in New York or in a rice field in South Carolina. The negro has the reputation of being a happy-go-lucky individual. He is, in a way. He lives for the moment, and his joy is a surface joy. Deep down underneath in the whole race is a stratum of sadness that abides. This comes out when the negro tries to express himself through poetry or music. Negro songs always have a minor undercurrent of pathos; negro music is seldom or never without its mournful passages."

We are assured that colored people themselves want dramas of this type, but that white writers cannot describe the feelings in the hearts of the American negroes of to-day. The days of the slipshod plantation shows are passing and cheap burlesque performances have passed. Now for a negro drama, other than the slapstick musical variety, that shall, it is observed, appeal to negro audiences fundamentally and yet shall be so excellent as to have a broader legitimate appeal. What is needed seems to be strong, virile plays interpreting American negro life, written by those of the color and acted by their excellent players and produced on Broadway or elsewhere.



## AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WOMAN'S ADVENTURES IN SOVIET RUSSIA

THE best book by a woman on Soviet Russia since Clare Sheridan's "Mayfair to Moscow" is Marguerite Harrison's "Marooned in Moscow" (Doran). Its style is simple and vivid, and it tells a story that makes an instant appeal. Mrs. Harrison went into Russia in February, 1920; was imprisoned eight months later on a charge of "espionage and treason"; and was freed last July, with other American prisoners, at the time of the acceptance by the Soviet Government of American terms imposed antecedent to food relief. In the months that passed between her entry and her imprisonment she had exceptional opportunities to see Russia from the inside. She consorted with Anarchists and Mensheviks, as well as with Bolsheviks. She talked with poets, peasants, artists and soldiers. She went on a tour of the country with a British labor delegation. And she tells what she saw in so matter-of-fact a fashion as to blind the reader to the really amazing nature of her whole adventure.

For here was a woman who had not been accustomed to "rough" it. Her life until seven or eight years ago, we learn from an article by Dudley A. Siddall in the *New York Herald*, had been spent in Baltimore society. Her father, president of the Atlantic Transport Company, had met with financial reverses and her husband had died. She bravely faced the task of supporting herself and her young son by taking a job as society reporter on the *Baltimore Sun*. In a short time she was doing star assignments. Her paper sent her to France with the American Expeditionary Forces. When the war ended, she was eager to penetrate into Soviet Russia.

She returned to America and tried to get a passport, in the usual way, through the Soviet Bureau in New

York, then under the charge of Ludwig Martens. Her request was refused, but her ardor was not dampened. In a few weeks we find her again in Europe. She chose a quiet sector on the Polish-Russian front, stole across No Man's Land, and entered a schoolhouse. With true Russian hospitality the teacher brought in a bubbling samovar. By the time a Red Guard arrived, the affair had taken on the aspect of a social occasion.

So far from shooting Mrs. Harrison, the lonesome Red soldiers arranged parties and dances in her honor, and were soon helping her on her way to Moscow. She was greeted at the railway station by a Mr. Rosenberg, who described himself as "head of the Western Section of the Foreign Office" of the Soviet Government, and who asked her: "Don't you know that you have done a perfectly illegal and very dangerous thing in coming to Moscow without permission?" He was wrought up, but he did not have her shot. Instead, he installed her in a Government hotel or "guest house," and even allowed her, a little later, the liberty of her profession and the right to send wireless dispatches to the astounded managing editor of the *Baltimore Sun* and to the Associated Press.

Mrs. Harrison found Moscow in better condition than she had expected. She is inclined, throughout, to stress the brighter, rather than the darker, side of things. She even takes her two arrests and her imprisonment philosophically. She had committed, she says, many imprudences; had associated openly with people known to be hostile to the Soviet Government; had rendered herself independent of the Foreign Office and its interpreters; and had changed foreign money illegally to get the advantage of the higher rate of exchange. Prison life,

she assures us, was not as bad as it might have been.

The total effect of her experience has been to strengthen her belief in democracy as the best kind of government, but she does not allow this belief to prevent her from giving what, on the whole, is a surprisingly favorable account of the Russian experiment. She found in Lenin "tremendous sincerity, utter self-confidence and quiet power," and she writes of Trotzky:

"The line of his mouth was hard, cynical, almost forbidding, until he began to speak, and then I suddenly realized that there was something magnetic and compelling about the man's personality. Squaring his shoulders, he stood with his hands behind his back and spoke in short, terse, pithy sentences, interspersed with real flashes of humor. He understood the art of drawing and riveting the attention of the public. There was something almost exultant in his expression as his eyes swept the enormous crowds in front of him, and it seemed to me that subconsciously it was mingled with a certain amount of racial pride. I could almost imagine him as saying: 'For the first time since the days of the Maccabees, I, a Jew, am the head of a great army.' Later, when I heard him speak before the graduating class of the general staff school, and at the military parade in honor of the Third International, the same idea obtruded itself on my imagination."

Chicherin, the head of the Foreign Office, is also described in sympathetic fashion. "His pale greenish-blue eyes had the strained expression that comes from overwork," and as he talked to Mrs. Harrison "he kept interlacing his long sensitive fingers that, without a further glance at his physiognomy, proclaimed him what he essentially is, a man of culture and a gentleman. His notes," Mrs. Harrison continues, "are often masterpieces in their way, and he has a genius for showing up the weak side of European diplomats. I consider that when it came to the matter of the retort courteous between Lord Curzon and Chicherin Chicherin usually got the better of his British opponent."

Next, we get a pen-portrait of Djerzhinsky, chairman of the Extraordinary Commission, popularly known as the "Cheka," who, as it afterwards proved, was to be Mrs. Harrison's jailer for nearly a year. He is "a Pole of very good family," and has been a revolutionary since before the abortive revolution of 1905. "As I looked at him," Mrs. Harrison says, "I recalled what I had read of the frailty and refinement of Robespierre. He is slender, slightly under the middle height, with fair hair, rather thin around the temples, a small pointed beard, clean-cut aristocratic features, skin as smooth as a child's and cheeks flushed with hectic color, for he contracted tuberculosis while in prison."

Of the four leaders so far described only one, Trotzky, is a Jew, and Mrs. Harrison intimates that too much has been made of the Jewish influence in the Russian Revolution. It is true, of course, that Jews helped to make the Revolution and that some reaped great immediate advantages from it; but "the great masses of the Jewish population have gotten less out of the Revolution than any other race or class; they have been crushed, so to speak, between the upper and nether millstones of revolution and reaction."

As far as Petrograd, Moscow and the large cities were concerned, the Jews, after the Revolution, fared well. Thousands of them were taken into the many departments of the Commissariats, primarily because they were educated men. But many, in the sections where there was a large Jewish population, were left without resources or employment. They were not trained as industrial workers. They were town dwellers and had not profited from the distribution of the land. At first they did not feel their position. They did a flourishing underground business, practised contraband and smuggling very successfully, and lived well for a time. Then as the central government became better organized, decrees against speculation were rigidly enforced, numbers of the

Jews were arrested and several punished, in many cases getting the death penalty.

As long as there was a question of doing away with Czarist Imperialism, they were for Bolshevism, but "all their inherited instincts and training," Mrs. Harrison points out, "are against the Soviet economic and industrial system, as are their religious instincts deeply grounded in the patriarchal or family system." She continues:

"There are, as there always have been, iconoclastic spirits among them running contrary to tradition, and others whose racial pride is appealed to by the opportunity to exercise widespread political power and influence. Then there is the trader or speculative instinct of the Jew, which tells him that there is always the chance to profit through political or economic crises. Now that they have brought about these results the majority of the Jews are running true to their innate conservatism and to the same iconoclastic instinct, which has always placed them on the side of the minority. They realize that the political unity of the Jewish race throughout the Diaspora, as they term the Christian world, is not to be maintained by the submerging of the race-conscious Jew in the Internationalist.

"These are the forces that are pushing many of the intelligent Jews back along the road away from Communism. The Jewish proletariat at large has failed to gain either material prosperity or spiritual freedom through Bolshevism, and will probably remain aloof and passive, hostile to Communism but fearing counter-revolution in Russia."

No one can understand the situation in Russia, according to Mrs. Harrison, without realizing that two revolutions have taken place—a proletarian and an agrarian. The proletarian revolution was made, we are told, by less than 10 per cent. of the population and is Communistic, while the agrarian revolution



**SHE TAKES HER IMPRISONMENT PHILOSOPHICALLY**  
Marguerite Harrison, author of "Marooned in Moscow," says of her ten months' imprisonment: "My treatment was no different from that accorded any other prisoners, native or foreign, and I can honestly say that I have come through it all with absolutely no personal bitterness and with what I believe to be a purely impartial view of conditions in the Soviet Republic."

was made by the remaining 90 per cent. and is not Communistic at all. Mrs. Harrison concludes:

"Russia will for some time necessarily be a prey to minority government. The question is whether it is better to have the country ruled by a Communist or a reactionary oligarchy. Of the two evils I believe the former is the lesser one.

"We may not like the Soviet Government, but it is a real Government. To refuse to help will have the effect of completing the economic ruin of the country. The only way to bring about a Government in Russia which will represent the will of the people is to give them a chance to develop the moral force to express that will in action. This can only be done by giving them peace and food. It is up to the American people to give them that chance."

## CAN WE STILL BELIEVE IN EVOLUTION?

ONE of the startling results of the War, both in England and in America, is the new crusade against Darwinism. It carries us back to the time when Huxley was violently debating Darwinian theories with the Bishop of Oxford, and when Darwin's ideas were being hailed, according to one's bias, as divine or damnable. In its new, after-the-war aspect, it has found memorable expression, in England, in the verbal assaults of Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton on the early part of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." In this country it leans for support on the writings of Irving Babbitt, Stuart P. Sherman and others who hold "the cult of naturalism" responsible for the War, and finds its most conspicuous expression in books such as William Jennings Bryan's "In His Image" (Revell) and Alfred Waterson McCann's "God—or Gorilla" (Devin-Adair).

It is said to be mainly due to the influence of Mr. Bryan that the State of Kentucky was lately convulsed by the Darwinian issue. Following speeches that he made on the subject, a bill was introduced in the Legislature forbidding the teaching in any of the tax-supported institutions of the State of "Darwinism, atheism, agnosticism, or the theory of evolution in so far as it pertains to the origin of man." For a while the passage of the bill seemed imminent. It failed of passage by the narrow margin of one vote, only after Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, Dr. Charles S. McFarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, President Angell of Yale University, President Lowell of Harvard University, and a number of others, had telegraphed their protests.

The entire controversy emerges in the *New York Times* and may be followed there in its several aspects. Mr. Bryan opens the discussion with a paper on "God and Evolution." He is answered by Henry Fairfield Os-

born, President of the American Museum of Natural History, and by Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology in Princeton University.

Mr. Bryan's first objection to Darwinism is that "it is only a guess and was never anything more. It is called a 'hypothesis,' but the word 'hypothesis,' tho euphonious, dignified and high-sounding, is merely a scientific synonym for the old-fashioned word 'guess.' Even Darwin admits that his central ideas are only hypotheses." The second objection to Darwinism, Mr. Bryan continues, is that "it has not one syllable in the Bible to support it." The third objection is that "neither Darwin nor his supporters have been able to find a fact in the universe to support their hypothesis. With millions of species, the investigators have not been able to find *one single instance* in which one species has changed into another, altho, according to the hypothesis, *all* species have developed from one or a few germs of life, the development being through the action of 'resident forces' and without outside aid." The fourth objection voiced by Mr. Bryan is that Darwinism is not only without foundation, but compels its believers to resort to explanations that are more absurd than anything found in the "Arabian Nights." He cites in this connection the argument that the eye was brought out by "the light beating on the skin"; the ear came out in response to "air waves"; the leg is the development of a wart that chanced to appear on the belly of an animal. "The tommyrot runs on *ad infinitum*, and sensible people are asked to swallow it."

Proceeding to speak of what he regards as the harmful side of Darwinism, Mr. Bryan says: "Evolution naturally leads to agnosticism and, if continued, finally to atheism. Those who teach Darwinism are undermining the faith of Christians; they are raising questions about the Bible as an authoritative source of truth; they are teach-





*Photograph by Van der Weyde*

#### THE CHAMPION OF EVOLUTION

In reply to William Jennings Bryan's charge that "neither Darwin nor his supporters have been able to find a fact in the universe to support their hypothesis," Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, makes the statement: "Evolution in 1863 rested on the indirect or circumstantial evidence presented by Darwin, while in 1922 it is the most firmly established truth in the natural universe."

ing materialistic views that rob the life of the young of spiritual values." He continues:

"Our opponents are not fair. When we find fault with the teaching of Darwin's unsupported hypothesis, they talk about Copernicus and Galileo and ask whether we shall exclude science and return to the dark ages. Their evasion is a confession of weakness. We do not ask for the exclusion of any scientific truth, but we do protest against an atheist teacher being allowed to blow his guesses in the face of the student. The Christians who want to teach religion in their schools furnish the money for denominational institutions. If atheists want to teach atheism, why do they not build their own schools and employ their own teachers? If a man really believes that he has brute blood in him, he can teach that to his children at home or he can send them to atheistic schools, where his children will not be in danger of losing their brute philosophy, but why should he be allowed to deal with other people's children as if they were little monkeys?"

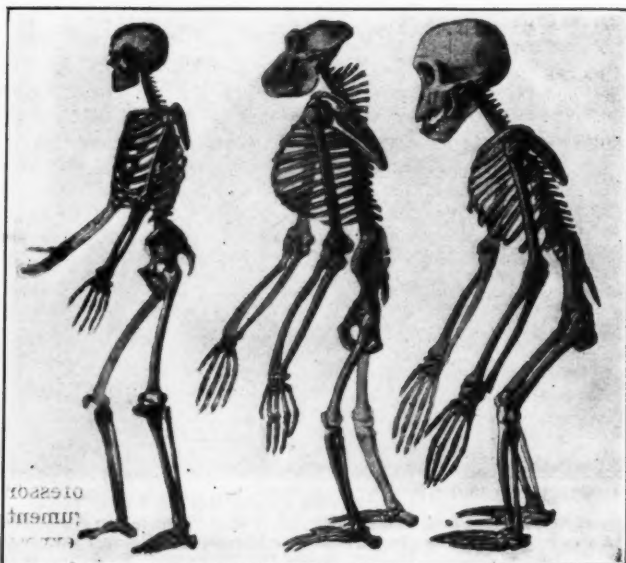
On all of this Professor Conklin makes the comment that Mr. Bryan is an untrustworthy witness and "offers no new evidences whatever for reopening a case which in the court of intelligent opinion throughout the world has been closed for nearly half a century." Professor Osborn is no less emphatic in his statement that the theory of evolution is "the most firmly established truth in the natural universe," and that we shall have to accept it, regardless of its effect.

Applying himself, first of all, to the spiritual side of the argument, Professor Osborn denies that evolution ends in

atheism. "We naturalists," he says, "may accept as transcendent teaching that the universe is by no means the result of accident or chance, but of an omnipresent beauty and order, in the Old Testament attributed to Jehovah, in our language to God. Evolution by no means takes God out of the universe, as Mr. Bryan supposes, but it greatly increases both the wonder, the mystery, and the marvelous order which we call 'Natural Law,' pervading all Nature."

When he turns to the workings of natural law, Professor Osborn feels that his case is even stronger. "We are now able," he asserts, "to assemble and place in order line after line of animals in their true evolutionary succession, extending, in the case of what I have called the edition de luxe of the horses, over millions of years. We speak of the earth from Eocene times onward to the closing age of man, and it always teaches us exactly the same story." The argument proceeds:

"The very recent discovery of Tertiary



From Haeckel's "Last Words on Evolution"

**THE SKELETAL EVIDENCE IN BEHALF OF EVOLUTION**  
No one denies the resemblance of the skeletons of man, gorilla and chimpanzee, here shown from left to right. The question at issue is: Have the three a common ancestry?



THE GRADED BUSTS THAT ENRAGE ALFRED MCCANN

These busts were made by J. H. McGregor for the American Museum of Natural History, and represent (from left to right) the "Trinil Ape Man," the "Neanderthal Man" and the "Cro-Magnon Man." They are supposed to illustrate the growing intelligence of prehistoric man, but, as a matter of actual fact, Alfred W. McCann contends in his new book, "God—or Gorilla," they illustrate nothing except the imagination of their creator.

man [the Foxhall man], living long before the Ice Age, certainly capable of walking in an erect position, having a hand and a foot fashioned like our own, also a brain of sufficient intelligence to fashion many different kinds of implements, to make a fire, to make flint tools which may have been used for the dressing of hides as clothing, constitutes the most convincing answer to Mr. Bryan's call for more evidence. . . .

"Nearer to us is the Piltdown man, found not far from seventy-five miles to the southwest of Ipswich, England; still nearer in geologic time is the Heidelberg man, found on the Neckar River; still nearer is the Neanderthal man, whom we now know all about—his frame, his head form, his industries, his ceremonial burial of the dead, also evidence of his belief in a future existence; nearer still is the Cro-Magnon man, who lived about 30,000 years ago, our equal if not our superior in intelligence. This chain of human ancestors was totally unknown to Darwin. He could not have even dreamed of such a flood of proof and truth. It is a dramatic circumstance that Darwin had with in his reach the head of the Neanderthal man without realizing that it constituted the 'missing link' between man and the lower order of creation. All this evidence is to-day within reach of every schoolboy. It is at the service of Mr. Bryan. It will, we are convinced, satisfactorily answer in the negative his question: 'Is it not more rational to believe in the creation of man

by separate act of God than to believe in evolution without a particle of evidence?'"

It is worth noting, however, as Mr. McCann notes, in his sensational book "God—or Gorilla," that Professor Osborn, in another mood, can refer to the "scarcity" of the remains illustrating human evolution. The best part of Mr. McCann's argument is inspired by the indignation that he says that he felt when he faced four glass cases which stand in the Hall of the Ages of Man in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. These glass cases bring together carefully-graded busts fashioned by Prof. J. H. McGregor under Professor Osborn's inspiration. Mr. McCann is so far from accepting the evidence that they claim to offer that he spends chapter after chapter in forceful efforts to undermine their authority. He may, or may not, establish his contentions in regard to the "Trinil Ape-Man," the "Neanderthal Man," the "Cro-Magnon Man," and the other reconstructions on which Professor Osborn rests so much of his argument, but he positively succeeds in exposing what even Osborn admits are "radical differences of opinion" among evolutionary thinkers regarding the most vital points in their faith.

In every discussion of the question of evolution it is necessary to stress the point that "Darwinism" and "evolution" are two different things. Evolution, or the "doctrine of descent," comprises the facts and principles which go to show that the various kinds of living things have not always existed as we find them now, but have developed from remote common ancestors. "Darwinism," on the other hand, is an account of the way species differentiate. The two main ideas associated with Darwinism are "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest." The first has to do with varia-

tions that are due to congenital factors; that is, to hereditary influences that are not directly or indirectly induced by external influences. The second is a result of the fact that overproduction is universal in the biological world.

The doctrine that every living creature has a common ancestry has not been proved. In a broader sense, however, the *idea* of evolution was never more alive than at the present time. Dr. Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, cites in this connection the evidence offered by embryology. "That every individual man has been physically developed out of previous animal forms is neither guess, hypothesis, nor deduction. It is a fact taking place every day and observable and observed by students of life." He goes on to say:

"I am not sure what the gentleman who introduced the Kentucky bill meant by it. If it really forbids the schools to teach evolution it forbids them to teach God's way of doing things. It forbids them to teach Christ's parable of 'The Seed Growing Secretly'; it forbids them to teach their pupils how the seeds they sow in spring grow to fruitful harvests in the fall; how the group of pioneers who landed on these shores four hundred years ago—Puritans in New England, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Roman Catholics in Delaware, Episcopalians in Virginia, Huguenots in the Carolinas—have grown into this great free commonwealth; how out of the pictured letters on Egyptian tombs have grown the great libraries of Rome, Paris, London and Washington; how out of the first teaching of little children at their mother's knees have grown the great universities and the great public school systems of Christendom; how the life of justice, mercy and reverent fellowship with God which we call Christianity has grown from the manger at Bethlehem and the empty tomb at Jerusalem."



From Haeckel's "Last Words on Evolution"

#### WHAT EMBRYOLOGY SHOWS

We see here, from left to right, the embryos of a bat, a gibbon and a human being at corresponding stages of development. This picture surely establishes the truth of one kind of evolution.



## PREACHING BY WIRELESS

THE new science of wireless telephony is now being harnessed in the service of religion. We read in the newspapers of a pastor in Montclair, New Jersey, who recently delivered sermons which were broadcast by radiotelephone, and who has received letters containing money from persons who "listened in" at distant points. In another case, a group of listeners at a "radio service" took up a collection "so that it might seem more like the real thing." How long will it be, asks the *Christian Advocate* (New York), before a bishop can stand at an instrument in a central radio station and preach a sermon which will be heard by every congregation in his area, and by those stay-at-homes who will take the trouble to listen? This has a fantastic sound, but the facts of to-day were fantasies yesterday.

The mechanics of the new process are explained in an article by Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., in the *Catholic World* (New York). Dr. Coakley is speaking of the use of the radiophone in Old St. Patrick's Church, in the down-town section of the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, during a mission by Paulist fathers a few months ago:

"Through an arrangement with the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburgh, their wireless broadcasting station, known internationally as K D K A, installed a wireless telephone in the pulpit of the Church. The installation itself is practically invisible. It is not apparent to those in church unless attention is especially directed to it, being no more than a very small transmitter, about the size of the mouthpiece of the modern telephone, suspended from the small lamp used to light the reading desk of the pulpit; hence, there is nothing spectacular or worldly about it. This is mentioned to forestall any objection upon the part of the devout, the ultra-rubrical or the meticulous that the pulpit is being used for something savoring of the theatrical. The few, and small, batteries and the wireless technicians were placed in a room back of the church, unseen and unknown to the congregation."

On the second day after the use of the wireless telephone, Dr. Coakley goes on to record, inquiries began to come to the Rector of the Church from distant points. Some persons forty miles away journeyed to Pittsburgh and sought out the Missionary Fathers for further personal instruction preparatory to becoming converts. Others, having heard the instruction on "Confession," were led to receive the Sacraments. Non-Catholics in cities 400 miles away wrote in for literature. Comments and appreciations were received from Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Iowa, North Carolina, Florida, Texas and Canada.

Dr. Coakley prophesies that, in a few years, wireless telephone receiving instruments will be as common as victrolas or Ford cars.

"Behold, now is the acceptable time' for the Catholic Church to rise to this great and unique occasion, before the privilege is entirely preempted by those outside the Faith, and not allow the wireless telephone, like the classics of the English language, to be used as the medium of heresy. The Catholic Church should erect a powerful wireless telephone transmitting station, and give out to the listening world every night at regularly scheduled hours a sermon or an instruction on the truths of the Catholic Church. One person, in this manner, could reach untold millions at the very poles of the world. It would be the super-International Catholic Truth Society. A swift reply could be made to every calumny against the Church; rural and outlying districts and distant missions could be put in touch with the intellectual claims and the moral grandeur of the Church in a way undreamed of hitherto, and independent of weather conditions and of transportation facilities, the seed of further conversions could be sown and scattered wherever human beings congregate. The missions in the Far East could be put in immediate contact with the pulsing heart of Christendom, and the Holy Father, from the Chair of Peter, could address all his faithful children spread over the world, using his own august voice, thus welding the Catholic body together in a more intimate unity

than ever before in history. The burning sands of the Sahara, the frozen steppes of Alaska, the jungle fastnesses of India, the inaccessible gorges of the Himalayas, the serene calm of the mountain shepherd hut, as well as the far-flung congregations aboard ocean liners, lashed by the angry seas, could all be put in touch with Christ's truth instantaneously and simultaneously, since the wireless telephone leaps over all barriers of time and space."

All this has its fascination, but the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Chicago, strikes a dissenting note. "We are loath," it says, "to believe that radio preaching will ever become popular or successful. The fad will soon blow over." It continues: "Any general adoption of the radiophone would be a positive disservice. One cannot worship over a telephone wire."

## WAS MRS. EDDY A PLAGIARIST?

**N**O evidence is available to prove that Mrs. Eddy taught or practiced anything resembling Christian Science before her memorable meeting with Quimby. There is much available evidence to show that long before he met Mrs. Eddy or was aware of her existence, Quimby anticipated the fundamentals of her "Science and Health." For instance, we find Quimby, over two years before he ever heard of Mrs. Eddy, denying the reality of disease, which he pronounced an error of the patient's thought, and affirming that matter is nothing. "If you are told," we find Quimby writing early in 1860, "that you have 'consumption,' this belief is matter under the direction of error, and as it is put into practice it changes the mind so that the idea of consumption is thrown off from the belief. If you are excited by any other belief, you throw off all the misery that follows your belief. For instance, you are made to believe you are not so good as you ought to be; your belief puts restrictions on your life, and, as it is a burden to you, it makes you throw off a shadow that contains the punishment of your disobedience. This makes you another character and you are not the happy child of Wisdom." This is a characteristic quotation from the famous Quimby manuscripts.

The very existence of these manuscripts has been denied by some parties to the Quimby-Eddy controversy, but at last they are permitted to see the light of day in a volume just issued

through the Crowells by the eminent advocate of "New Thought," Doctor Horatio W. Dresser.\* The history of these manuscripts has been romantic enough hitherto, but now it promises to be sensational. They comprize the most amazing charge of plagiarism ever made, involving such possibilities as that the fundamentals of Christian Science, taught by Mrs. Eddy, were taken over bodily from Phineas Parkhurst Quimby. Mrs. Eddy later insisted that Quimby was "a magnetic practitioner" and that it "never occurred" to her "to learn his practice," but three weeks after she saw Quimby we have her saying, in the outburst of her enthusiasm and gratitude towards him:

"I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth, which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (altho he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the key-note for the

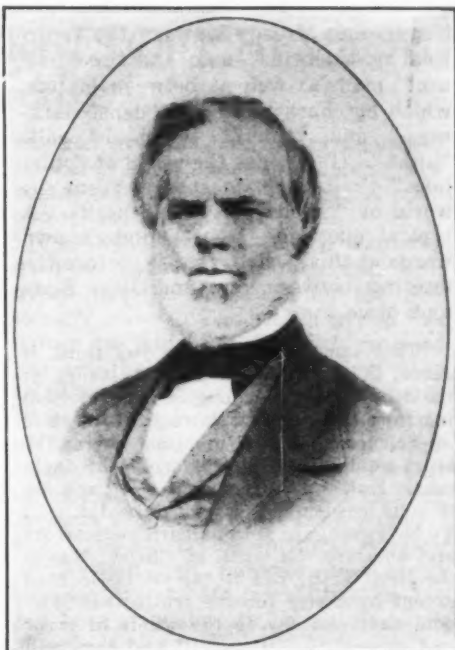
\* THE QUIMBY MANUSCRIPTS. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Crowell.

master hand to wake the harmony. May it be in essays instead of notes! say I. After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages."

This does not at all agree with what Mrs. Eddy wrote many years later when she said Quimby got his ideas from her. As Quimby could have got nothing from Mrs. Eddy before he met her or knew of her existence, Doctor Dresser gives much space to those expositions of the Quimby metaphysical or mind-healing system which were made prior to the year 1862. Quimby had investigated such things as hypnotism, clairvoyance, spirit rappings and mesmerism, and abandoned them all as therapeutic agencies. They were all to him forms of self-deception. For his cures he had come to rely upon the spiritual force employed by Jesus through the Christ power. "The truth," to use his own phrase, "is the cure." To quote Quimby's own words almost at random from the mass of his correspondence prior to his knowledge of Mrs. Eddy's existence:

"Eighteen hundred years ago, there was a man called Jesus who, the Christian says, came from heaven . . . to tell man that if he would conform to certain rules and regulations he could go to heaven when he died; but if he refused to obey them he must go to hell. Now, of course, the people could not believe it merely because he said so . . . so it was necessary to give some proof that he came from God. Now, what proof was required by the religious world? It must be some miracle or something that the people could not understand. So he cured the lame, made the dumb speak, etc. The multitude was his judge and they could not account for all that he did: then he must come from God. Now, does it follow? . . . I have no doubt that he cured. But his cures were no proof that he came from God, any more than mine are, nor did he believe it. . . . Jesus was endowed with wisdom from the scientific world or God, not of this world. Nor can he be explained by the natural man. . . . His God fills all space. His wisdom is eternal life, with no death about it. . . .

"Jesus knew all this. No man was able



THE HEALER TO WHOM MRS. EDDY WROTE  
SONNETS

An idea prevails that Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was a magnetic healer, but he had passed through all the usual phases of the student of the occult and before he met Mrs. Eddy he came to the conclusion that God is the divine principle of all healing and elaborated that view in his correspondence and papers.

to break the seal or unlock the secret of health. . . . Wisdom, seeing the groans of the sick, acted upon this man Jesus and opened his eyes to Truth. Thus the heavens were opened to him. He saw this Truth or Science descend, and he understood it. Then came his temptation: if he would listen to the people and become king they would all receive him. This he would not do. But to become a teacher of the poor and sick would be very unpopular. . . . He chose the latter, and went forth teaching and curing all sorts of diseases in the name of this Wisdom, and calling on all men everywhere to repent, believe and be saved from the priests and doctors, who bound burdens on the people."

Before he met Mrs. Eddy, Quimby, in the light of these manuscripts of his, is found relying upon God as the divine principle of all healing. He is also dis-

tinguishing already between the "spiritual or scientific" man and the "natural" man, as well as between matter, which he characterizes as "dense darkness," and "spirit," which he calls "light." He divides the world of "opinions," limited in its sphere, from the world of "Science," with no limits. A typical quotation from Quimby's own words at this period, that is, before the meeting between him and Mrs. Eddy took place, runs:

"This same Christ, whom you think is Jesus, is the same Christ that stands at the door of your dwelling or belief, knocking to come in and sit down with the child of Science that has been led astray by blind guides into the wilderness of darkness. Now wake from your sleep and see if your wisdom is not of this world. . . . To be born again is to unlearn your errors and embrace the truth of Christ: this is the new birth, and it cannot be learned except by desire for the truth, that Wisdom that can say to the winds of error and superstition 'Be still!' and they will obey."

"It is not a very easy thing to forsake every established opinion and become a persecuted man for this Truth's sake, for the benefit of the poor and sick."

The impressions derived by Mrs. Eddy herself from her personal contact with Quimby are set forth in her own words at the time and these words, as already noted, do not correspond with what she wrote years later in the authorized literature of the church she founded and ruled until her death.

In the year following her meeting with Quimby, she writes that "he stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth." Christ healed the sick, she adds, but not by jugglery or drugs and, comparing him with the founder of Christianity, she says of Quimby that "he heals as never man healed since Christ." Is not Quimby then, she inquires, "identified with truth and is not this the Christ which is in him?" We have her saying all this in 1862 or 1863, the former year being especially memorable in her spiritual growth for reasons set forth by herself with particular reference to what she had

learned from Quimby. That she was learning to heal in Quimby's way as late as 1864 is shown by her own statement in that year of her "pupilage" to him. She refers to him again as her "teacher." Two weeks after her fall on the ice in 1866—the exact date is heralded as the one upon which she discovered Christian Science—we have Mrs. Eddy referring in a Lynn, Massachusetts, newspaper to Quimby as one "who healed with the truth that Christ taught, in contradistinction to all isms." Here is the conclusion of the whole matter in the opinion of Doctor Dresser, who gives all these manuscripts to the world:

"There is no reason for believing that her attitude toward him changed in any way until sometime in 1872. He was to her the modern representative of the great saving truths taught by Jesus. He had developed the method by which those truths could once more be applied to the healing of the sick. Her own necessity had proved the efficacy of that method anew. There was no reason for any revelation. There was no reason for any kind of claim in her own behalf. Her revelation was simply this: that when hard pressed she too could demonstrate the wisdom and power of the Science which Quimby had taught. It always comes to a person with the force of a revelation when one realizes that it is within one's power actually to apply a line of teaching which hitherto has seemed so wonderful that apparently its discoverer is the only person who can demonstrate it. This proof of his teaching was precisely what Dr. Quimby hoped his followers would make. For, as we have noted, he himself made no special claims. He knew that his teaching, fundamentally speaking, was eternally true. He knew that it was all to be found in the Bible. What he had discovered was a new key to unlock supposed mysteries which had been kept from the world throughout the Christian centuries. Years of experience were required on Dr. Quimby's part to work out this Science and to prove its efficacy. Quimby's followers really demonstrated it for themselves only so far as they added to the great work wrought for them by Quimby the personal proof which experience must give. Mrs. Eddy's case was no exception."



## GUARDING THE SECRETS OF CHEMICAL WARFARE

IT remains a sinister anomaly to the *British Medical Journal* (London) that while the Washington conference discussed control of preparations for war there should have been an apparent quickening of interest in chemical means of destruction. There is, it fears, a tacit conspiracy in the war departments of all governments to keep the secrets of chemical warfare and to make the most of them.

This policy of secrecy concerning gas warfare, it adds, resulted in a veil being drawn across the stage of war and only little by little is this veil lifted. Even when all the official histories are printed, it is not likely that the whole story will be told. We shall know only enough to study the great medical problems involved. Secrecy was a wise precaution when our defence against gas was inadequate and a necessity as regards our own preparations for using the same weapon. That it hampered medical treatment of the casualties and led to an unnecessary prolongation of convalescence is equally undoubted.

The first employment of poison gas was by means of cloud attacks. Chlorine and, later, a mixture of chlorine and bromide, was liberated from cylinders and carried down wind to the opposing lines. This method of attack was gradually replaced by gas shell, whereby a variety of poisons could be used, the direction of the wind could largely be ignored, and a very high concentration of gas could be obtained on a distant target. Phosgene and other toxic substances with a similar action—notably chloropicrin—were at first the usual filling for gas shells; but the introduction of "mustard gas" in July, 1917, marked the point when chemical warfare began to be a definite factor as regards the number of casualties. Up to that time gas warfare, tho harassing to troops from the need for constant vigilance, caused a proportionately small number of casualties; but after

mustard gas was freely used casualties increased enormously in numbers, and began to influence the problem of manpower very considerably.

The lethal gases or lung irritants, such as chlorine and phosgene, produced their main effects on the pulmonary alveoli. The second group was named the vesicants, of which mustard gas was the outstanding member. The third, consisting of the arsine preparations, was employed in the closing phase of the war and was the least effective weapon in the production of serious casualties, altho the effects were immediate and for a short time stupefying. The secrets of chemical warfare are so well kept, however, that about this last group of gases little has so far been published in accessible literature.

Mustard gas produces a chemical burn, affecting any portion of the body with which either the vapor or the fluid itself comes into contact. The effects are delayed; usually they commence six or eight hours after exposure. Then an acute inflammatory process begins, and this, if not checked, is followed by a bacterial invasion, the organisms common to the area affected multiplying on the pabulum of dead tissues provided and setting up their characteristic lesions. The eyes, the skin and the airway are all accessible to the direct action of this poison, and consequently suffer. Tho masks can save from respiratory or ocular troubles, the skin is in no way protected, and as mustard gas—a fluid with a high boiling point—can remain active on the ground for days, troops moving over a contaminated area will be exposed to the danger of burns for days after the shelling. Some individuals show a burn after an exposure of five seconds to air saturated with vapor, others show none after an exposure of five minutes, while among negroes 70 per cent. are resistant to a 1 per cent. solution.

There is little doubt that if the secrecy with which chemical warfare is now invested were done away with, the utility of the poison gases to a belligerent would be immensely reduced. As it is, there is a well defined suspicion that recent expenditures by certain governments upon what is so euphemistically called "science" are developments of chemical warfare for a future struggle that may exceed in barbarism all that has ever yet been recorded of poi-

son gas. A simple test will determine the matter. All chemistry under the patronage of governments should be under the rule the chancelleries affect to apply to China—that of the open door. The idea of a secret science is abhorrent to the spirit of the age and in the opinion of our contemporary it hampers the development of medicine. There is already too much reason to suspect that chemistry is being transformed into a system of militarist privilege.

## THE BASIS OF IRRATIONAL FEARS

THE irrational fear is in most cases the expression of an unsuccessful attempt to evade the real fear. The problem is relegated to depths below our conscious self and is there dealt with on lines that we recognize as belonging to the mode of thought of the child or primitive man. Such is the view of Doctor F. A. Hampton, writing in *London Discovery*. Fear, he feels confident, with its accompanying instincts of flight and concealment, is primarily a self-protective measure called out by the presence or approach of danger. The attendant physical reactions, the quickened heart-beat, the deepened respirations, the sweating and the increased tension of the muscles are preparations for the activity of flight.

Yet there are fears in which there is nothing in the way of protective defense, for the exciting cause may contain no real element of danger. Hence the emotion evoked is altogether disproportionate to the cause. We are tempted to call such fears irrational. Nevertheless, if we examine them carefully, we find that, however odd they may seem, they are the result of a connected and logical train of thought. The logic may be childish and the sufferer may be unaware of the lines along which the fear is formulated. The dread appears as an isolated thing, inexplicable and mysterious. Poe has pointed out in one of his tales the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis—the consciousness of

one's superstition serves at times actually to increase the intensity of its emotional state. It is true that the intensification of the emotional state adds to the protective quality of the ensuing physical symptoms in the case of fears that are soundly based. But an increasing number of our fears seem to have no defensive qualities whatever, to be of no use to us. The fear of darkness has still a protective value among primitive tribes, liable to night raids from hostile neighbors, and who compete with the nocturnal carnivora. The man who wandered care-free in the dark was a type likely to be eliminated by natural selection. So the old mode of reaction lingers on, and we see in the monsters with which a child peoples the darkness an unconscious recollection of ancestral enemies.

The fear of open spaces is one which few normal people would admit, yet many of us, in crossing a wide, snow-covered field or a bare plain, may have caught in ourselves a tendency to glance backwards occasionally over our shoulder and felt a slight feeling of relief on reaching the "shelter" of the hedges and broken ground. And no one, in selecting a table in an empty or half-empty restaurant, hesitates to prefer one against the wall to one in the center of the room.

"If we analyze a little this uneasiness called out by open spaces, it resolves itself into a feeling of being unprotected, espe-

cially from behind, and perhaps it is not altogether fanciful to see ourselves reacting here as primitive man, with his relatively inferior powers of flight, would and does react when caught at a disadvantage in the open. In this situation there is probably a secondary factor in operation, for man is a gregarious animal and liable to an acute feeling of uneasiness when separated from the protection of the herd. In the choice of a 'sheltered' position for meals we have, perhaps, a faint relic of that feeling of shame that many primitive tribes still attach to the act of eating, a feeling probably derived from the fact that the animal when preoccupied with the physiological functions, such as nutrition, excretion and reproduction, is relatively defenceless, and for greater safety tends to carry them out in concealment."

The origin of the fear of heights seems almost to elude explanation. It has been referred somewhat fancifully to an instinct inherited from an arboreal ancestor. An origin has also been looked for in the fear of falling from the nurse's arms, a relatively tremendous height to a baby. The fear of heights is for the majority excited most keenly on the top of a tower. The feeling of fear is connected not only with the actual height, but also with the immensity and emptiness of surrounding space which evokes more than a hint of the terror of the infinite. For ninety-nine people out of a hundred there is, in an aeroplane, no fear of the sensation of height, unless it comes when alongside a bank of solid seeming clouds or flying low near tall buildings. This fear of heights is most intense and seems to afflict civilized man more than children or primitive races, so that we are tempted to associate it with a widely developed consciousness and to suspect that perhaps it reflects some inward sense of littleness and insecurity.

The classification of the processes by which an irrational fear may arise is necessarily artificial, for several may contribute to a given case as is shown by the following example:

"A young married woman developed rather suddenly an intolerable fear of be-

ing alone in a room. She could give no reason for it, except that she had been slightly nervous in a similar way as a child, after she had been frightened by an old man peering through the window. She said that she had no cause to be afraid of anything. On examining the fear more closely, she could only add that she felt as tho 'something would happen' to her if she continued to stay in the room. On being asked to let her mind go free and try to imagine what might happen to her, she produced slowly and with long pauses the following picture: 'I feel as tho the floor might open up. And now I see a square opening, lined with bricks; it is very deep and there is dark, muddy water at the bottom of it. (*Long pause.*) There is someone at the bottom who wants to pull me in. I can't see who it is. . . . Now I can see . . . it's M.' M. was a man with whom she had been on affectionate terms before her marriage; he had lately reappeared in her life, but she 'had tried to keep him out of her thoughts.' She had been warned that she would 'get into deep water' if she had anything to do with him.

"It took considerable time to analyze this vision, but eventually it was found that the brick lining and the water suggested a disused shaft of which she had been afraid as a child, for a small boy had been drowned in it, and his fate had been held up to her as a warning 'because he ought not to have gone there, but he had been tempted by the chestnuts that were lying about.' The fear of yielding to temptation (which implies a forbidden wish) and the resultant scandal and disaster were symbolized by falling or being dragged into the muddy well in which the little boy had been drowned—a little boy who, to her childish eyes, had been thus terribly punished for yielding to temptation. The localization of the fear in the closed room was determined partly by the reactivation of a childish fear and partly by the feeling of being 'hemmed in' that corresponded to the conditions of marriage hampering her freedom. She was afraid of being alone because only if alone with the man would she be in danger of that intimacy that she both desired and feared. The symptomatic fear disappeared in this case, as it often does, so soon as its meaning was realized."

## THE AIRPLANE AS THE CONQUEROR OF THE INSECT

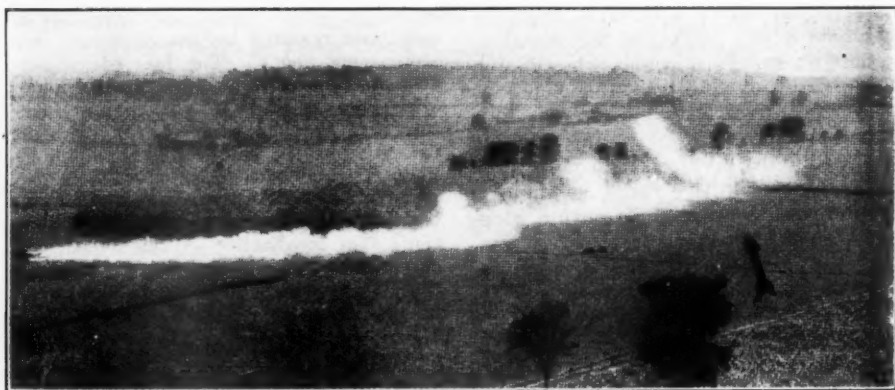
**R**ECENT successful use of the flying machine in dusting tall trees infested with leaf-eating caterpillars makes it reasonably certain that the airplane will in the near future control if not exterminate forest insects. This is the confident opinion of C. R. Neillie and J. S. Houser, writing in the *National Geographic Magazine* in the light of experience gained during an outbreak of the Catalpa Sphinx at Troy, Ohio, not far from Dayton. This insect, in the adult stage, is a large night-flying moth which lays its eggs in pearly white masses on the leaves of the catalpa tree. The creature presented an insoluble problem to the economic entomologist until the airplane was requisitioned.

The eggs of the moth give rise within a few days to tiny larvae which feed upon the foliage and which, upon reaching maturity, are some three inches long. They then pass to the ground, burrow down and transform to the pupal stage. From these pupae emerge the adult moths, which proceed to lay their eggs for another brood of

destructive caterpillars. About a month is required for the stages from egg to moth. Last year there occurred in Ohio three full broods or crops of the caterpillars, each sufficiently plentiful to defoliate the grove in which they appeared. Some groves put out three full crops of foliage and each in turn was wholly consumed by the ravenous worms.

The work with the airplane was directed against the second brood of caterpillars. The plane used was a Curtiss J N 6, equipped with a hopper for carrying and liberating the poison powder. At the bottom was secured a sliding gate operated by a handle accessible to the observer in the plane.

Upon leaving the hopper the dust dropped into the "slip stream"—the violent air current set up by the revolving propeller—and was thrown into violent agitation in a dense white cloud which trailed out behind the moving plane as if the machine were on fire and belching white smoke. The catalpa grove in which the dusting was done lay on level ground and had been



From the *National Geographic Magazine*.

Photograph by Captain A. W. Stevens.

### THE DUST CLOUD INVADING THE GROVE

A three-angled battle was waged for the control of the dust after the release of the poison powder from the airplane. Gravity tried to pull it down; the "booster currents" tried to toss it upward, and the surface stratum of air or wind blowing in the direction indicated by the arrow endeavored to carry it over and through the grove. The last named of the combatants won, for the entire grove was covered by the dust.



planted for the growing of post and pole timber. The poison was well applied between three and four o'clock on an August afternoon last year in almost ideal weather conditions. The plane flew at a speed of some eighty miles an hour. The dense cloud of poison dust was grasped by the wind and floated through and over the grove, covering the foliage in its passage. It was feared that the dust might all settle on the trees in the immediate neighborhood. To the surprise of the aviators and experts in charge, they noticed that little currents of air which they termed "booster currents" were rising in the grove. These had a tendency to toss the settling dust cloud upward, whereupon it would be "grasped" by the wind blowing parallel to the earth's surface and thus carried onward, even to and far beyond the far side of the grove. Not a tree could be found—and many were climbed and examined—whose leaves did not bear particles of the deadly poison, easily detected by the naked eye.

"On the morning following the application of the dust some of the caterpillars were dead and many were ailing. Forty-six hours after, the evidences of the wholesale destruction of the insects were everywhere apparent.

"Hanging on the branches and remnants of foliage, on fence posts and weeds; lying on the forest floor and secreted beneath its refuge were literally millions of the insects. Not a step could be taken without crushing numbers of them, some of which already had begun to putrefy."

Large sheets had been spread beneath the trees to record the dead caterpillars as they fell. On five square feet of one of the sheets 100 dead insects were counted. Not over 1 per cent. of the caterpillars remained alive on the trees, and the minute observations and notes by the experts who witnessed the test preclude the idea that the destruction of the insects could be attributed to any other agency than the poison.

## BIOLOGICAL NECESSITY OF SAVAGERY IN CIVILIZED COMMUNITIES

A COMMON fallacy in the thinking of numerous theorists lies in ignoring the biological checks upon the development of virtue and intelligence. The individual who has achieved intellectual emancipation sometimes tends to judge society as a whole in terms properly applicable only to a few and to think that the evils of ignorance and superstition may eventually be cast off by everyone. Then, with reason at the helm of life, all will be well with mankind. Thus runs the argument.

The facts seem to indicate to Doctor Wesley Raymond Wells, of Colby College, who writes in the *Monist* (Chicago), that reason is relatively sterile in the biological sense and that it is incapable of propagating itself exten-

sively enough to become universal. The great intellects of history, the Platos, the Kants and the Newtons, have been childless. The intellectual and highly educated classes have always tended to be somewhat infertile. The population is, as a general rule, being constantly recruited most plentifully from the less intelligent portions of society. Wisdom is hard pressed to maintain itself biologically. In several ways, therefore, it is obvious that human nature itself limits the prospect of indefinite human progress.

Progress is limited also by inanimate nature. When theorists lay the blame for human suffering wholly upon the shoulders of certain "unjust" classes of society, or upon defects in the educational system, or upon some other social

imperfection, they are apt to assume erroneously that, if only justice among men prevailed, nothing would remain to mar the picture of perfect happiness. A truly biological view of human life corrects such an assumption.

"The most fundamental law of the animate world is one of prolific multiplication far beyond the capacity of the environment to supply food. This law applies to man no less than to the lower animals. Of course, through the proper application of science to nature, the physical needs of an enormous population can be supplied. I would not argue specifically, as Malthus did, that the needs of the increasing population for food are constantly exceeding the food supply; but I would point out that this is the universal tendency in the world of life below man, and I would apply the principle more broadly in the human sphere, not limiting it merely to the question of food, since 'man does not live by bread alone.'

"Is inanimate nature limitless in resources and capable of furnishing sometime a perfect home for a perfect society? Was the physical world made especially for man's benefit and enjoyment? Has mankind any inherent right to demand life and luxury from nature? From the biological view-point, the answer to all these questions is negative. Life seems like an intruder into the vast world of inanimate nature, which existed long before the appearance of life, and which will survive life's extinction. From the standpoint of the science, the physical universe is wholly indifferent to the vital needs of plants and animals. Living forms have simply thrust themselves into the cracks and crannies of nature, encroaching everywhere upon an alien world. Mankind is in no position of special privilege. Nature may yield an abundance to meet the needs of man, but only so far as man asserts himself in a ceaseless effort to get what he needs. It is a case of nature helping only those who help themselves. That human needs may all be completely satisfied some day from nature's storehouse is a proposition to be proved or disproved, but not to be assumed."

Instincts evolved in the jungle and tendencies bred in savagery constitute the fundamental material with which the sociologist must deal. If acquired

characteristics were hereditary, it would be possible for each generation to begin where the last left off, and to forge ahead rapidly. Many theories of rapid social progress assume unconsciously that this is possible. If the wholly educative effort of each generation might be expended in projecting the next generation forward, there would be no limit to the possibility of social advance. But a large part of the educative effort of each generation must be utilized in the never-ending process of bringing the new generation up from its original, primeval condition to the existing level of culture. Merely to maintain the present status of culture requires ceaseless effort, and relapse to the primitive is only too easy at any time and too rapid whenever it occurs. Each new generation begins, not at the stage of culture reached by the preceding generation, but at practically the same point at which the preceding generation started. Such a thing as a modern infant does not exist. An infant is no more modern or civilized in the twentieth century A. D. than was an infant in the twentieth century B. C. Moreover, each new generation has to begin as infants, not as adults.

Thus tho social progress is possible, a real Golden Age is impossible because each new generation must begin anew. In addition to this necessity, says Dr. Wells, there is inherent in human nature another and more serious limitation upon progress: "I refer to the persistence in human nature through the force of heredity of traits and tendencies which smack so strongly of jungle and of savage life that their adaptation to civilized conditions can never be made perfect. The first check on social progress due to causes inherent in human nature is thus the failure of civilization to maintain itself through hereditary transmission, while the second check is of just the opposite sort—the too strong persistence through heredity of uncivilized traits which hark back to the primitive and which cause maladjustments in refined society in spite of the best efforts of education."

## RAIN AS A MYSTERY

PROFESSOR W. J. HUMPHREYS, of the weather bureau, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, strange as it may seem, says it is difficult to explain the rain. The familiar explanation is that somehow the air is cooled until condensation occurs on the various nuclei present and that the larger of the droplets produced in this fashion fall to lower levels, thereby encountering many other particles and through coalescence with them growing into full-sized rain drops. The assumption always is that the larger of the droplets thus produced happen to be well up in the cloud.

This explanation, says Professor Humphreys, explains nothing. In the first place, there are so many nuclei present in the atmosphere—hundreds at least, and usually thousands to every cubic inch—that division of the condensed vapor between them leaves every one quite too minute to fall with any considerable velocity. Again, if a particle should fall in the manner supposed through a cloud even a mile thick and pick up everything in its path, it would still be a small drop. Rain is not formed in this simple manner.

The actual processes in the formation of rain are as follows:

1. For some reason, such as surface heating, a mountain in the wind's path, or convergence of different currents, the surface air is forced up to considerable heights. During this rise it gives up energy by expansion against the surrounding pressure and thereby cools.

2. As soon as the dew-point is passed, condensation begins on the innumerable nuclei present and a cloud is formed, the particles of which, being

heavier than equal volumes of air, slowly fall with reference to the atmosphere itself. That is, the rising current passes by the cloud particles to a greater or less extent however high they may be carried.

3. The lower cloud particles filter the air rising through them and thereby more or less clean it of dust motes and other nuclei. Hence the droplets formed in the rising air after this filtration grow much faster than they otherwise would.

4. Presently many of the larger droplets coalesce and become heavy enough to fall against the rising current.

A rising current that sustains cloud droplets until they have grown to falling size, and the automatic filtering of the ascending air by the cloud formed in it, thus appear to account for the formation of rain. Most of the drops, as they emerge from a cloud, are likely to have substantially the same size. This size is just sufficient to overcome the upward movement of the air in which they were formed.

Drops of the same size fall with the same speed and hence any two that happen to be close together are likely to remain so for a longer time than drops of unequal size and, falling side by side, the air tends to push them together just as passing boats are forced towards each other. The smallest drops—size 1, say—unite to form 2, and size 2 unite with each other to form size 4, and so on, doubling at each union. Hence we should expect more drops having the weights 1, 2, 4, 8 . . . than any intermediate values. This expectation has been fully verified by observations on all sorts of rains.

## CAN A MAN BE HIS OWN PSYCHO-ANALYST IN SICKNESS?

PERSONS suffering from morbid dread or any form of hysterical instability should not attempt to cure themselves by self-analysis, but

there are innumerable minor disabilities that may be removed or mitigated by self-examination in the light of the principles of psycho-analysis. So says

Dr. R. H. Hingley, the psychologist of Edinburgh University.\*

Such disabilities are lack of independence or its opposite, unwillingness to be advised, undue hesitation and vacillation, thoughtless impetuosity, obstinacy, procrastination, undue sensitiveness to the opinion of others, undue fear, reticence or self-disparagement.

It is not satisfactory to dismiss such things as mere habit or the effects of heredity. Heredity is probably as often an excuse as it is a cause. As for habit, its strength is commonly regarded as due to frequent repetition, but this is only partially true. For instance, a bank clerk who has worn the same type of collar for twenty years may not find it very difficult to substitute another style, but he simply dare not go to the office without a collar of some kind.

It is not merely the frequency of repetition that determines the strength of a habit, but the strength of the tendency which underlies it. In self-analysis, therefore, we must be on our guard against superficial explanations. It is not sufficient to explain our omission to do a certain thing by saying, "We forgot." We must ask "Why did we forget?" And to this question it is not sufficient to reply that we did not pay enough attention at the time that the engagement was made, or that we were overwhelmed with business when the time for keeping it arrived. We must go deeper still. Why did we not attend? Why did we manage to remember a dozen other things, of more trifling importance in spite of the demands that were being made upon us? And the answer is always that we were either not sufficiently interested, or there was something within us that made us want to forget.

The number and duration of physical disorders which may originate at the psychological level is endless. It includes many forms of asthma, hay fever, sore throat, difficult nasal breathing, stammering, headache, neurasthenia, backache, tender spine, weak heart,

faint attacks, spasmodic sneezing, hiccoughs, rapid respiration, gastro-intestinal disturbances, diabetes and even decay of the teeth.

What is called the "spirit" of the patient is an important factor that may be decisive in recovery. The patient may sincerely desire to be well but at the same time have unconscious tendencies to cling to his illness, perhaps because he enjoys the attention he gains by it or because it enables him to evade some demand that life is at the time making upon him. At one and the same moment it is possible for us to face a given problem in two contradictory ways. We may imagine that we are doing our utmost, but all the time secret fears and hidden desires may be dividing our strength. We may be sure that any task which requires constant renewal of resolution is not receiving our undivided attention. It is not until the task absorbs us by its own compelling interest—until all else is forgotten—that it is calling out our real best. It often happens that such an interest is elicited subsequently when by an effort of will we take up an uncongenial piece of work. The one way to succeed with a disagreeable task is to eliminate the secret fears and the hidden interests that distract and divide.

Some may suspect that all this introspection and analysis tend only to further division and weakness. The awful fate of Hamlet looms as a warning.

"Introspection," says Dr. Hingley, "has its dangers. Persons of a brooding disposition, or unstable emotions, will be wise to avoid it unless under the guidance of a skilled analyst. We may compare a person beginning such a course to a man who, having learnt golf unaided and being dissatisfied with his progress, turns to an expert for instruction. The immediate effect is an apparent deterioration in his play. The effort to remember how he shall hold his head and his club and what he is to do with his feet, makes him forget to keep his eye on the ball. But if he perseveres in following the instructions the result is usually a vast improvement in his play.

\* PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. By R. H. Hingley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.



In the same way, 'the remedy,' says Tansley, 'for the evils brought upon man by his increased self-consciousness is, then, to increase it still further, but always in the light of objective knowledge.' There are two rules which the self-analyst should bear in mind. The first is—let your introspection be progressive. Do not 'stew' continually over your faults and failings, but find their causes. The second rule is—see that thought leads to action. In the early stages there should be no hurry about this, but if it does not eventually lead to a stronger, calmer and more effective attitude to the problems of life, it is because some tendency or group of tendencies has evaded discovery."

First of all, one should examine and interpret carefully a few of his own dreams. This will bring to light certain tendencies which are not obtaining full satisfaction in the waking life.

If the tendencies revealed can be satisfied without violation to the moral sense or within the means at one's disposal, well and good. If not, repression should not be attempted but rather what is called sublimation. The new object attained through sublimation—

going from a lower to a higher one—must stand in some definite relation to what is discarded. A low desire based on avarice or ambition of the purely selfish sort can be overcome by sublimation in the direction of art, literature, science, politics and so on.

The most important thing is for a man to find out by self-analysis the general nature of his attitude towards life. Is it cautious and timid? Is it rebellious or rash or cynical? Are you lacking in independence? Are you too reserved and inclined to "chew the cud" of your own grievances? What is your attitude to the opposite sex, is it hostile or scornful or painfully bashful? Do you love the "limelight"? Are you goaded by curiosity? Do you take a delight in reading about or seeing brutal displays, or are you unduly sensitive to anything that savors of cruelty, or are you inclined to pose as a martyr, the victim of an unjust fate? There is always a strong tendency to justify any attitude by attributing it entirely to the "facts" of life, and to refuse to admit that it is the way we regard the "facts" that is of supreme importance.

## CAPTURING WILD BEASTS IN MALAY JUNGLES

ONE great danger in the Malay jungles, in the experience of that able circus man, Charles Mayer, comes from the leopards, both spotted and black. They lie along the limbs of trees and spring without warning. A tiger slinks away without making himself disagreeable when disturbed in the daytime, but a leopard almost always stands his ground and springs as one passes beneath him. A leopard can do more biting and scratching in one minute than a tiger can accomplish in three or four minutes.

A favorite method of capturing a wild beast in a Malay jungle is to use bird lime, which is a mucilage made

from the gum of a tree. In catching tigers or leopards, the hunter spreads out the bird lime where they will pass and then carefully covers it with leaves. Immediately after one of these wild animals has put his paw on the stuff he becomes so enraged and helpless that he is easily captured. It is very much like putting butter on a house-cat's paws to keep him busy until he gets accustomed to a new home. The tiger or leopard that steps in bird lime does not step gracefully out of it and run away. He tries to bite the stuff from his feet and then he gets it on his face. When he tries to rub it off he plasters it over his eyes. Finally, when he is

thoroly covered with it, he is so helpless that without much danger he can be put into a cage and there he spends weeks in working patiently to remove the gum from his fur. Birds and monkeys are captured in bird lime smeared on the limbs of trees. They stay in it until someone goes up and pulls them out.\*

A way of capturing small monkeys is by means of a sweetened rag in a bottle. The bottle is covered with green rattan and tied to a tree. The monkey puts his hand through the neck and grabs the rag. He cannot pull his hand out while it is doubled up with the rag in it, and he hasn't sense enough to let go. There he sticks, fighting with the bottle, until the hunter comes along and, by pressing the nerves in his elbow, forces him to open his hand and leave the rag for the next monkey.

The most dangerous of all animals to capture in the jungle is, Mr. Mayer says, the seladang. In fact, he pronounces it the most dangerous animal on earth. It is the largest and fiercest of all wild cattle. Its sense of smell and its vision are keen and it charges with terrific speed. Except for one baby seladang that died before it reached a menagerie, not one has ever been captured alive. A number have been killed and mounted and are to be found in museums.

In meeting seladangs, we are told, a hunter needs all his skill and courage.

"They charge without an instant's warning, breaking through the jungle at incredible speed. Unlike most animals, they do not try to protect themselves by defensive methods, holding the charge until they are cornered; they are instantly on the offensive. The hunter becomes just as much hunted as his quarry; each tries to attack by surprise. It is vitally important in running down seladangs for the hunter to keep his feet clear of vines and creepers, so that he can be free to jump; and also to keep his eyes on a tree which will provide refuge in case he needs it.

\* TRAPPING WILD ANIMALS IN MALAY JUNGLES. Charles Mayer. New York: Duffield and Company.

The only possible way for a hunter to escape the direct charge of a seladang is to fall flat and let it run over him; its neck is so short that, when he is prostrate, it cannot reach him with its horns. Then, if the hoofs have not knocked him unconscious or broken his bones, he can jump up, before the seladang can check itself, and run for a tree. For the man once caught on the beast's horns there is no escape; it tosses a victim time after time and then tramples him."

Scarcely less difficult to capture is the orang-outang. This animal never travels on the ground when he can swing from tree to tree. Since there are very few open spaces in the jungle, he seldom reaches the ground except when he goes down to get something. He can swing incredible distances, hurtling through the air and catching branches with perfect accuracy. Orang-outangs usually live in colonies numbering from forty to sixty and the largest and most powerful is chief. They make their homes on platforms by breaking off limbs and putting them criss-cross.

An orang-outang in battle is ferocious. If it is treed and afraid to come down, it goes into a paroxysm of fury. It will bite its arms, tearing the flesh away and inflicting frightful wounds. If there are two of the animals, they bite and hug each other. An orang-outang that has been struck by an arrow can follow the natives in the trees or on the ground while the poison is taking effect. The only refuge from the frenzied creature is the smoke of a fire, and, when it is sufficiently enraged, even that will not stop it. The best chance lies in keeping it so harried that it does not know whom to attack; once it decides on a particular native, the native is as good as dead. The possibility of an orang-outang attack is a danger that all the men must be prepared to face, and the duty of engaging in an orang-outang hunt is no less important than that of making war.

Perhaps the most terrible of all the strains to which the hunter in Malay jungles is subjected is the nervous one. There are a few frightful moments during which the bold adventurer feels sure that his hour has come. The hair of the hunter has been known to turn

gray from the shock of such ordeals. There are cases of hunters in the jungle going mad from the nightmare and physical agony of facing the monstrous serpent in the coils of which they were all but crushed or of having a limb bitten almost to a pulp.

## AN AMERICAN CARDINAL ON VIVISECTION

HAVING been asked to give an opinion on the subject of vivisection, Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, after noting his opposition to cruelty of whatever kind, and to any abuse of vivisection that might cause unnecessary pain, proceeded to give his sweeping endorsement of vivisection "in principle," as the diplomats would say, on the ground that man is made for the glory of God and the lower animals are made for the good of man.

As actually conducted for the advancement of medical research, vivisection seems to Cardinal Dougherty not only unobjectionable but praiseworthy. Since the invention of anesthetics, he points out, vivisection has become practically painless. Animals used for experimental purposes are well fed and well sheltered and in many respects better off than those in a state of nature or in subjection to work. They escape the rapacity of larger and fiercer animals, the ill usage of sport, the drudgery of toil, exposure to heat and cold of the seasons and the cruelties of keepers, drivers and exploiters.

According to the law of nature, adds the Cardinal, the lower species of creatures exist for the benefit of the higher. The clod of earth supports the plant. The vegetable kingdom supplies the wants of the animal. The brute animal and all other inferior things are for the good of man, who was made directly for the glory of God. Man, then, may use all inferior things for his own benefit.

We exterminate vermin and insects, observes the Cardinal further, and we exterminate roaches, mice, rats and serpents for the sake of health, cleanliness and comfort. The children in our schools are taught to combat the plague of flies as carriers of noxious microbes. We kill animals, fowls and fish for our food. Fishermen bait fish with live worms. The distinguished ecclesiastic concludes, according to the bulletin of the Society for the Protection of Scientific Research::

"If, then, to preserve or restore health, to prolong life, and even to seek pleasure, it is permissible to inflict pain and death upon inferior forms of animal life, why not the scientific man, for the common good, experiment on lower animals, especially when he takes every precaution against unwarranted infliction of pain by the use of anesthetics and by antiseptic methods?

"Animals themselves owe to vivisection a great debt. Epizootic diseases, like anthrax, swine-fever, chicken cholera, silkworm disease, cattle tuberculosis, which in the past caused untold suffering to animals and every year killed them by millions, have been brought under control by the experiments of vivisection.

"But man is the chief beneficiary. For it has been mainly owing to these experiments that great discoveries have taken place regarding the nervous system, bone growth, the blood, digestion, infections, serums, antitoxins and vaccinations; and without vivisection little or no progress would have been made in physiology, pathology, bacteriology and therapeutics.

"To forbid vivisection would be to hamper science, do a mischief to the human race and foster misplaced sympathy."

## APPLYING THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL TEST TO OUR FICTION

"**I**F ambitious writers of fiction would give more of their attention to anthropology and less to psychoanalysis, they would cease from fumbling, expand their horizon and make valuable contributions to sociology." So Gertrude Atherton, the famous novelist, declares in an article in the *Bookman* entitled "The Alpine School of Fiction." She is thinking in racial terms when she uses this title, and she draws the significance of the word "Alpine" from a book that she describes as "remarkable, with its warning of tremendous import to civilization"—Madison Grant's "Passing of the Great Race." It is Mr. Grant's contention that the Alpine racial stock, which to-day occupies the great bulk of France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, Jugo-Slavia, Finland and Russia, and has contributed much material to the American melting-pot, is greatly inferior in quality to the Nordic strain, which exists in its greatest purity in the states or regions on the southern and eastern coasts of the Baltic, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, North Ireland, Scotland and England. The Nordics, anthropologically speaking, are "dolichocephalic," or long-headed; the Alpines are "brachycephalic," or round-headed. This country, Mrs. Atherton points out, was originally settled by Nordics: British, Hollanders and Huguenots. But after the Civil War there was a tremendous industrial impetus. "The Alpine round-heads and the scum of Meditteranea were imported in vast numbers, joyfully exported by their governments who even emptied the jails; and native American workingmen, declining to sink to the debased living standards that naturally ensued, ceased to produce large families." The consequence is that "the old Nordic-American stock is being rapidly bred out by the refuse of Europe."

The early literature of this country, Mrs. Atherton declares, was aristocratic. It was written by Nordics. (Fancy, she exclaims, a round-head writing "The Scarlet Letter"! ) It continued to be written by aristocrats for many years. The "people" were not ignored, but over them was shed the light of the distinguished mind of the author.

All that has now changed. The great bulk of American fiction to-day, Mrs. Atherton asserts, is plebeian, and the cause is not far to seek. "With the enormous influx of European plebeians the poison of democracy began its deadly work. The sun of the *republic* started on its westward course. This heterogeneous mass was given the vote, its children were admitted to the public schools, heretofore sacred to Americans, and the Declaration of Independence was given a free interpretation never intended by its authors." The argument proceeds:

"The original American in mass may have been uncouth and unlettered but he was not common. To-day the great mass of the 'American people' who have prospered in a small way—to say nothing of those that have risen higher still—are commoner than anything the world has ever known. They are smug and dull and vulgar, their standard of manners must make a well-trained English servant feel himself a superior being. What they call idealism is cheap sentimentalism; reticence is unknown, or resented; those that fain would practise the pride they have read of and servilely admire, merely succeed in being 'stuck up,' and correspondingly ridiculous. If they encounter natural pride they experience an acute pain in their itching ego. Nor is this the worst. The tone of these groups, infinite in number, is forcing its way upward and altering the tone of society in every stratum it permeates. It threatens to become a sort of social flu which attacks high and low alike. This is the secret of the lowered tone of what was formerly called the best society, unjustly laid to the war. Society



like literature is suffering from the democratic flu. In losing its class pride, its aristocratic standard, it has lost its self-respect."

Mrs. Atherton is far from arguing for a fiction that shall deal only with people of exalted birth and position. Nothing, she says, would be more tiresome. She is only protesting against the deification of the common and vulgar. As an illustration, she asks us to compare the stories of Mary Wilkins, who began her career some thirty-five years ago, with the "small town" fiction of today. "Were it not for Booth Tarkington," Mrs. Atherton tells us, "the world would be forced to the conclusion that there was not an American of the old stock left in the Middle West. No one has ever questioned the truth of Tarkington's characters and scene; and yet he gives his people precisely the same setting beloved of the naturalistic school. But he is, I will venture to say, an undiluted — and uncorrupted! — Nordic."

The Alpine influence in American letters, we are told further, has never been so signally illustrated as in the large and increasing number of mid-western novels that have won so remarkable a notoriety during the last year and a half. "Every

character in them all is a round-head, brachycephalic, Alpine. Not a real American could be found among them with the aid of a magnifying glass." The authors of these novels may be entitled to praise for reacting against the sickly sentimentalism of a far more popular school of fiction. But they swung too far in the opposite direc-



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

#### THE CHAMPION OF THE NORDIC

Our civilization, Gertrude Atherton thinks, is in danger of being swamped by the Alpine and other inferior racial strains. What our young novelists need, she says, is a recognition of this fact.

tion. "In their breathless hunt for the obverse of lollypops they discovered only tadpoles."

Mrs. Atherton instances Henry Aikman's "Zell," in which the hero and his sister are portrayed as intelligent, ambitious and dissatisfied, but as utterly lacking in initiative. Altho bred in a climate favorable to Nordics, they act like southern "crackers." In "Main Street" Mrs. Atherton finds the same sort of weakness:

"Sinclair Lewis missed a great opportunity. If he had read, with the intelligence that is his, 'The Passing of the Great Race' (published first in 1916), he would have made a notable contribution to American letters, not a passing sensation. Instead of confining his attention and his formidable industry to brachycephali, he would have gone into training for mastery in fiction by portraying the struggle of the Nordic to survive the Alpine inundation. He has been taken to task for portraying only the 'bad' and ignoring the 'good' in his 'typical' little community. But that is far from the point. The Nordics are no angels. When nature so richly endowed them she omitted perfection from their make-up. They have made the great dramas of history and in them they have played the great dramatic rôles, but they have shown all the ruthlessness of their mighty gifts and a considerable number of weaknesses to boot. Nevertheless, those that are periodically invigorated by the rigors of a northern winter will continue, unless exterminated, to prove their preeminence of race (heredity) over environment, no matter how choked that environment may be with round-heads; preserve their adventurous and dominating spirit, cultivate their minds, and, in this country, not yield an iota of their Americanism. The more pessimistic the author the more careful he should be to recognize the Nordic element in his scene, however his perturbed spirit may crowd it with Alpines. Then, whatever his pessimism, inevitably the Nordics would force his hand; even if he revenged himself by making villains of them. To raise round-heads—forever doomed by nature to inferiority—to the dignity of predominance, shows not only a total lack of values and a blindness of one eye but some weakness in the author's own Americanism."

Charles Norris, in all the portentous length of "Brass," does not introduce one Nordic, and Mr. Dos Passos, in his story "Three Soldiers," ignores this predominant class as if it were nonexistent. His three characters, as Mrs. Atherton sees them, were plain American scum. "Their ignorance was abysmal. They had inherited nothing from the past but a determination to survive with the least possible effort and risk, and were as little capable of enduring discipline as of administering it. There was not a ray of intelligence nor an ideal among them." The article concludes:

"It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Dos Passos nor to his admirers that if his book had been a truthful picture of our army we should be German subjects to-day. However, judging from his name, it is possible that his bias is a matter of complexion and that if he ever heard of the Nordic race he honors it with a resentful hatred. At all events we have the antidote in 'The Wasted Generation.'

"Will not our 'younger school,' having worked off the bitterness of their reactions to sentimental and optimistic fiction and to the war, give the Nordics a chance?"

On all of which Donald Adams, in the New York *Herald*, makes the comment: "We find it difficult to believe that human nature is largely a matter of the cephalic index. There have been some pretty good novelists who struggled along rather ignorant, we are afraid, of the terms brachycephalic and dolichocephalic." Mr. Adams continues:

"But we do not wish to obscure Mrs. Atherton's indictment of the new realists by attempting to confound her on an anthropological basis. It is much more pleasant for us to conceive of the Nordics as a superior race. . . .

"Besides, we are with her absolutely when she deplores the sort of human material which is being used so lavishly by the middle-western realists. These characters may be broad-skulled or not, but they are certainly poor stuff. We are out of all patience with their feverish self-questioning, and their habitual surrender to the environment in which they are cast, after much mouthing against it."

## SHELLEY'S DOCTRINE OF LOVE AND THE HUMAN FUTURE

WHEN we think of the poet Shelley's glowing dreams of human brotherhood and compare them with the actual state of the world at the present time, it seems extravagant to say, as Charles Wharton Stork says in the *New York Times*, that "no other English poet has voiced the spirit of the present age with the prophetic insight of Shelley." It may be true, however, as Mr. Stork goes on to say, that the partial fulfilment of Shelley's vision offers "our most hopeful augury of the future," and if so it behooves us all to acquaint ourselves with the meaning of that vision. The commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Shelley's death affords the opportunity. An excellent account of the faith of Shelley has just appeared in a book\* written by Archibald T. Strong, Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Melbourne.

The first impression that we get from this book is a sense of the depth of Shelley's mind. He was only thirty years old when he died, but he grew, in the last eleven years of his life, from an infant to a giant. He has been hailed by rationalists as an atheist, by transcendentalists as a Platonic idealist, by Socialists as a practical reformer, and by mystics as the greatest of modern symbolists. He was all and more than his admirers have claimed, and his supreme achievement, according to Professor Strong, was the anticipation of a new human faculty in the making—a faculty by means of which "each man will literally feel his neighbor's suffering and joy as his own."

The early thinking of Shelley was dominated by William Godwin, author of "Political Justice" and apostle of reason. It was Godwin's idea that all the actions of men are conditioned by necessity, and that if perfection of environment could once be realized, man

too would automatically become perfect. This idea is expressed in "Queen Mab" and other of Shelley's early poems, but soon came into conflict with his mystical impulse. His letters to Elizabeth Hitchener—our most important documents as to his faith at this period—are full of inconsistencies. At one moment he is saying that reason is his substitute for God and that he rejects Christianity because it does not rest on reason. A little later he is saying of his faith in immortality: "Reason tells me that death is the boundary of the life of man, and yet I feel, I believe, the direct contrary. The senses are the only inlets of knowledge, and there is an inward sense that has persuaded me of this."

Shelley's conflict between Godwinism and mysticism soon passes into a kind of Platonism. His doctrine now is that the one and all-pervading element back of the appearance of things is "soul," pure in her nature, soiled by earth, but still capable of regaining her perfection. Toward the end of "Queen Mab" and of its revised version, "The Dæmon of the World," this doctrine finds memorable expression. At the beginning of "Alastor" there is a passage that has almost the thought and cadence of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," tho it is significant, Professor Strong points out, of Shelley's genius that he reaches universal spirit not through nature watched and wooed in the simpler and more elemental aspects known to Wordsworth, but through the weird midnight communings of his soul with her, through incommunicable dream, through twilight phantasms and deep noonday thought, till he can say:

serenely now  
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre  
Suspended in the solitary dome  
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,  
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my  
strain

\* THREE STUDIES IN SHELLEY. By Archibald T. Strong, M.A., Litt.D. Oxford University Press.

May modulate with murmurs of the air,  
And motions of the forests and the sea,  
And voice of living beings, and woven  
hymns  
Of night and day, and the deep heart of  
man.

In his divided allegiance to nature and to his own imagination, Shelley, here, as often, is midway between Wordsworth, who saw all things through nature's teaching, and William Blake, who turned back for inspiration to the imaginings of his own soul and wrote that "natural objects always did, and do now, weaken, deaden and obliterate imagination in me."

Before he has finished "The Revolt of Islam," Shelley is thinking of the

soul of the world not as blind necessity but as a world-force that is beneficent and strives toward perfection. In "Prometheus Unbound" he takes a further step and dissociates love, and love alone, from determinism, from the sway of "fate, time, occasion, chance and change." In "Adonais" love is not merely exempt from the sway of such a force, but has actually superseded it, and has itself become the moving spirit of existence:

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,

That Beauty in which all things work and move,

That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining  
Love

Which through the web of being  
blindly wove

By man and beast and earth and  
air and sea,

Burns bright or dim, as each are  
mirrors of

The fire for which all thirst.

Shelley's abandonment of the doctrine of necessity, and his insistence on the omnipotence of love, was closely bound up with his conception of human perfectibility. He followed here the Platonic idea that the principle of good *already exists* in the nature of things, and must somehow be recaptured. But how? it is sure to be asked, and the answer appears in the following passage in Professor Strong's book:

"The new order is to be achieved by some process far more elemental and compulsive than syllogistic reasoning. Perhaps the best word to explain this process, as it is described in the sequence of Shelley's longer poems, would be conversion—conversion having in it a more profound and ecstatic quality than the mere Platonic turning of the eyes to the light—conversion operating not, as



SHELLEY DRAWN BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST

This pencil-sketch of Shelley, made only a few weeks before his tragic death, is the work of an American artist, William Edward West, who visited Byron and the Shelleys in Italy. It was first reproduced in the *Century Magazine*, and is owned by Mrs. John Dunn, of Nashville, Tennessee.





*From a painting by Louis Edouard Fourtier in the Liverpool Art Gallery.*

#### THE BURNING OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF SHELLEY AT VIAREGGIO

Shelley and his friend Williams were drowned in 1822 in the Bay of Spezia as they returned from a visit to Byron. In the picture, Byron, Trelawny and Leigh Hunt are shown standing by the funeral pyre; the Countess Guiccioli kneels behind them. "You can have no idea," Byron wrote to Thomas Moore, "what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolated shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except the heart."

in certain religions, for the negation of passion, but through its aid and for its sublimer affirmation. This conversion was to be achieved, not through the preaching of olden morality nor yet through the mere acquisition of modern knowledge, but through the birth in universal humanity of a new sense. This sense would bring with it utter charity and truth and understanding; and it would do this by making each one feel himself a participant in a unity comprizing all humankind and all creation, a unity which must be injured in all its parts by injury or injustice done to any one of its members, till, if we may so put the matter, a man might be withheld from transgression against his neighbor by the thought,

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't?"

The doctrine of evolution formulated since Shelley's death may be said to support the reasonableness of his prophecy. It has made us familiar not

only with the idea of the development of lower to higher through ordered and distinct stages, but also with the idea of the appearance of new faculties. Professor Strong continues:

"If it be true, as Shelley thought, that love is the highest and strongest thing in the human soul, if it be through love that soul is to reach its highest development, may we not justly conjecture the mode of that development from the pattern of the past?"

"The evolution of life has in certain of its past stages resulted in the birth of new faculties differing utterly and in kind from the old: does not the hope of the future lie in the belief that there, too, there will be a similar birth? And if the progress of the race be ethical, if it make for the fuller development of man's moral power and worth, for an immensely heightened faculty of his love and sympathy, is there not likelihood of a generic change in his nature, to be effected through these causes and for this end?"

## THE LONELINESS OF THE MODERN MAN

**I**N all ages there have been men who longed to be out of the turmoil and strain of the world, who saw or thought they saw in solitude a source of peace and content not attainable in the many-sided complexities of social life. The bliss of this voluntary isolation is not the theme of the German philosopher, Professor Paul Sickel, writing in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* (Berlin).

He deals only with that form of loneliness which has nothing to do with the peculiar psychic or social situation of the individual but is rather a characteristic of contemporary civilization and not by any means a purely personal malady. The loneliness he has in mind springs from a painful sense of separation from those with whom one had a right to feel a sense of intellectual or spiritual kinship, whether they be members of a particular group, or whether we have in mind the whole of humanity or the world or even God!—a sentiment wholly unconnected with the peculiar psychic or social situation of the individual. The feeling is one of homelessness of the soul, of being an alien in the sphere wherein one belongs.

There is evidence enough in modern literature to show that contemporary man is more afflicted with this loneliness than were former generations. In former centuries we find expressions of a yearning for solitude, especially during the age of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Since about the middle of the nineteenth century there are echoes, often repeated, of the complaint that men are sundered and kept apart by an abyss that cannot be bridged. The very men who seem to us to be peculiarly modern seem to have suffered from the keenest form of this anguish. Perhaps the first bitter complaint of this loneliness in modern man finds utterance in the great dramatist Hebbel. No doubt his exclusive nature and the unusual course of his career afforded facilities for the

development of his peculiar loneliness of soul. Here he is an example of a general rule that only in natures capable of expressing it does the mood of a generation find utterance. Hebbel says, in words of universal application: "To live is to be alone," and again: "The last result of creation is a shudder at one's solitude."

The theme of the woman misunderstood, elaborated by Hebbel in his "Herod and Mariamne," is developed by Ibsen in his *Nora*, his *Hedda Gabler*. In Hauptmann's "Lonely Mortals" we have the theme of the misunderstood man. In the novel of to-day we have the theme of the misunderstood child. Here and everywhere in present-day literature we encounter men and women who find themselves alone and misunderstood in their normal environment. That literature which distinguishes itself as the very latest presents ever so many aspects of the solitude of the human soul. The observation applies with peculiar force to the newer poetry of Europe. The lament is ever the same. The loneliness is the result of a consciousness of separation from kindred souls, from natures by which we have a right to be understood.

Nietzsche goes even deeper than this. One ego confronts another as a total stranger. Solitude is to him a positive unity of the spirit. Nietzsche goes to the very root of the feeling of solitude in man. He finds it in the unequalled individuality of the one most conscious of it. In each of us or in most of us it is the final inexpressible unity of oneness that cannot be shared or imparted. From this innermost, irrational essence of our being no bridge extends outward to another soul, however near to us that other may be. Insofar as a man is an independent entity he is a solitary. Consciousness of this may be more or less acute. That we men of to-day feel this loneliness of human destiny with peculiar intensity is a result of modern individualism.

Since the close of the middle ages men have striven more and more to free themselves from spiritual and economic restraints, to achieve personal independence. To be a single self, unhampered by conditions, has been the aspiration of the western European soul. If this impulse finds no impediment we must all become in the end absolutely isolated individuals. Individualism has already worked out in such things as industrialism, political economy of the Manchester school, careerism, as well as in the social and psychical relations of men. The men of an older time were peculiarly of their community, of their brotherhood, of their guild, their commune. The dominant type to-day is the competitive man, who can rule himself. We are all in a competition which has severed the spiritual bonds by which our forefathers were united. Men seem everywhere to have sunk to the level of mere factors in an economic competition. The spiritual forces seem overwhelmed. There is a community of material interests but no community of souls, for we must not suppose that discussion of such themes as ethics and spiritualism in the modern style implies any mitigation of the universal loneliness. In place of the friends of the heart so familiar in older times we have nowadays only social friends. The modern society man or business man, assuming that he has a soul in any proper sense, is inwardly the most solitary mortal conceivable. It is this very intensification of individualism which, as a result of action and counteraction, has called socialism into being, altho we must not assume with the socialist that his Marxian economics can afford any relief from the spiritual malady of the age.

Whatever we may mean by the word, the fact remains that socialism is an economic movement and hence inadequate to the conquest of the spiritual solitude of the individual. Paradoxical as it may seem, the socializing tendency in economics has intensified the loneliness of modern man. Love for one's neighbor, love for humanity, cannot be

organized according to the collectivist formulas of the socialist. They would render the universal solitude within the soul more positive than we feel it now. Socialism, being economic, cannot rescue men from a malady that is psychical. The men of our time may be ever so "social." That makes them experience their malady only the more intensely. They would love and they can not. They would believe in the worth of humanity and they dare not.

Let it not be inferred that the loneliness of man in this age is restricted to those spheres known as "social." It is felt most profoundly in the ethical and religious life of this generation. Such is the outcome of the gospel of self-expression, of the injunction of both Ibsen and Nietzsche: "Be yourself! Obey your individual law! Go your own way, the way you alone can go and must go!" In accordance with these behests, a strong sense of personal responsibility and great moral strength can be blended into a great character, but the individual still stands alone with his destiny. His way is solitary. He is without real companions.

One last refuge seems available—communion with God. That intimately personal, inexpressible something in his soul that separates one individual from every other can be confided to God. Hence religion seems to afford the ultimate escape from absolute loneliness. Religion cannot be limited to a mere relation of the individual soul with God, for it points to a fellowship in which we are all his children. One of the deepest psychological bases for the origin and duration of the churches is this need of the individual not to stand alone at the crisis of his destiny, whenever it comes. Therefore we need not wonder if this tendency emphasizes the purely individual relation of the soul with "its" God. We have accordingly the individual religion, which rejects all community with another soul and is the essence of that Protestantism which is such a contradiction to the spiritual fellowship of Catholicism. Such a purely private religious relation with God must in the

end negative itself, seeing that religion is essentially a comprehensive thing, transcending the purely personal altogether. For the religious man, indeed, there is a last stage of loneliness, the feeling that one has been abandoned by God. The words of Christ on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" are the expression of the most frightful sense of loneliness that ever was experienced upon this earth. In this supreme anxiety, the last support seems to collapse. The soul finds itself entirely alone, encompassed by grim vacuity.

A feeling that may be compared with this, however remotely, was experienced by thousands upon thousands of men during the late war, men to whom it had been unknown before. In the terrible moment of battle on the field of slaughter, when the soul, feeling itself abandoned by God and man, confronting an unspeakable, nameless, superior force, which can only vaguely be referred to in such terms as destiny, death, doom, altho it can be termed God, comes the realization of a thing incomprehensible, to which no word of mortal origin is adequate. Certainly

the world war brought to the German people and doubtless to other nations a feeling of separation, of solitude, of loneliness—"the isolation of Germany" ran the official phrase, but Germany was no more isolated than any other land, no more the victim of the world malady which had its origin in the loneliness of the modern man, spiritual child of Ibsen, of Nietzsche. Solitude is, affirms Professor Sickel, still the universal mood of life, not rising to the level of the conscious in many of us, yet influencing profoundly their social relations and their outward deportment. A life shut in spiritually and led apart seems to the majority to be not only inevitable but a matter of course. The agony of loneliness is experienced only by him whose natural feelings are not stifled by the conventional forms of civilization, but we all get twinges of it at intervals. We have all good reason to understand what Hebbel meant in saying that love is frozen, the breath of God turned to ice, and it is not certain that after this long winterspring is coming. All that is certain is that the loneliness of modern man requires a fundamental error in his whole attitude to life.

## O. HENRY'S LETTERS TO MABEL WAGNALLS

**A**DMIRERS of O. Henry will be interested in a little book entitled "Letters to Lithopolis," which has just been published in a limited edition by Doubleday, Page & Company. It consists of nine letters written by America's most popular short-story writer to Miss Mabel Wagnalls, now Mabel Wagnalls Jones, author, pianist and daughter of Adam Willis Wagnalls, president of the Funk & Wagnalls Company. The correspondence started in June, 1903, and ended in October, 1907, and is accompanied by a preface and by explanatory introductions.

Miss Wagnalls was long under the impression that "O. Henry" was the ac-

tual name of the writer whose stories strongly appealed to her. She had had a great-grandmother named Henry, and, as her interest in O. Henry grew, she began to cherish the hope that he might be connected in some way with her family. So she wrote a letter to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* asking whether he was man, woman or wraith, and, in the interval between the dispatch of the letter and the receipt of the reply, she went on an annual visit to her grandmother's home in the little town of Lithopolis, Ohio.

O. Henry answered the letter, and Miss Wagnalls makes much of the fact that she received the answer in Lithopolis. The very name Lithopolis sug-



gests mystery. It helped to unloose O. Henry's imagination and appealed to his sense of humor. It inspired him to make a picture in which we can see a cow and a barnyard rooster disporting themselves in front of a church, while a lady chisels an inscription on a neighboring gravestone.

"I'm glad to be able to tell you," he writes in the first letter, "that I am a man, and neither a woman nor a wraith. Still I couldn't exactly tell you why I'm glad, for there isn't anything nicer than a woman; and I have often thought, on certain occasions, that to be a wraith would be jolly and convenient." He continues:

"When you were looking for 'O. Henry' between the red covers of 'Who's Who' I was probably between two gray saddle blankets on a Texas prairie listening to the moonlight sonata of the coyotes.

"Since you have been so good as to speak nicely of my poor wares I will set down my autobiography. Here goes!

"Texas cowboy. Lazy. Thought writing stories might be easier than 'busting' broncos. Came to New York one year ago to earn bread, butter, jam and possibly asparagus that way. Last week loaned an editor \$20.

"Please pardon the intrusion of finances, but I regard the transaction as an imperishable bay. Very few story writers have done that. Not many of them have the money. By the time they get it they know better.

"I think that is all that is of interest. I don't like to talk about literature. Did you notice that teentsy-weentsy little 'I'? That's the way I spell it. I have much more respect for a man who brands cattle than for one who writes pieces for the printer. Don't you? It doesn't seem quite like a man's work. But, then, it's quite often a man's work to collect a cheque from some publications."

O. Henry goes on to say that "in Texas the folks freeze to you," while "in New York they freeze you." He is evidently rather lonely, and Miss Wagnalls is soon planning to put him in touch with the right sort of friends. She sends him a card of introduction to her old friend Dr. E. J. Wheeler, "pioneer and pilot" of the Poetry So-

ciety, former editor of the *Literary Digest*, and present editor of *CURRENT OPINION*. But O. Henry is too shy to present the card, and his next communication to Miss Wagnalls is embellished by a comic drawing of an editor who is showing his teeth while he presses a bell that summons a muscular "bouncer" to eject O. Henry. "Thank you very much," is the way he puts it, "for your card of introduction to Mr. Wheeler, altho I haven't allowed myself the pleasure of calling upon him."

"You neglected to inform me whether his office is in the second story or the sixth, and I'm shy about bearding absent-minded editors who live too high above the sidewalk. From long practice I am able to land safely out of a second-story window, but when I scrape an acquaintance I don't want it to be a sky-scraper. I have a gifted imagination in some things—here's my idea of Mr. Wheeler from your description. It represents him in the act of trying not to forget to ring the bell when people call on him who do not write articles on 'Social Inconsistencies of Compound Hypermatrophic Astigmatism.'"

Several of the letters contain references to Mabel Wagnalls' musical books and enthusiasms, and one indicts the "duplicity" revealed by a circular of press notices in regard to her concert work:

"I read with much interest the little collection of press notices that you enclosed. Besides a lot of other things it tells me the old story of woman's duplicity. I thought of you as a simple Manhattan maiden in Lithopolis killing caterpillars in a white Leghorn hat (not killing 'em in the hat) while you plucked daffodils and related to an admiring peasantry the glories of the Eden Musée & Macy's Store. And then, without a moment's warning, you hurl at me the information that fame is yours—the real stuff with laurel trimmings and bay insertion—that your grosses entwicklungsfähiges talent made 'em sit up & take notice in Berlin, and the Schülerleistung knocked 'em cold in Plattsburg, N. Y.

"But, really, I do realize what a success you have made, and I congratulates you most heartily, altho you've made me

feel quite small and unimportant. Oh, what an exquisite, rippling allegro, staccato little 'jolly' you have been giving me! Telling me nice things about my poor little stories, when all the time you were getting bouquets in Berlin and 'bravas' in Binghampton and curtain calls in Conewago and—well, I'm real mad—so, there!

"I will try to forgive you for trapping me so neatly by asking me so demurely and offhandedly if I was interested in music. I was sure that you were going to say next time that you and your school chum had arranged 'Hiawatha' for a duet, and that you could play the 'Battle of Prague' with your wrists crossed—and then comes this D minor concerto opus 47 news and strikes me right between the eyes. I have taken the full count. I do not know a concerto or a legato from a perfecto or a tomato, but I can recognize success, and if you will please listen carefully you will hear some handclapping 'way up in the peanut gallery—and that'll be me."

Naturally the acquaintance was kept up when Miss Wagnalls returned to New York City. In a charming preface we get a clear glimpse or two of O. Henry. He left upon Miss Wagnalls the memory of a quiet, serious, hard-working author, but one who had slight regard for the author-craft.

"He was sincere in his statement of belief that 'writing pieces for the printer isn't a man's work.' His idea of a man's work was to get out in the world and establish a great business—as John Wanamaker did. Several times I heard him speak with profound admiration of this merchant prince, whom he had never met. Equally sincere, I have good reason to believe, was his expressed indifference to music; he never asked me to play. I served tea and cakes when he called and we talked casually on any subject under the moon. I told him how his first letter reached me when I was up in an attic trying to imagine myself a poor, starving poet. I can hear yet his prompt and serious reply:

"That is something you cannot imagine. No one who has not known it can imagine the misery of poverty."

Miss Wagnalls and her mother went to Europe soon after and never again

saw O. Henry. In an inscription on the fly-leaf of a book sent to her in Europe, Miss Wagnalls found him speaking of himself as "a trivial stranger," and the phrase seems to her to describe him accurately. "To life itself and to the whole world he carried the air of a trivial stranger." Even in death the same impression of him prevailed. She saw in the newspaper, after returning to New York, the notice of his death, and she and her mother went to the funeral services.

"We supposed there would be a large crowd; probably cards of admission would be required. We had none, but we went, intending to stand on the curb, if need be, to pay our last deference to one of America's Immortals. But no crowd edged the curb; we saw a few carriages and a small group at the door that somehow was far from funereal in appearance. On entering the vestibule we were accosted with a question. So certain were we it must be a request for a card that for a moment we were uncomprehending—and good reason there was for our dismay. We had heard the strangest question ever worded, I believe, at chancel door since the cross of Christ stood over it:

"Have you come for the wedding or the funeral?"

"Somehow it was a phrase that stabbed to the heart, tho we soon understood, of course, that a mistake had been made in the time set for the two ceremonies. The wedding party was already there, but it was decided to hold the funeral first. So a few of us—astonishingly few, unbelievably few—sat forward in the dim nave while a brief—a very brief—little service was read over the still form of one whose tireless hand had penned pages of truth, humor and philosophy that will live as long as the foundation stones of our Hall of Fame will endure.

"One felt a hurried pulse through all the service, and as the cortège passed out a flower or two fell from the casket and we knew that soon the bridal train would be brushing them aside. Out of place, it would seem, to the last, was O. Henry; with hardly time in the church to bury him. But his work, his books—there is place for them in four million homes of those who speak his tongue: more than four million copies of his books have been sold."



Photograph by De Witt Ward.

MASTERPIECE OR MONSTROSITY?

It is long since a work of art has awakened so much controversy as that aroused by Frederick MacMonnies' "Civic Virtue," chosen by the New York Art Commission to be placed in City Hall Park. The President of the National Sculpture Society, Robert I. Aitken, regards the statue as "the greatest work of art in America," but Mayor Hylan says that he does not like it, and women speakers at a recent public hearing were almost unanimous in condemning the naked, symbolic young man who displays his virtue by treading down two fish-tailed sirens.



## VOICES OF LIVING POETS

**P**OETRY, whether it be radical or conservative, requires for its writing a peculiar type of mental acumen and alertness and the cultivation of habits of contemplation and introspection. The untutored who scan the glowing periods of a Dante, the singing stanzas of a Keats, the measured melodies of a Wordsworth or the exotic lyrics of a Poe may be sirenized by the music and carried away by the idealism, but after all they seldom know what it is all about. The cerebral processes which go to make the true poet are beyond their ken. They take his imaginings for granted and let it go at that.

There is, therefore, as the St. Paul *Dispatch* observes, a great need for poetry with a direct appeal to the masses, poetry which will set forth "the short and simple annals of the poor" with such simplicity that the crudest yokel may read as he runs. The opportunity fortunately is not to be permitted to wander about unseized. It is a fact of peculiar literary as well as political interest that L. C. Hodgson, mayor of St. Paul, and its accredited laureate, is going to shackle and train it for his own use. As a preliminary he has announced that when he retires from politics on June first next he will go into the business of writing poetry. It is not uncommon for outgoing officials to go into aviation, the law, trucking and draying, newspaper work or other occupations such as are enumerated in the correspondence-school schedules, but for one deliberately to announce that after a certain date his business will be the writing and selling of poetry is decidedly novel. As a sample of his product we read:

Your lips to mine, love—  
Germ mixed with germ;  
Oh, what a thrill as  
They wriggle and squirm.

The imagery of the verse is vivacious; the moral evident and stern. There need be no guessing as to the meaning; the vision of the author is not clouded nor is it clothed in fine linen of diction. In fact the retiring mayor of St. Paul should be a formidable candidate for the \$1,000 prize offered by the Clark Equipment Company, of Buchanan, Michigan, for the best poem or ode on "The Spirit of Transportation" that is submitted before June thirtieth. The intent is to publish the winning poem along with reproductions of paintings in illustration of the same subject by F. Luis Mora, Franklin Booth, Jonas Lie, Maxfield Parish, Coles Phillips and other artists. On the jury to select the poem are Glenn Frank, editor of the *Century*; William Stanley Braithwaite, editor of the *Anthology of Magazine Verse*; Merle Thorpe, editor of the *Nation's Business*, and Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the *Railway Age*. Turning from this poetic steeplechase to some of the notable verse of recent book publication, we find, in "Poems and Portraits" (Doubleday-Page), by Don Marquis, many poems that mark a distinct advance in the poetic development of this celebrated "colymnist" of the *New York Sun*. A number of the finest lyrics in this volume are too long for quotation but its high average quality is attested by the following:

### A SONG IN SPRINGTIME

BY DON MARQUIS

**I**NEXORABLE Spring comes on to hunt  
me,  
With all her aching ecstasy,



And sudden beauty like a javelin  
Pierces the heart of me.

She spares me nothing, nothing of her  
laughter,  
Her golden whim of daffodils,  
Her calling and her singing down the  
valleys,  
Her song among the hills.

Nothing she spares me, nothing of her  
rapture,  
Her leaping brooks, her young things  
growing,  
Her seagulls plunging through the tides of  
sun  
Out of the dayspring flowing.  
Years there have been when I could bear  
the beauty  
Of budding trees and flashing wings;  
Now I am one with trodden leaves and  
Autumn  
And all old broken things.

## INHIBITION

BY DON MARQUIS

**I** LIVE a hidden life unguessed,  
A life of quaint, fantastic schemes;  
I dwell with flushed, romantic dreams  
And freakish humours unconfessed,

Tho I can show the world a mien  
As cold as any judge's mask . . .  
(The judge, too, lives beyond his task  
And traffics with a realm unseen.) . . .

Behind the placid front of use  
The baffled whims move to and fro;  
We fear to let these genii go,  
Their wings grotesque we dare not loose,

But sober-faced in church or mart,  
In office, street, or drawing-room.  
We carry caged to the tomb  
The golden nonsense of the heart.

## "ONLY THY DUST . . ."

BY DON MARQUIS

**O**NLY thy dust is here, thy dust . . .  
But when chill May uncloses  
Her petals and is June, I feel  
A heartbeat shake the roses.

Earth and the sun were sweet to us,  
Green grass and brooks and laugh-  
ter . . .

And I cannot think of thee a ghost  
With some strange hereafter.

Dawn and the hills were glad of us,  
Tossed corn and windy meadows. . .

And I should not know thee as a shade,  
Pallid among pale shadows.

Stars and the streams were friends to us,  
Clear skies and wintry weather . . .  
And it was not wraith and wraith with us,  
But flesh and blood together.

Only the dust of thee is here . . .  
But when mine own day closes  
I will lie down beside thee, love,  
And mingle with thy roses.

In his new volume, "Seeds of Time"  
(Houghton-Mifflin), we find more posi-  
tive beauty than we have observed in  
any previous collection of poems by  
John Drinkwater. Echoes of other  
poets may be detected here and there,  
but this is a minor flaw in considera-  
tion of the authenticity of such poems  
as for example:

## VOCATION

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

**T**HIS be my pilgrimage and goal,  
Daily to march and find  
The secret phrases of the soul,  
The evangel of the mind.

While easy tongues are lightly heard,  
Let me with them be great  
Who still upon the perfect word  
As heavenly fowls wait.

In taverns none will I be seen  
But can my daemon teach  
My cloudy thought to wash all clean  
In the bright sun of speech.

## NEVER THE HEART OF SPRING

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

**N**EVER the heart of spring had trem-  
bled so

As on that day when first in Paradise  
We went afoot as novices to know  
For the first time what blue was in the  
skies,

What fresher green than any in the grass,  
And how the sap goes beating to the sun,  
And tell how on the clocks of beauty pass  
Minute by minute till the last is done.  
But not the new birds singing in the brake,  
And not the buds of our discovery,  
The deeper blue, the wilder green, the ache  
For beauty that we shadow as we see,  
Made heaven, but, we, as love's occasion  
brings,  
Took these, and made them Paradisal  
things.

## THE CRY

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

DEAR life, be merciful and kind;  
Lend me your hand, for I am blind;  
Lend me your wit, for mine too soon  
Inhabits with the spectral moon;  
Prepare your still intelligence  
To watch beside my ailing sense.

Life, I have made my pilgrimage  
All as you bade, and, wage by wage,  
Your service seemed but well to me.  
Now gentle in persuasion be,  
When after you I fall and bleed,  
And hear not where your footfalls lead.

My song no tardy messenger  
Has been of any word that there  
Dwelt from your charge for witnessing.  
Let me not be an outcast thing,  
Dear life, this weather, from your fold,  
With a great heart untimely old.

In faith to you have labored long  
My blood, my purposes, my song.  
In faith to you my hope is dumb,  
To this poor waste of darkness come.  
O life, forsake me not, who lie  
Broken upon your Calvary.

## SONNET

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

THIS then at last; we may be wiser far  
Than love, and put his folly to our  
measure,  
Yet shall we learn, poor wizards that we  
are,  
That love chimes not nor motions at our  
pleasure.  
We bid him come, and light an eager fire,  
And he goes down the road without de-  
bating,  
We cast him from the house of our desire,  
And when at last we leave he will be wait-  
ing.  
And in the end there is no folly but this,  
To counsel love out of our little learning,  
For still he knows where rotten timber is,  
And where the boughs for the long winter  
burning,  
And when life needs no more of us at all,  
Love's word will be the last that we recall.

In the *Nautilus* we find the following  
characteristic poem by the author of  
"The Man With the Hoe." Mr. Mark-  
ham is on the threshold of his seven-  
tieth year, yet many a poet in his  
twenties might envy the verve and  
vigor of these lines:

## TWO WORLDS MADE ONE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

I LOVE the mystic in his dreams  
When earth a floating bubble seems—  
Love too the bluff materialist,  
Tho there are kingdoms he has missed.  
I love soul-men (You ask me why?)  
They have a God-hold in the sky,  
I love earth-men, they half know God:  
They have a God-hold in the sod.  
But best I love the two-in-one,  
The man who holds both earth and sun—  
A man, who, like a tree, has girth  
That grapples him to rock-ribbed earth;  
And yet a man who, like a tree,  
Lifts boughs into the airy sea,  
To hear the whispers of the light  
And all the wonders of the night.

Great is that man who stands so high  
Two worlds are captured by his eye:  
He sees these little days of Time  
Whirled into a drama, vast, sublime.  
Earth has a meaning fine and far  
When lighted by a mystic star.

Unless we are mistaken the paper  
on which magazines are printed never  
saw an oak tree but is made mostly  
from spruce and pine. To this extent  
the following otherwise admirable poem,  
from the *Nation*, is a thing of beauty,  
if not of truth:

## CULTURE

BY CLEMENT WOOD

I SAW an oak upon a hill,  
Weathered gray and great;  
Etched against an empty sky  
Like a mast of fate.

It was as scornful as a sprig  
Whose life has just begun;  
As lovely as an old man  
Smiling at the sun.

It knew of old the bellowing storm,  
And dared his threshing might;  
It did not shrink from searing day,  
Nor dread choking night.

And they will fell it, shrivel it,  
In cold mechanic rage,  
That its bleached flesh and bones may bear  
These words, upon this page.

The imagery employed in the ensu-  
ing couplets, from the *Outlook*, strikes  
us as being a little far-fetched, and yet

on closer examination we find much to admire in the finely woven texture of the poem:

## SHELTER

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I HAD reared a roof for shelter from the sky;  
The strong light of Heaven broke through from on high.

I had shut my door to keep quiet and warm;  
The strong word of Heaven came in like a storm.

I had built me walls and thought that all was well;  
The strong wind of Heaven blew on them and they fell.

Blessed are the shelterless unto whom are given  
The strong light, the strong word, the strong wind of Heaven.

In a letter to his New York publisher, accompanying the following poem which appears in the *Times*, Lord Dunsany, who is sojourning in the Sahara, writes: "I enclose a poem for which I would be glad to have a home found in some New York paper, provided you think the poem any good." We think it quite good enough to reprint:

## A SONG OF WANDERING

BY LORD DUNSANY

SOME crumpled-rose-leaf mountains, from forty miles away,  
Are luring me towards them through all the blazing day.

Some crumpled-rose-leaf mountains flecked here and there with blue.

They call to me and beckon as fairies used to do.

And deeper pink beyond them a double summit towers,

Like Chronos grave and weary above the younger Powers.

Behind me the Sahara, before—those barren crags,

And with me the old hunter illustrious in his rags.

When I am back in London, among the hoardings' blaze,

And pictures of bad food and salt that men are paid to praise.

When, bright with lights that dim the stars, the foolish words are writ,

To Crumpled-rose-leaf Mountain my thoughts will fly from it.

Digby, which overlooks the Bay of Fundy, has found a worthy celebrant in the author of the following verses which have appeared in the *Outlook*:

## DIGBY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

I SPENT three hours in Digby. I will remember the bay;

The white sails gliding through the gap for strange lands far away;

The heavenly waters stretching by many a purple slope;

The tide from out of Fundy, quiet of foot as hope.

I will remember Digby, where the streets are steep and still,

And placid eyes look on the world as it passes by, up hill,

And the churches look on the sea, as all good churches should,

To keep a hint in the eyes and ears of the heart and the voice of God.

I will remember the apple tree on the hill above the town

Where a vagabond stretched his lazy limbs and wrote these verses down;

But the things I shall best remember are the wind's white fantasies

I shared, as I lay in the blueberry patch and fed on blueberries.

Something of a shudder may be found by the imaginative reader to be located in or between the lines of the ensuing poem, which says a good deal in the space given to it in the *Dial*:

## MOUNTAIN VALLEY

BY MALCOM COWLEY

LOST in this mountain valley, we have struggled

Too long for bread. Here corn grows spare and yellow.

The valley is too narrow, and we have driven

Our ploughs vainly against the flanks of the hill.

There is no more use in struggling, O my brothers;

Let us lie down together here and rest.

Some day when the crust of the earth has  
grown as cold  
As the dead craters of the moon, these  
hills will wrinkle  
Like the wrinkles on a forehead; they will  
draw  
Together like a finger and a wrinkled  
thumb,  
Squeezing the valley between them, and  
there will be  
For us magnificent sepulture, O my kin.

Already the cold hills lie  
Staring down at our cornfields covetously.

In lighter vein are the following  
verses, from the *Smart Set*, which hold  
the mirror up to the abiding and more  
or less tragic awkwardness of most of  
us in general and some of us in par-  
ticular:

#### THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING

BY CHARLES G. SHAW

**T**HERE was always something wrong  
with Jane.  
The day she was born her father became  
an addict to drugs.  
She was always breaking her toys.  
At first her mechanical doll would not  
work.  
Later her husband wouldn't.  
She was always attempting to explain  
things,  
Yet never really explaining them.  
She was never in time for an appointment.  
She invariably missed her train  
And she was forever stubbing her toe or  
tripping.  
In yesterday's morning paper I read of  
her death.  
The notice was printed in the "Want"  
column.

Not infrequently newspaper verse  
rises to the height of poetry and, as  
an instance, we submit the following  
poem which appears inconspicuously in  
the *Springfield Republican*:

#### BE KIND TO ME, DEATH

By LEIGHTON ROLLINS

**B**E kind to me, Death,  
And take me softly in your arms,  
As the least wind  
Wafts a feather into the Blue,

Waft me far into the splendor  
Of the dawn where the sun  
Is cold with beauty  
And the song of birds is still;

Lest I should suffer through eternity  
The piercing pain of loveliness,  
The soft keen breath of stars upon my  
cheek,  
And the beating of a thousand wings.

Particularly striking are the last two  
lines of this delightful lyric which has  
sung its way into the *Literary Review*  
of the *New York Evening Post*:

#### A LOVE SONG

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

**S**HE is like a leaf begun  
To enfold her to the sun.  
Her voice is pushing buds;  
Her smile is color breaking;  
Touch of her lips is waking.  
And sunshine floods  
The world when she is speaking.  
Her eyes are pilgrims seeking  
A grail, and finding it,  
Her eyes are altars lit.  
Her joying and her grieving  
Are dear past all believing.

That God and I are proud is meet:  
He shaped her heart; I made it beat.

The inexorable monotony of time  
seems to us to be acutely sensed and  
happily reflected in the following goose-  
stepping lines which have found their  
way into the *Pagan*:

#### DAYS

By WILLIAM NEWMAN

**W**E are the marchers,  
Marching endlessly,  
Marching tunelessly,  
Marching raggedly,—

Column and column,  
And column and column,  
Clad in gray. . . .

We shall never double-step,  
Never run—  
But quietly, quietly,  
Forever, forever. . . .



## THE SUPREME TRIAL OF GOLD

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

THE sum total of gold mined in the entire world since the discovery of America is about 870 million fine ounces, worth about 18 billion dollars. This record has been carefully compiled by Dr. Adolph Stoetbeer, a British economist, up to the year 1885. For the figures since that date the Director of the United States Mint is responsible. Of this amount of gold about one-half is accounted for and known to exist as money in the form of coin or bullion. The other half either is in use as jewelry, plate, ornaments and the like, or it has been lost. Nobody knows with any degree of accuracy just what has happened to this other half. Perhaps India, that insatiate hoarder of gold, might tell something about it, if she would, and certainly Davy Jones, if he could speak, might throw some light on the subject.

Of the approximate 9,000 million dollars of gold money known to exist, there is now in this country about 3,600 millions, or 40 per cent. of the total—more gold than any single nation ever before had in its possession at one time. And still it comes. For the past year or so it has been all income and no outgo. Scarcely a day passes but one may read in the dailies that steamship so and so has arrived with so and so many dollars worth of the yellow metal consigned to bankers so and so. It has become such a commonplace occurrence that nobody pays much attention to it. The gold arrives, usually at New York, packed in boxes and is motored through the streets to its consignee, or to the vaults of the United States Assay Office, is unloaded under the protection of a few guards, and attracts no more notice from the throngs of passers-by than if it were so many boxes of apples.

Time was, a few years ago, when the enormous hoard of gold began to move this way, that quite a feature was made of the occurrence and large, curious

crowds superintended the operation behind roped-off areas with the usual accompaniment of a formidable police squad. But the novelty has worn off, nobody is interested, and the gunman wouldn't have the slightest chance of getting away with any of it, under any circumstances, if he were to try. The boxes are too heavy to be readily made off with.

This immense stock of gold has come to us in part settlement of trade and other balances with foreign countries, chiefly European. The outside world, chiefly Europe, owes this country overpoweringly huge sums of money as the result of the war and of an international commercial trade which has been going on since, and it cannot pay in the usual manner of settling such debts—namely, by the return of goods. In order, therefore, to keep their credit good with us, foreign debtors have been sending over gold. They will probably continue to send gold as long as they have any to spare, and after that nobody knows exactly what may happen. Indeed, there is no doubt that many countries have already sent us gold which they could ill afford to part with, which they sorely needed themselves in order to bolster up their badly depreciated currencies; but it has been with many of them a case of "needs must when the Devil drives." They had to send us something tangible and they have sent gold, altho not from any choice of ours.

The presence of this unprecedented amount of gold is causing more or less alarm among economists and bankers. There is a theory which has stood the test of centuries to the effect that the more money of one kind or another there is in a given country or community, the higher prices will mount. This is called the "quantitative" theory of prices and teaches that an inflation in credits is sure to follow an abnormal supply of gold, and, as everyone knows,

credit inflation and high price-levels go hand in hand. Go back to the time of Solomon, to that of Alexander the Great or to the time when the Roman Empire was at its height. During all of these periods immense stores of gold (immense for those times) were concentrated at the centers of power, and it has been amply proven that prices of commodities were high. Go back four hundred years to the time when Europe began to be flooded with unprecedented amounts of gold from the New World, and history tells us that prices rose steadily for nearly a hundred years, causing an economic upheaval and readjustment in business all around. Go back no farther than the middle of the last century when, almost simultaneously, California and Australia began to bring new gold into the world's markets, and the "quantitative" theory of money was still found to be properly functioning. And, once more, we all have good cause to remember perfectly that, in 1918, 1919 and 1920, all commodity prices rose to heights not reached since Civil War days. Was it the "quantitative theory" of money which must be held responsible, or was it the war? At the height of the inflation period through which we so recently passed, altho this country had but recently come into possession of more gold than we have ever before seen, there was less of the yellow metal in our strong boxes by many hundreds of millions of dollars than there now is. Gold had been then; as now, moving steadily this way in order to back up European credits. After the war a counter-movement set in which was checked about a year ago, and since that time the incoming flood has had no break.

The disturbing factor seems to be that, if the old theory is to hold, this country cannot long resist the compelling inflationary influence of this gold. That it has not already operated is no sign that it will not, in the end, perform its office. That, during the year and more that has seen such an influx of gold, commodity prices have steadily

declined is no sure sign that the condition will continue. It takes time for economic theories to work themselves out to a demonstrated finish.

Nobody wants to see such another period of inflation as that which visited us in 1919 and 1920—nobody except the few who profited prodigiously thereby. On the other hand, which is the worse, the present state of deflated, stagnated business, or a moderate degree of inflation?

Summoning history again to the witness stand, throughout all the ages the presence or absence of gold has been the measure of the prosperity among nations and peoples. The decline of empires may be read in the record of their gold movements, in the cessation of their mining of new metal or in the exportation of their stocks, just as surely as their ascendancy may be traced in the acquisition and retention of the precious metal. During the periods of gold in plenty, prices may have been high, but prosperity was present, and which is to be preferred, high commodity prices and prosperity, or low prices and depression?

Jacobs, in his "History of the Precious Metals," estimates the amount of gold and silver in the Roman Empire just prior to the Christian Era at 1,800 millions of dollars, and he states that, owing to abrasion and other losses, together with the drain to the East and a cessation of mining, the amount had fallen to 450 millions at the fall of the Empire.

What became of the gold of the ancients—of Solomon, Alexander and Cræsus and of the Cæsars—history fails to record. It is generally conceded, however, that Asiatic countries absorbed most of it, not altogether for use as money but to adorn their temples and to hoard as plate, ornaments, jewelry and trinkets for their woman-kind; and Asiatics, particularly Indian and Chinese, have never forsaken this practice.

It is well known that the Dark and Middle Ages of Europe saw but little money. Edward S. Meade estimates

that, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Columbus, but 150 million to 200 million dollars of new gold was mined. Was it the paucity in the precious metal that is accountable for the lack of progress which this period witnessed?

Strenuous efforts are now being made by bankers (headed by the Federal Reserve banks), by economists and by the leaders at Washington to prevent the immediate operation of the quantitative theory of money, or so to modify and subdue its action that not serious consequences may ensue. They all realize that to permit another period of inflation of credits and its consequent inflation of prices to be again perpetrated would be most disastrous. They realize, also, that the business of the country must be lifted out of its present Slough of Despond just as soon and just as rapidly as is consistent with sound economics. It is a delicate situation to handle, for both depressions and booms in business are apt to run wild and become uncontrollable once they start in earnest. The public sometimes takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. This is what happened, practically, in 1919 on the upward scale, and what conversely happened on the downward scale in 1920 and 1921.

Gold, being the only form of money recognized the world over at its face value, is supposed to stand behind the currencies issued by nations. Prior to the war the entire world, with the exception of one or two Asiatic countries, was on a gold-standard basis. To be on a gold basis means, theoretically, that all forms of paper money are instantly convertible into gold at bank on demand by the bearer; that the mints will coin any gold bullion immediately upon presentation; that there be no restriction upon the free import or export of gold, and that it is free to be purchased at mints at any time for use in the arts. The price of gold is fixed at \$20.67 per fine troy ounce. The United States is the only country in the world which is now on the gold basis. No country other than the United

States is able to redeem its paper currency on demand with gold. At the present moment the twelve Federal Reserve banks, taken as a whole, hold approximately 2,870 million dollars of the 3,600 millions of United States stock of gold. Against this they have outstanding but 2,443 millions of Federal Reserve notes. This is being actually on the gold basis. A year ago these banks held but 2,080 millions in gold, and had an outstanding note issue of 3,270 millions.

That no country other than the United States makes any pretense of being now on a gold-standard basis is seen from the fact that the United Kingdom holds gold reserves of but 764 million dollars against 2,115 millions of notes; that Germany holds but 260 million dollars in gold to support a currency note issue of 24,300 millions, and that even Switzerland, the most prosperous, perhaps, of any of the European nations, carries only about 104 million dollars in gold reserves against her note issues of 180 millions. Taking the world as a whole, or, rather, thirty-six of the leading nations, which includes, of course, the United States, the aggregate gold reserves held by them amounted, in 1921, to 8,184 million dollars. This stood behind a total note issue of 122,385 millions! In other words, if the entire world had clamored at once for its gold in exchange for bank notes, it would have received but about 6½ cents on the dollar.

These are some of the disturbing factors with respect to gold as a world standard of money and as a basis for commercial as well as national credit, and theorists are again busy trying to devise some more suitable substitute. It has been shown that the same 36 countries which could settle on a basis of but 6½ cents in gold on the dollar could have settled on a 64-cent basis in 1913. It has been shown that the amount of gold that is required to support commercial credit transactions the world over has been constantly diminishing, proving that the adequacy of that metal to perform its offices is be-

ing impaired. It has been shown that there is an enormous economic loss sustained in transporting gold back and forth between nations in the settlement of trade balances that should be avoided. It has been argued that it is absurd to cling to gold as a credit base in business transactions which have grown into the hundreds of millions of dollars each year while the output of gold has been constantly decreasing. It has been contended that a money base which has permitted such violent periods of inflation and deflation is not a safe base.

As a remedy, a substitute, many suggestions have been offered. It is held by some that the world would be better off if all the gold money in the world were dumped into the sea and something else of real intrinsic value substituted, such as the essential products of the soil, land, power, or, if Mr. Ford should have his way, energy. As against this, certain theorists would abolish the use of paper money altogether, substituting the actual gold metal therefor. There being but a small amount of coin available for the purpose compared with the volume of the world's paper currency, the result would be a general scaling down of commodity prices in the exact ratio which gold now bears to currency. Proponents of this startling and somewhat revolutionary theory claim that its practice will be a sure cure for both inflation and deflation, since money will be absolutely inelastic. This theory has many advocates, as has that which seeks to stabilize the dollar by adding to or subtracting from the coinage value of the gold it contains according as commodity prices fall or rise.

Some of the best thought of the

world is centered on the disturbing money question in an endeavor to straighten out the snarl into which the war has thrown the finances of the world. Economists recognize the absurdity of the foreign exchange situation as it exists to-day, with the money of each nation at a value, in every other land differing from the value in its home country, and there is persistent advocacy of the establishment of a world currency, whether based on gold or any other tangible thing which stands for value. Economic conferences are in order the world over; but no one has yet come forward with a concrete and workable plan which carries conviction on the face of it. Perhaps Mr. Vanderlip's plan for the organization of a World Reserve Bank with a capital of a billion dollars in gold comes the nearest to a solution of anything yet offered, but Mr. Vanderlip knows perfectly well that the majority of this capital, if such a bank is ever started, must come from the United States, for the simple reason that no one else has the gold for that purpose, and America might find itself, in case of some future war, in the unavailable position of "holding the bag."

Years of growth and experiment have established our present monetary system with gold as a base. It is a sadly disrupted affair as it stands to-day and needs the services of a competent expert to set it in order. But, with all its faults, it is the best we know, and drastic experiments in such an important matter are dangerous. The world is in no danger of scrapping immediately its age-old theories of money, even if something far better is shown, which hasn't yet happened.

## THE LONG ARM OF RADIO IS REACHING EVERYWHERE

**L**ITTLE more than a year ago the public regarded radiotelephony as a great mystery. To-day there are said to be 700,000 schools, colleges

and churches as well as factories, colleges and homes fitted with receiving apparatus and there are 15,000 stations licensed by the United States Govern-



ment under a statute that was enacted to regulate radiotelegraphy before the radiotelephone came. The great electrical manufacturing concerns cannot fill their orders for individual receiving "stations." East, west, south and north are several million people daily "listening in" on grand opera, sermons, speeches, concerts, theatrical productions, vaudeville turns and college lectures broadcasted indiscriminately.

The most striking, if not the most startling, disclosure evoked at the recent conference on radiotelephony called in Washington by Secretary Hoover was the admission by interested parties that "a five-power" pact for control of professional radio is in virtual existence. Federal intervention is made necessary in order that the incalculable possibilities of radiotelephony may not become a private monopoly. The conference developed that a comprehensive "cross license" system is maintained among the American Telephone and Telegraph Companies, the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the Western Electric Company. Spokesmen of those organizations indicated that they are leagued in a five-cornered arrangement whereby the most important radio patents are controlled and apparatus manufactured and sold under non-competitive agreement.

The General Electric Company is being equipped to turn out 60,000 sets of receiving apparatus a month and it is stated that the Westinghouse factory



A TYPICAL RADIO RECEIVING INSTRUMENT  
They are being manufactured and marketed at the rate of 25,000 a month.

cannot keep up with its orders, which are now being filled as rapidly as possible at the rate of 25,000 sets a month. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company enjoys the exclusive right to sell apparatus for commercial telephony, while the Radio Corporation is the exclusive sales agent for amateur and experimental apparatus. An original four-cornered agreement recently was extended so as to permit the Western Electric Company to share in the manufacturing profits. One concern, reports *Electrical Merchandizing*, is marketing apparatus at \$32.50 a set and doing a business of \$2,000,000 a month on a 45-day promise of delivery.

This cheaper instrument, we read, is provided only with a single headset, making it necessary to pass the receiver around to various members of the family to take turns at "listening in." This, of course, can be remedied by means of what are known as loud speakers, which, however, demand a dif-

ferent and more expensive outfit, costing anywhere from \$75 to \$300.

Altho the greatest volume of radio sales are made in the form of packages containing complete apparatus, dealers all carry in stock a few accessories and renewal parts which, we read, are very simple and no special knowledge is needed on the part of the salesman to dispose of them. As yet transmitting sets have not been made up in such a way that they can be sold in packages. It is necessary to buy the separate parts, such as oscillating tubes, transformers, inductances, keys and the like, and assemble them. The assembling work consists largely of connecting the various devices together.

While it is a simple matter to install a radio receiving station, it is a bit more difficult to get a sending set. One must be able to read a few words of the International Communication Code, enough to understand any strident telegraphic orders "to get off the air" from the big wireless at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for instance, which does not condescend to the wave length of the telephone. One will get this command whenever there's a ship sending S. O. S. from far out at sea. Then it's up to the amateur operator to refrain from transmitting, altho he may listen to the hiss and crackle of the dot and dash signal as the huge naval station speeds ships and men to the rescue.

At present, no amateur may send on more than a 200 meter wave length, nor is he permitted to develop more than one kilowatt of power. He is the lowest in the scale, and if he is anywhere in their neighborhood, he can no more interrupt the 360 meter wave length broadcasting concert or the 1,000 to 25,000 meter wave length transatlantic wireless than the buzzing of a mosquito can drown out the roar of a subway express train.

Sometimes the amateur tries to get just a little more power out of his instrument. It's natural, just as it's natural for the owner of a new automobile to "give 'er a little gas." When he yields to temptation, A. Leonard Smith

tells us, in the *New York Times*, the amateur is apt, like his brother in the motor car, to attract the heavy notice of the traffic officer of his own particular thoroughfare. In this case it is the radio inspector of the district. There is one of these inspectors in the Custom House of each of the following cities: Boston, New York, Savannah, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco, Seattle, Cleveland and Chicago. He has a radiotelephone and by adjusting his instruments can tell accurately whether anybody in his district is "exceeding the speed limit." The "exceeder" gets a quick call down. If he disregards it he loses his license to use the air for any other purpose than to breathe.

Another radio reporter, F. A. Collins, informs us that New York is as yet the only city in the world having a long-distance radio station in the very heart of its business section. The European capitals have built their wireless stations in the suburbs, or some nearby town, and have messages relayed into the city itself. The transatlantic messages sent out from New York or received are controlled from an office on Broad Street. A message sent out from this New York office building is read in London, Paris or Berlin almost instantaneously.

The machinery of long-distance wireless transmission has had a marvelous development of late. The great stations on Long Island and in New Jersey, for instance, are operated from a desk in a New York office, the apparatus being contained in a box rather smaller than a pound-candy box. The sending is done by mechanical fingers which operate much faster and more accurately than the most skilful telegraph operator. In a Foreign Press Service report we read that a small table in this office is allotted for the machinery which controls each of these stations. At one table messages are sent to London and received from London. Another table controls the traffic with Paris, another with Norway, another Berlin, still another Rome, and so on.

On a rack at one end of the office hang half a dozen telephone receivers, each of which is connected in a different long-distance circuit. By placing one of these to one's ear one can listen in on the messages which, with surprising speed, cross the Atlantic. On listening in on these circuits one hears the characteristic buzzing note common to all radio communication, coming with perfect distinctness. This is the voice of the London station sending at the rate of fifty-five words to the minute. It drops along without interrupting for twenty-four hours each day. The second receiver gives a slightly different note. It pitched a trifle higher, but buzzes on with the same bewildering speed. This, it is explained, is the station at Nauen, near Berlin. The next receiver enables one to listen in on the Paris stations, or rather the station three miles from the center of the city. Another receiver gives out the note of the Norway station. Still another is the voice of the station at Rome. A trained ear can instantly recognize one station from another by a slight variation in the note.

The entire operation of sending is carried out on one side of a narrow table while the receiving from abroad is done opposite. As the messages to be sent come in they are handed to a young man who sits before a typewriter. The first step is to tap out the message on a typewriter. The machine does not spell out the message, but translates it into the dots and dashes of the international Morse code. Instead of printing these, the keys punch a series of holes in a strip of paper, half an inch in width, like the tape of a stock ticker. The message is thus reproduced much as music is prepared on the rolls which are used in automatic organs and pianos.

This perforated strip then passes directly to the sending device which stands at the left of the typewriter. As it passes through this little box two steel fingers tap back and forth feeling for the perforations. When one of the little steel fingers strikes one of

these holes and passes through, it closes a circuit. The same instant the dot or dash is reproduced at the other end of the line in London, Paris or Rome, as the case may be. The movement of the steel finger operates in turn the powerful long-distance station sixty miles from New York.

The messages crowd onward at the rate of fifty-five or sixty words to the minute. The most expert telegraph operator cannot rival this speed and accuracy. The mechanical sending mechanism, by the way, is an American invention, which has been adopted in the great stations in Europe. A wireless telephone stands beside the typewriter of the sending apparatus, which listens in on the sending of the wireless station wherever it may be. This makes it possible to tell if the station is working smoothly and gives warning if anything happens to interrupt the messages.

The receiving apparatus is equally simple and compact. As the radio messages are picked up by the great stations near New York they are repeated directly to the mechanism on the other side of the table. The human ear cannot be trusted to read the messages coming at such a pace, and are therefore recorded automatically. The dots and dashes are reproduced by a pen moving across a tape like that used for sending. They are written in a waving line clearly and with infallible accuracy. This tape moves across the top of a typewriter where an operator translates, at his convenience, into ordinary typed letters. The messages are written at once on blanks ready for delivery. The system has made it possible to send a message from a desk in a Wall Street office to a Berlin address in less than five minutes. The radio era is here.

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World production of petroleum in 1921 is estimated by the United States Geological Survey at 750,000,000 barrels, compared with 695,000,000 barrels in 1920. Production in the United States was 169,369,000 barrels, valued at \$753,300,000—double the 1912 production.

## BUCKET-SHOPS AND FRAUDULENT PROMOTIONS

THE continued collapse of fraudulent speculative concerns in many of the larger cities proves quite conclusively the effect of an aroused public opinion against this particular form of dishonesty. It emphasizes as well the tendency of people generally to allow themselves to be imposed upon, for it is generally known that bucket-shops and get-rich-quick promoters are in the same class as Monte Carlos and professional gamblers. Sequential to the disclosures which have recently been made of the unreliability of hundreds of these speculative undertakings has been the bankruptcy of scores of concerns whose methods could not withstand the light of investigation.

The slow but steady upward movement in prices of securities which started last fall has played havoc with the bucket-shops and their patrons. As the *World's Work* points out, these houses prosper most in a declining market, tho they may prosper in an advancing market provided there are enough downward reactions to permit them to cover a majority of their obligations to their clients at lower prices than their clients are paying them. In such a market they can usually get many of their clients so extended in their market commitments that a good reaction will close out their accounts because they cannot put up additional "margin"; and then, as is often the case, if the bucket-shop has never bought the securities, it gets all or nearly all of the money they have put up. But in a steadily advancing market the bucket-shop operator is deprived of these opportunities, and when clients begin to take their profits or demand delivery of their securities he is "out of luck" and receivership and bankruptcy follow.

It is a startling fact that fly-by-night concerns in the garb of respectability have mulcted the American people to the extent of \$500,000,000 annually in recent years. The *Christian*

*Science Monitor* calls shrilly for a sort of Volstead act against swindling, "because the people have become convinced that they have not been able thus far to protect themselves by ordinary foresight and abstention from indulgence in patent dollar-catching devices." On the other hand, *Financial Facts* is skeptical as to the remedial value of more restriction laws because "we have too many laws now" and "the blue-sky laws of the several states have proved most ineffective against the activities of unscrupulous promoters and bucket-shoppers." It hopes that some day there will come someone who, following in the footsteps of Carnegie, Rockefeller and other great philanthropists, will endow a system of education to teach the people what to do with the money they earn but don't spend.

Meanwhile the *World's Work* reminds us that margin trading with an honest house (the buying of stocks by putting up a portion of the purchase price and borrowing the remainder) is as legitimate an operation as buying a house on a mortgage, provided the buyer knows as much about the stock as about the house, but more risky because he seldom knows as much and because stocks fluctuate in market value more rapidly than houses. However, "the bucket-shop operates by not buying the stock or, if it does, soon sells it again, and does not borrow on it at the bank. It charges you interest on the balance just the same, and when the stock goes down it calls upon you for more margin. You would never notice any difference unless you dropped in to make payment in full for the stock and found that you had difficulty in getting delivery of it, or closed out your account and asked for your money, or tried to transfer the account to some other house. Even then you might not have any trouble, but when the market has moved as steadily upward as it has since the middle of October you are likely to have."

This is not inside information on the Wall Street underworld, but is common knowledge among legitimate bankers and brokers who, if questioned about one or more of dozens of houses that advertize widely to attract new customers, will suggest that they are operating as bucket-shops. Why are they not put out of business when there is a law against such operations? The trouble is to prove it. There is no law that permits an examiner to come in at unexpected intervals, unannounced, as in the case of banks, and make an examination of a broker's books. Even if there were he might not uncover evidence of bucketing where the house executed all its orders and soon after sold some of the stocks against dummy accounts on the books.

What is needed is a change of attitude toward these houses which are a public menace. Meanwhile "the person who is dealing in stocks on a margin or buying them on the partial payment plan should make inquiry through his bank or some other reliable channel as to the character of the house that he intends to do business with. And he should not content himself with a report that 'As far as we can learn there is nothing wrong with the house.' He should insist that the house he does business with is enjoying more than a negatively favorable reputation and is

positively known for its high character and strong financial backing."

A bill introduced in the New York State Legislature to license stock brokers and to put all transactions in securities under the supervision of the superintendent of banks is, at this writing, arousing the frightened opposition of Wall Street. It is argued by the Committee on Law Reform of the Bar Association that "a blue-sky law in crude imitation of Western statutes might work untold harm in hampering investments without in any way protecting fools from their folly." The bill in question provides:

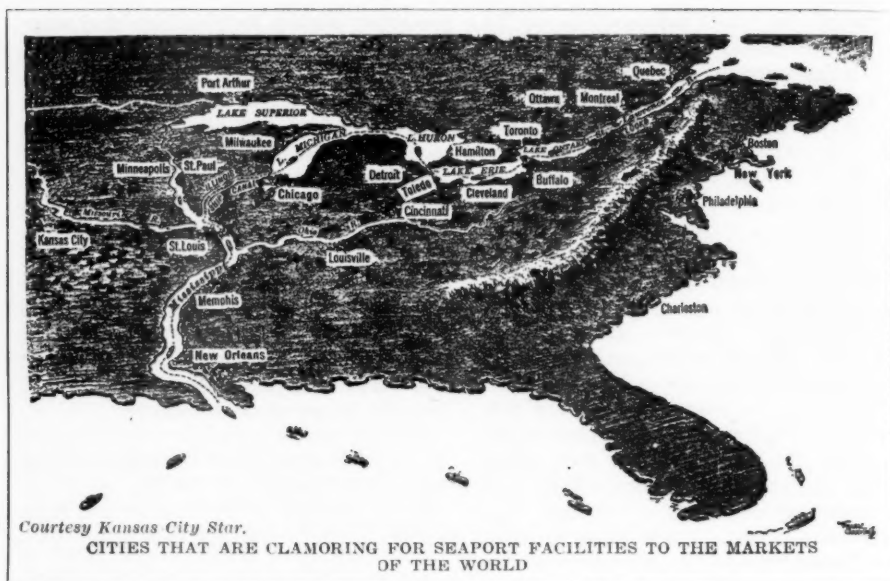
1. That no person may engage in the sale or exchange of stocks, bonds or other securities without obtaining a license from the superintendent of banks.
2. That no securities may be dealt in except those listed on incorporated stock or curb exchanges unless a statement of the character of the stock and such information as may be asked for by the Banking Department has been filed.
3. That no license shall be issued except to persons or corporations of good business repute, such licenses to be revoked for cause by the superintendent of banks after a hearing.
4. That the superintendent of banks may examine the books and accounts of a license at any time under the same conditions which permit the examinations of a bank licensed by him.

## HOSTILITY TO NEW YORK REVEALED IN ST. LAWRENCE CANAL PROJECT

**I**N the ebb and flow of debate as to the advisability of raising and spending several hundred million dollars in making the St. Lawrence River navigable for oceangoing craft and thereby making virtual seaports of such cities as Chicago, Cleveland, Duluth and Milwaukee, it develops that the impetus given the project is attributed to "the dangerous hostility to New York that is widespread in the

United States." Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, addressing that body recently, defined it as "largely honest hostility based, of course, on imperfect information and local ambitions. When the hostility is dishonest, politicians will be found lurking in the background. Nominally approved by eighteen states, the project's appeal rests largely on an alluring suggestion. To tell Cleveland,





Chicago and Duluth that they ought to be and can be great seaports is to fire the imagination of their people."

The fundamental features of the project, which is admitted to be "making great headway and probably will be undertaken," were outlined in CURRENT OPINION for February. Subsequently in a joint debate with Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, and H. H. Merrick, of Chicago, before the National Rivers and Harbors Congress in Washington, Governor Nathan L. Miller, of New York, expressed his willingness for Congress to appropriate a million or more to have a thoro investigation made by impartial experts and, he declared, if they pronounced it feasible he would support it no matter what it might cost. At the same time Governor Miller offered an alternative plan in suggesting that the Mississippi River and its branches be improved so that the Middle West might ship its products by barge to New Orleans and thence to foreign ports, thus saving the heavy railroad charge of assembling such freight at the Lake ports for export via the St. Lawrence River.

Governor Allen, dwelling upon the

"tragedy of transportation" under which he said the Middle West was suffering, declared that the eighteen states in favor of a St. Lawrence Ship Canal produced 70 per cent. of all the wheat grown in the United States, 66 per cent. of the corn, 80 per cent. of the oats and 70 per cent. of the barley. He argued, relative to bringing the sea coast 1,200 miles nearer to the Middle West, that, "without any intention whatsoever to injure New York, we do say that if that sea coast is a good thing for New York, we would like to have it also." He referred to the statement that New York would be called upon to pay 30 per cent. of the cost of the canal as merely New York's "quaint way of explaining that she gets more than anybody else." As to the New York State Barge Canal, which is placed in some jeopardy by the St. Lawrence project and which is capable of transporting 10,000,000 tons each way annually, he asserted that the transportation demand of the eighteen states involved is 200,000,000 tons. Consequently "there is nothing in the Barge Canal that competes with our project. The Buffalo papers have been screaming at

us in the Middle West, 'Come on here! Here you have it now!' Well, we are not bound for Buffalo. We are bound for Liverpool." Advocates of the canal maintain that it will save the Middle West \$350,000,000 a year and that to offset the cost of the canal will be the development of 1,400,000 hydraulic horse-power to be marketed under the jurisdiction of the United Commissions of the states in which it is distributed.

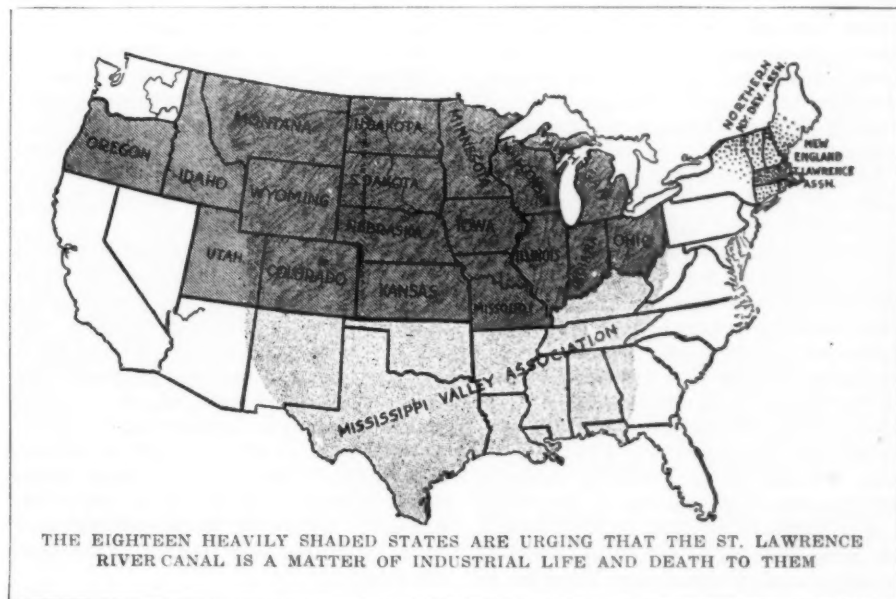
Governor Miller questioned these and other figures, declaring: "There is no market or practically no market whatever at the place where this power will be developed; and there are many engineering features yet to be studied before it is determined where that market is going to be and how much it is going to cost to get the electricity to that market. At any rate, it is going to take years—how many I do not know—during which fresh charges are going to pile up.

"But they give it out over the country that this thing can be done for \$250,000,000, a mere bagatelle, less than they will save in one year on wheat. And then they want to commit

the Government and the Federal Treasury to the assumption that in some way not designated, not even studied, water-power is going to pay for it."

As to the Middle West seeking an outlet for 200,000,000 million tons of products, Governor Miller reminded the Congress that in the banner year of 1920 the total export and import tonnage of the United States was only 54,000,000. It was his contention that a 30-foot, instead of a 20-foot, channel would be required for the canal and that this would cost at least \$500,000,000. Furthermore:

"The very fact that these people are trying to rush this proposition through upon the assertion that it involves only \$250,000,000 upon the superficial examination that they have made, upon the assertion that it is not necessary to consider the deepening of the channels of the Great Lakes—that fact indicts their good faith. It shows that they are not willing to have the facts examined. It shows that they are trying to commit this Government to something that neither they nor anybody else has computed."



## KAPOC, A JAVA PRODUCT, RIVALS COTTON IN MATTRESS-MAKING

**A**DDDED to the many articles—such as near silk, near seal, near beer and so on—which industrial ingenuity has provided is near cotton, or a sort of glorified linters with a very short but silky staple produced in Java and being imported into the United States in constantly increasing quantity. It is known as Kapoc, and we read in *Commerce and Finance* (New York) that it grows around the seeds in a boll or pod resembling a giant okra pod and has to be ginned in the same manner as cotton. It may not be generally known that cotton and okra belong to the same botanical family and are, in fact, such close relatives that the law of “reversion to type” sometimes asserts itself in a neglected cotton field, where a half-developed okra pod is occasionally to be found on a degenerate cotton plant.

Kapoc, writes Grinnell Martin, in *Commerce and Finance*, is quietly becoming almost a necessity to mattress and upholstery manufacturers. Tho it grows throughout the tropical belt, it is produced commercially only in Java, where, through the use of elaborate and special machinery, it is very carefully prepared and packed, while the product of other sections is often very poorly cleaned and packed in a very unsatisfactory way.

Kapoc, while resembling cotton in appearance, grows in a much heavier pod and on trees which vary from two inches to a foot in diameter and sometimes attain a height of forty feet. The average Java crop is from 10,000 to 15,000 tons, the greater part of which comes to this country, the next largest consumers being Holland and Australia. Most of the kapoc imported into the United States is used by manufacturers of mattresses and pillows, and, due to its lightness, non-absorbing qualities, coolness and freedom from matting or bunching, it is in growing demand, as these qualities make it superior for many purposes to cotton and in some ways superior to

hair. Its lightness is, of course, a great advantage, as a large kapoc mattress contains about 30 pounds of filling, while a hair mattress of the same size will weigh about 40 or 50 pounds. A good-quality, full-size kapoc mattress costs about \$26 at the present time, while a hair mattress of the same quality costs about \$50. Another advantage of kapoc is that after a mattress or pillow has been used for a long time and has become somewhat matted, the kapoc will rapidly regain its original resiliency if the mattress or pillow is placed in the sun for a few hours.

During the war the Government purchased very large quantities, which were used to fill life preservers, as the specific gravity is very much lower even than that of cork, the ratio being about six to one.

The producers in Java grade kapoc under the name of the various districts from which it comes. The district best known to the American trade is Semarang, and kapoc from this section comes to this country under the name of Prime Japara. Tho there is some difference between the qualities produced in the different districts, and the trade makes some distinction between these grades, kapoc is practically divided into two qualities, the best quality at the present time selling for about 16c per pound c. i. f. New York, and the second quality for about one-half cent less.

It is of interest to note that the price of kapoc bears no relation to the price of cotton, as shown by the fact that the former has remained practically the same for several months, while cotton has increased almost a hundred per cent. Its appellation of near cotton would seem to be a misnomer insofar as neither is a substitute for the other, the nearest substitute for kapoc being down, which, however, is far more expensive. There is no assurance that kapoc will ever rival cotton in the textile industry.



## BOOKS IN BRIEF



**What Next in Europe?** by Frank A. Vanderlip (Harcourt), supplements the author's "What Happened in Europe," published two and a half years ago, and makes a vigorous plea in behalf of American participation in European affairs. Mr. Vanderlip has talked with Arthur Balfour and with Lord Cecil; with business men and financial experts like Ter Meulen and Rathenau; with chancellors and finance ministers in nearly every European country, and he gives a picture of widespread famine threatening; bankruptcy imminent; and exhausted, independent countries strangling each other. The only hope of economic recovery, he says, is to be found in some measure of international cooperation. Apart from his plan that America back a Gold Reserve Bank for the relief of Europe, he proposes that the Allied debt to the United States (\$11,000,000,000) be collected and applied to the same purpose. Eastern Europe he would make the main beneficiary. We could help provide better transportation and systems of sanitation; we could aid in developing hydro-electric power; provide funds toward equipping Eastern Europe with a modern grain-elevator system; give to Italy the means for establishing schools of applied art; even propose to England the establishment of great scientific laboratories. This, he says, would be "a grand gesture in international relationships."

**Europe — Whither Bound?** by Stephen Graham (Appleton), is not so much the book of prophecy that its title would indicate as a vivid account of a tour through the capitals of Europe during the past year. Its indefatigable author, who has lived with peasants in Russia and with negroes in Georgia and who served with the British Army in the War, is apparently never so happy as when he is exploring new territory. Among the cities he visited were Athens, Constantinople, Warsaw, Prague, Berlin, Rome and Paris. Most of his reports are discouraging. He speaks, for instance, of Constantinople,

with its 100,000 Russian refugees, as "a city now of appalling unhappiness and misery," and of Berlin as "a city that had no slums and no poor in 1914, now becoming a slum en bloc." The only capital in Europe, according to Mr. Graham, in which Woodrow Wilson's name and fame are still undimmed is Prague. "France and England," Mr. Graham declares, "were benevolently disposed toward a Czech republic, but America, thanks to the influence of the Slavophile millionaire, Charles Crane, with Wilson, and to the personal prestige of Masaryk, did most to confirm and strengthen Czecho-Slovakia." It counts more, we are told further, to be an American in Prague than to be English. Crane's son is minister for the United States; Crane's daughter-in-law, as painted by Mucha, is engraved on the new hundred-crown note.

**The Life of Clara Barton**, by William E. Barton (Houghton Mifflin), affords an illustration of how history repeats itself. The two great achievements of Clara Barton were her work during the Civil War in behalf of wounded soldiers and her long-drawn-out, but ultimately successful, efforts to induce the United States to become a member of the International Red Cross. In connection with the latter, it is interesting to note that she met with exactly the same objections as those that have lately assailed the proposal that America join the League of Nations. She was warned by Senators, Representatives, members of the Cabinet, Presidents and Vice-Presidents, to beware of "entangling alliances," and was told that America was perfectly capable of managing her own affairs without outside assistance. It was not until 1882 that the Senate ratified and President Arthur signed the treaty that linked the United States with twenty-seven other nations in the Geneva Convention.

**Our Hawaii**, by Charmian K. London (Macmillan), is a new and revised edition of a memorable book. Begun as a diary when Charmian and her sailor husband

arrived in Honolulu on their yacht *Snark* in 1907, it has been expanded to cover several trips to Hawaii, one made after Jack's death. It is vivid, colorful, and "written with an enthusiasm only possible to a Charmian London," as Frederick O'Brien remarks in the *New York Herald*. One of the high spots of the narrative is a description of the dethroned Queen Liliuokalani; another is an account of the Molokai leper settlement. The book is fully illustrated, and opens with three essays on Hawaii written by Jack London in 1916.

*Sleeping Fires*, by Gertrude Atherton (Stokes), is a story of San Francisco in the 'sixties. We are introduced to an exclusive social set into which is brought the New Englander who is the heroine of the tale. She comes as the wife of a popular doctor and she makes a real conquest of the hearts of his friends, but her union with him is not a success. She finds herself starved intellectually. She turns for companionship to a brilliant young literary man. There comes an hour which recalls that of Paolo and Francesca. The story itself, while very well told, is not the most interesting thing in the book. Mrs. Atherton, as Hildegard Hawthorne points out in the *New York Times*, is occupied with a thesis. "There are men and women who are created to make one whole. Not anything man-made can keep them apart without utterly smashing them. The bulk of humanity gets along well enough anyhow, perhaps. But the man and woman essentially human cannot be finally controlled, tho they may be killed, by social laws. Wake the sleeping, elemental fires and the flimsy barriers and shelters we have built are consumed to ashes."

*The Life and Death of Harriett Frean*, by May Sinclair (Macmillan), is hailed as the shortest novel of the month. In scarcely more than 15,000 words, we get the biography of a woman whose chief fault is that she is too self-sacrificing. The central episode of the story is that in which she surrenders her girlhood sweetheart to her dearest friend. The climax is reached when she comes to a realization of the futility of her sacrifice. "It is a terrible story," says Charles Hanson Towne in the *New York Tribune*, "but oh, with what clarity it is told! I wish every young writer would read it, study it, ponder it. Not a wasted phrase, not a single adjective too many. Brilliant to a point that hurts. And coming after the gay 'Mr. Waddington of Wyck,' how

it makes one realize the genius, the strange flame of May Sinclair, this woman who can leap from that light mood to so poignant a theme."

*The Beautiful and Damned*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Scribner), carries the spirit of its author's earlier stories, "This Side of Paradise" and "Flappers and Philosophers," to a logical conclusion. The glamor that he saw has faded. The beautiful are damned. All this is embodied in a story which, in sheer vitality and glitter, is unexcelled by any other of our young American writers. Mr. Fitzgerald takes an obvious delight even in describing disintegration. He is "magnificently alive," as John Peale Bishop puts it in the *New York Herald*, "at the moment of announcing the meaninglessness of life." He seems to say to the older generation: "Here we are, we youngsters, and this is how we can drink and suffer and wonder and pretend to have no hope. What do you make of us?" The reply of the older generation, as Henry Seidel Canby formulates it in the *New York Evening Post*, is: "We are a little disgusted, a little touched, and profoundly interested." When Mr. Fitzgerald grows up, in art as well as in philosophy, Dr. Canby goes on to comment, "he may tell us more, and more wisely. He will write better novels, but he will probably never give us better documents of distraught and abandoned but intensely living youth."

*Crome Yellow*, by Aldous Huxley (Doran), does for England something of what "The Beautiful and Damned" does for America. It is youth's satire on youth, and recalls Oscar Wilde. "The youngest of the Georgians," as Ludwig Lewisohn puts it in the *New York Nation*, "recalls the last of the Victorians; 'Crome Yellow' is 'The Green Carnation' after thirty years. There is the same week-end party in an English country house, the same eddying of brilliant conversation, the same weary, ultra-civilized mockery, the same touch which is so sure without ever being innocent, the same phosphorescence which we shall let someone else call the phosphorescence of decay. There is even a young poet who, like Dorian Grey, admires his mirrored image. But the eroticism has changed in character and now centers about a young person named Mary, who is desperately afraid of developing complexes through repression and wears her hair 'clipped like a page's in a bell of elastic gold about her cheeks.'"





**F**UN that has always much more than a surface significance may be found in abundance in the essays of Clarence Day, Jr. His first book, "This Simian

wondering instinct—a "soul." Assuming he isn't religious, what does he do with *that* part of him?

He usually keeps that part of him asleep if he can. He doesn't like to let it wake up and look around at the world, because it asks awful questions—about death, or truth—and that makes him uncomfortable. He wants to be cheery and he hates to have his soul interfere. The soul is too serious and the best thing to do is to deaden it.

Humor is an opiate for the soul, says Francis Hackett. Laugh it off: that's one way of not facing a trouble. Sentimentality, too, drugs the soul; so does business. That's why hu-

mor and sentimentality and business are popular.

In Russia, it's different. Their souls are more awake, and less covered. The Russians are not businesslike, and they're not sentimental or humorous. They are spiritually naked by contrast. An odd, moody people. We look on, well wrapped-up, and wonder why they shiver at life.

"My first interest," the Russian ex-



RUSSIA BETWEEN THE SPHINX AND CIVILIZATION  
One of Clarence Day's illustrations for "The Crow's Nest."

World," was hailed as one of the best pieces of satire by an American, and his new book, "The Crow's Nest" (Knopf), so-called because Mr. Day conceives of himself atop of a sail, shows no slackening of his power. He is discoursing now on Humpty-Dumpty, Prometheus, Thomas Hardy, Fabre and Noah; he has something to tell us of money, the nebular hypothesis, legs, cows and marriage; and he illustrates all with clever drawings. There is one essay in the new book entitled "A Man Gets Up in the Morning." "You can read it," says Lee Wilson Dodd in the *New York Evening Post*, "in three minutes and then—if your habits run that way—you can think about it for the rest of your life." We quote it in full:

A man gets up in the morning and looks out at the weather, and dresses, and goes to his work, and says hello to his friends, and plays a little pool in the evening and gets into bed. But only a part of him has been active in doing all that. He has a something else in him—a



"IF ONE CAN'T FIND A MEANING TO ANYTHING, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?"

Another of Clarence Day's portrayals of the Russian dilemma.

plains, "is to know where I stand: I must look at the past, and the seas of space about me, and the intricate human drama on this little planet. Before I can attend to affairs, or be funny, or tender, I must know whether the world's any good. Life may all be a fraud."

The Englishman and American answer that this is not practical. They don't believe in anyone's sitting down to stare at the Sphinx. "That won't get you anywhere," they tell him. "You must be up and doing. Find something that interests you, then do it, and—"

"Well, and what after that?" says the Russian.

"Why—er—and you'll find out as much of the Riddle in that way as any."

"And how much is that?"

"Why, not so very damn much perhaps," we answer. "But at least you'll keep sane."

"Why keep sane?" says the Russian. "If there is any point to so doing I should naturally wish to. But if one can't find a

meaning to anything, what is the difference?"

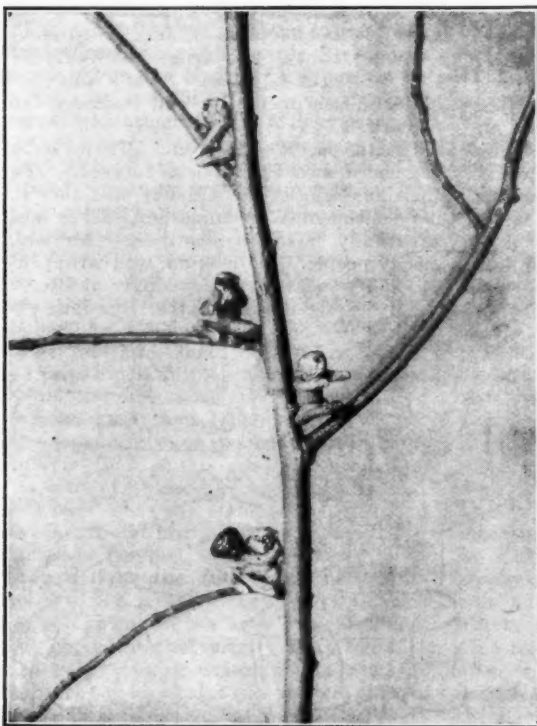
And the American and Englishman continue to recommend business.

Humor of a much more obvious sort is offered by Mr. Day in an essay "On Cows":

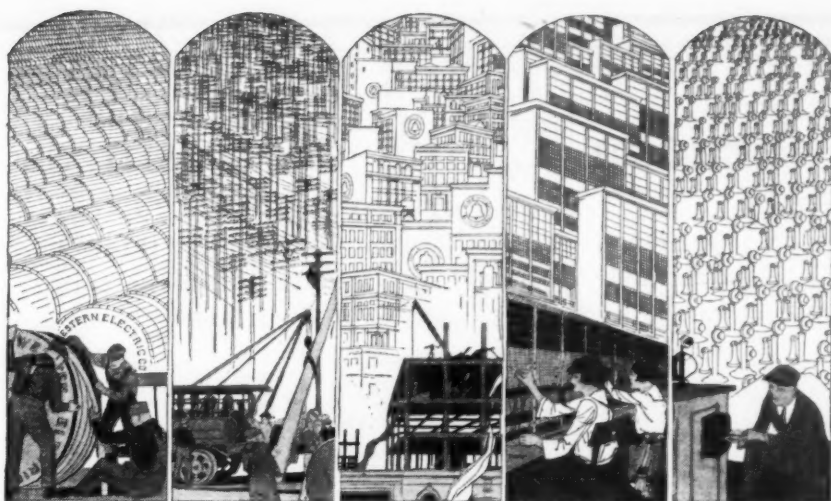
I was thinking the other evening of cows. You say Why? I can't tell you. But it came to me, all of a sudden, that cows lead hard lives. It takes such a lot of grass, apparently, to keep a cow going that she has to spend all her time eating, day in and day out. Dogs bounce around and bark, horses caper, birds fly, also sing, while the cow looks on, enviously, maybe, unable to join them. Cows may long for conversation or prancing, for all that we know, but they can't spare the time. The problem of nourishment takes every hour: a pause might be fatal. So they go through life drearily eating, resentful and dumb. Their food is most uninteresting, and is frequently covered with bugs; and their thoughts, if they dwell on their hopeless careers, must be bitter.

In the old days, when huge and strange animals roamed through the world, there was an era when great size was necessary, as a protection. All creatures that could do so grew large. It was only thus they felt safe. But as soon as they became large, the grass-eating creatures began to have trouble, because of the fact that grass has a low nutritive value. You take a dinosaur, for instance, who was sixty or seventy feet long. Imagine what a hard task it must have been for him, every day, to get enough grass down his throat to supply his vast body. Do you wonder that, as scientists tell us, they died of exhaustion? Some starved to death even while feverishly chewing their cud—the remoter parts of their bodies fainting from famine while their foreparts got fed.

This exasperating fate is what darkens the mind of the cow.



Photograph by Van der Weyde  
THE FAMILY TREE.



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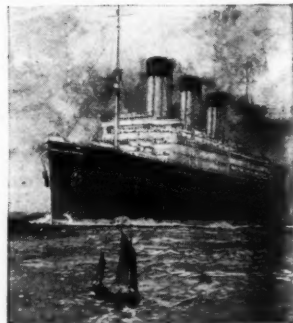
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Winning victories is a matter of morale, of consciousness, of mind. Would you bring into your life, more money, get the money consciousness, more power, get the power consciousness, more health, get the health consciousness, more happiness, get the happiness consciousness? Live the spirit of these things until they become yours by right. It will then become impossible to keep them from you. The things of the world are fluid to a power within man by which he rules them.

You need not acquire this power. You already have it. But you want to understand it; you want to use it; you want to control it; you want to impregnate yourself with it; so that you can go forward and carry the world before you.

And what is this world that you would carry before you? It is no dead pile of stones and timber; it is a living thing! It is made up of the beating hearts of humanity and the indescribable harmony of the myriad souls of men, now strong and impregnable, anon weak and vacillating.

It is evident that it requires understanding to work with material of this description; it is not work for the ordinary builder.

If you, too, would go aloft, into the heights, where all that you ever dared to think or hope is but a shadow of the dazzling reality, you may do so. Upon receipt of your name and address, I will send you a copy of a book by Mr. Bernard Guilbert Guerney, the celebrated New York author and literary critic. It will afford the inspiration which will put you in harmony with all that is best in life, and as you come into harmony with these things, you make them your own, you relate with them, you attract them to you. The book is sent without cost or obligation of any kind, yet many who have received it say that it is by far the most important thing which has ever come into their lives.

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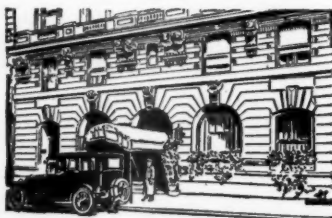
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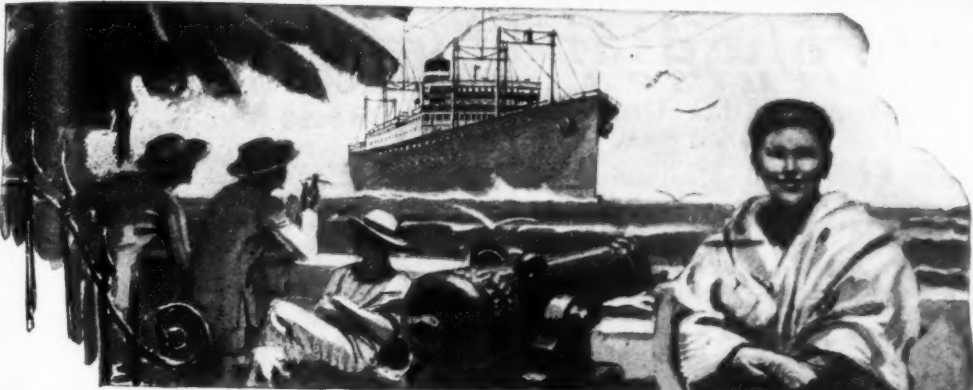
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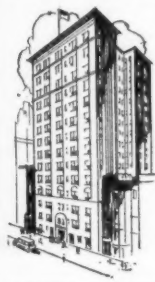
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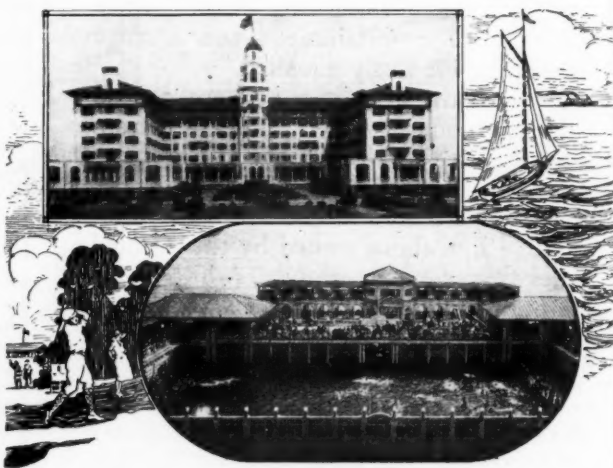
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# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

**T**HE investor who failed to take advantage of the most unusual and attractive offerings afforded in the market a few months ago has but himself to blame. The handwriting on the wall was in plain English and needed no specialist to interpret it. Expectation of the continuance of such investment conditions with the high yields which existed during the latter part of last year and the early part of this, could be justified only by the belief that the country was going to the dogs—and it is not.

The handwriting clearly stated, week by week and month by month, so that he who ran might read, that drastic liquidation was in progress—liquidation in money, business and securities. It showed that money was being accumulated in the banks of the country through the payment of loans to a degree quite unprecedented; that a vast volume of currency was being retired; that reserves were constantly growing in the banks, and that gold was coming in at a rate hitherto unheard-of—all of which pointed to the fact of cheap money in the near future. It showed a stock market in which the public took not the slightest interest, it being entirely in the hands of the professionals, to be manipulated by them as they pleased. That it has been liquidated to their entire satisfaction is now evident.

August, 1921, proved to be the turning point in stocks, anti-dating, as it always does, the turn in business by many months, and since that time the market has steadily advanced. Analytically speaking, there is little reason seen for an advancing market. Viewed from a psychological standpoint and from the fact that money is cheap and

that real bargains have existed, ample reason is found. That the stock market should advance in the face of poor earnings, adverse statements, internal troubles, strikes and disturbances of all kinds is, in many respects, unnatural. That the advance did take place in spite of such adverse conditions speaks well for the confidence of the investors of the country in the soundness of our industries. It shows that they are capable of looking beneath immediate surface indications and can see that the depression through which we have been wading for so long is temporary; that its time is up; that, potentially, there is prosperity in sight for all industry, and that bargains existed—bargains that are rapidly disappearing as prices advance. After so long a period of downward movement the market was due for an upward swing and, helped out by the existence of so much cheap and idle money, the cycle is in a fair way to be completed.

The new picture thrown upon the screen carries with it the lesson that the old conditions of the past year or two have passed and that the predictions of cheap money have been verified. The new conditions began to develop but a few months ago, but, even in that short time, have firmly established the belief that the turn has been successfully passed. To a large extent the cheapness of money has been brought about by the liquidation in commodity prices and in business generally, for it now requires but about a half of the funds to carry on business as it did two years ago. The result has been the piling up of money in the banks to the credit of the large corporations and others who cannot use it in their own business because there is no demand



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for the goods they make or sell. In looking about for an outlet, the stock market presents itself, and it is such funds as these that are, in a large measure, responsible for the recent rise in the general market.

Indications now point to a continuation of a 2 or 3 per cent. carry-over money rate on the stock exchange. This should reflect a 2 to a 2¼ per cent. rate on trade and banker's acceptances, and a 3½ to 3¾ per cent. rate on government treasury paper. This should bring Liberty bonds to approximately 4 per cent. Taking Liberty bonds as a basis, a rate of 4½ to 4¾ per cent. should obtain by April on long maturities, and still with Liberty bonds as an index, municipal and other tax-exempt securities should range at about a par income return, namely 4 per cent. Higher grade eligible saving-banks bonds should range, under the conditions which we may reasonably expect to obtain for the next month or two, on about a 4½ basis, and middle-class railroad bonds at about a 5½ to 5¾ per cent. return. High-grade corporation bonds should maintain about a 5 to a 6 per cent. basis. From present indications, foreign government bonds will not be attractive to American investors at better than a seven per cent. return for some time. The above reflects approximately the position of the money market as we find it to-day, and as it may be expected to continue for some weeks.

Investors are not a little puzzled over the recent action of the Great Northern Railroad in postponing action on its dividend till the next meeting of the Board of Directors. In the usual course of events a quarterly dividend of 1¾ per cent. should have been declared on March 15th, payable May 1st. Instead of this the Board voted to "go on a semi-annual basis," dividend payments to be made about August 1st and February 1st. It will be June 20th, now, before action will be taken. This move, as it is interpreted, is made so as to give the Directors an additional three months in which to size up conditions and to determine whether it shall declare and pay the regular rate, reduce it, or pass it altogether. In this manner it has placed its affairs squarely

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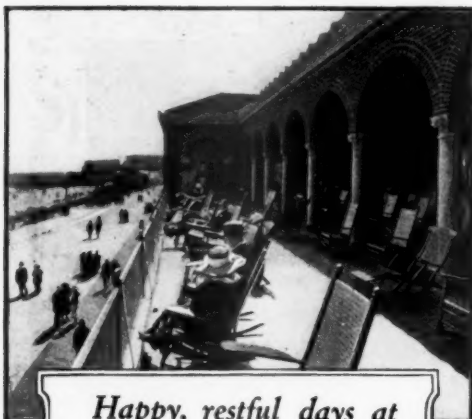
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before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Railroad Labor Board. These commissions have it in their power to make or break the Great Northern or any other railroad, and it is the gossip of the street that the action of the Board was taken for the express purpose of forcing the hands of these commissions. The Transportation Act directs that a rate shall be made by the Interstate Commerce Commission whereby a 5½ per cent. earning may be made on the value of a railroad property. If the Commission fails to fix such a rate, and if the Labor Board continues to stand for the highway schedules of the past, the Great Northern will be in a position to protect itself. It was expected that the Northern Pacific might take action similar to that of its neighbor. On the other hand, it met the Transportation Act by cutting its dividend to 5 per cent., leaving to the next annual meeting the question of the excess half of a per cent. to which it should be entitled under the Act.

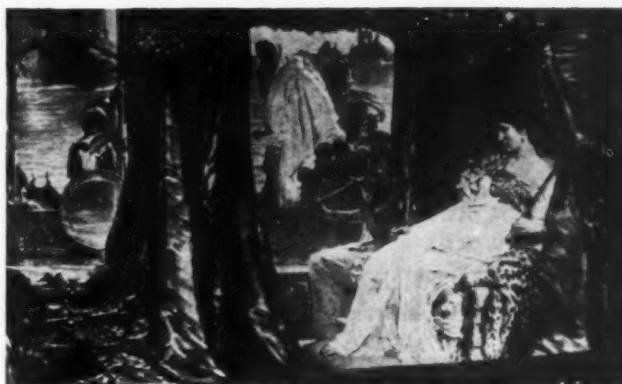
It cannot be said that the public is yet in the Stock Market in earnest. Apparently the rise hasn't continued long enough to attract this elusive element. That it cannot long withstand the lure of a rising market has been proven over and over again, and there is no reason to believe that the present movement, halting and more or less uncertain tho it be, will be long neglected. There are many bargains yet on the shelves awaiting those wise enough to get in before the upward movement has progressed too far. It requires no great acumen to know that, all through the depression period, stocks were all maintained at too low a level if their potentialities were taken into account. It was sentiment, psychology and a lack of interest and confidence that kept most of them down. It should require little wisdom to now be able to select from the general list stocks having an intrinsic value above their present market levels. In making selection, however, a thoro knowledge of the fundamental condition of the property under consideration should be the ruling thought rather than the actual present market price.

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Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
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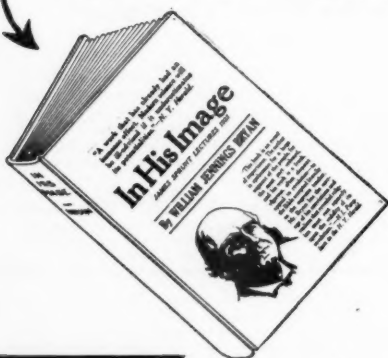
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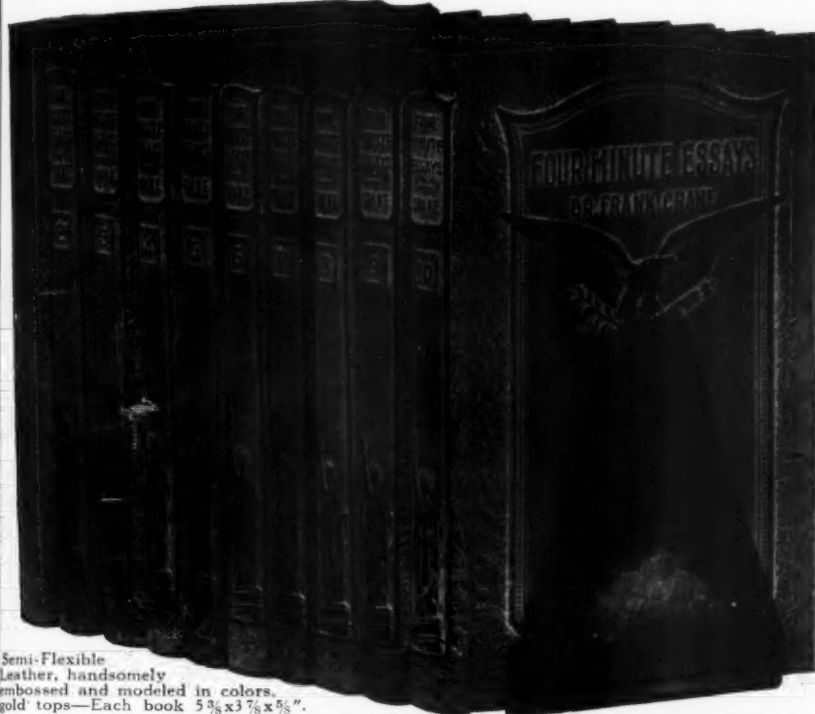
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# What Can Pass?

**I**N a little book of recent publication I find this pregnant idea:

"The spiritual life can see all whom it loves passing away; all that it is interested in going to pieces; its most cherished feelings, ideals, friendships violated; the world crashing about it; and yet stands firm, calm, unafraid, knowing that what **can** so pass is but fleeting and incomplete."

I like particularly that wording, "Knowing that what can pass is but fleeting."

The statement carries its own argument, and needs no proof, needs indeed but illustration.

The underlying idea of course is that what is worth while must in the nature of the case be permanent.

The best thing ever said about love was that it abides.

The greatest praise indeed of love is not that it is sweetest but that it is toughest, most evergreen and indestructible of all things in the world.

If a man will take stock of himself, at least when he has reached mature years, he will find that many things that he thought were stable were not stable, but passed away. And yet for everything that has passed away some residuum has been deposited within him, a solid something that has entered permanently into his life.

Friends have gone, the beloved have died, children have grown up and flown away, yet within us their memory abides and also something else, a certain spiritual nutriment has remained with us and become flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. That is the real.

All life is made up of what it feeds on. But what it feeds on does not remain in its original substance, but is chewed, digested, assimilated, and is thus transmuted from the form of bread and wine into the form of blood and muscle.

So in our spirit life we are not to lament the disappearance of the loaves of love, the wine of friendship and the meats of prosperity, but are rather to rejoice in what we have got from these.

This is not a selfish nor egoistic thought. It is infinitely comforting.

All whom we have loved and lost live forever primarily because they have become a part of us. We have fed upon them, and appropriated them.

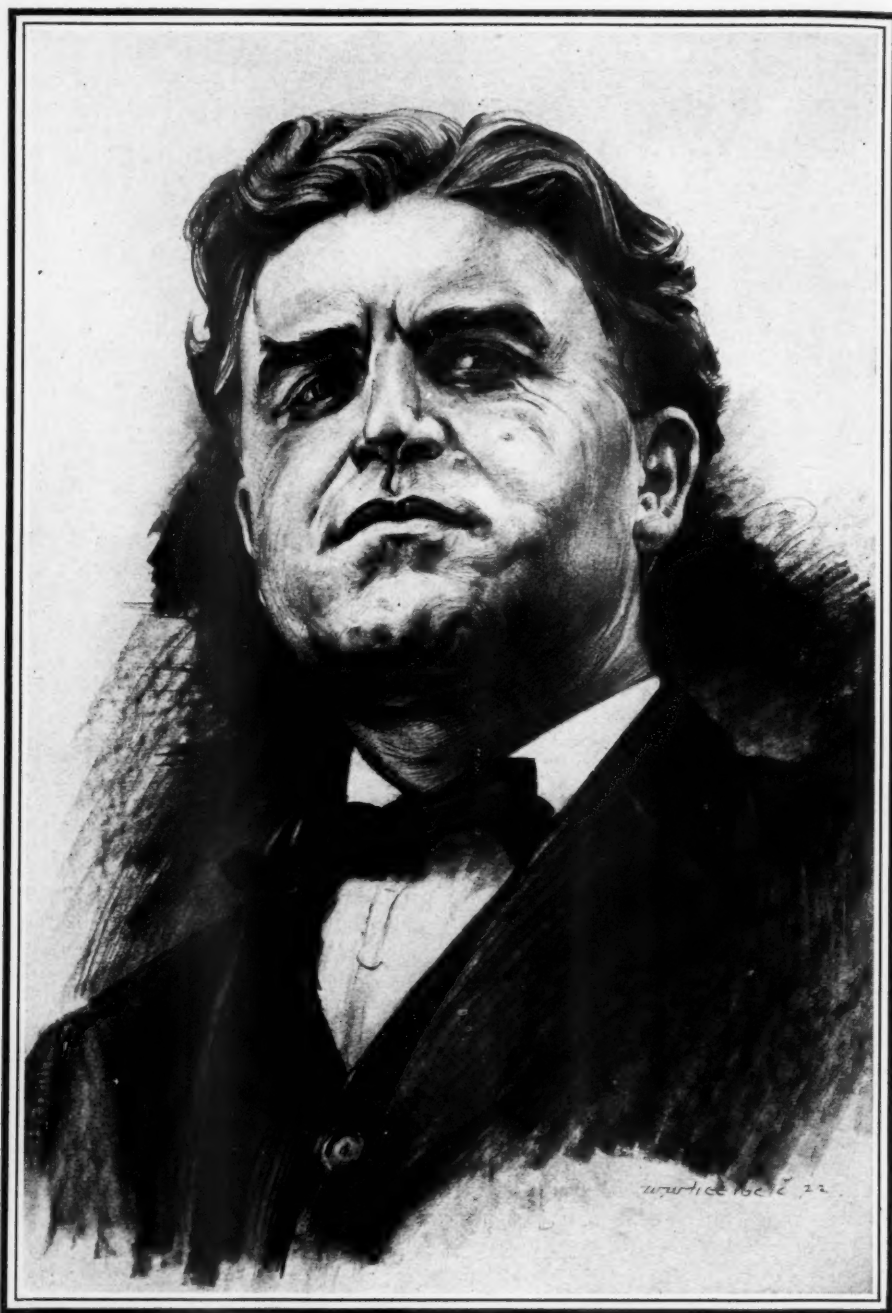
Perhaps this was the secret meaning of a great Teacher when He established the custom of eating and drinking as a memorial to Himself, saying in cryptic, oriental fashion, "For except ye eat My flesh and drink My blood ye have no part in Me."

Everyone who loves can prove this in his own experience, for the beloved is his in proportion as he has absorbed, assimilated and made his own that beloved's personality.

When we go out of this life we seem to take no property with us. There is no pocket in a shroud. And perhaps all of our possessions in that next world will be measured by the amount of property we have gained which is of that nature that must remain forever ours and **CANNOT** pass.

Frank Crane





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